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CATHOLIC ITALY

Ernie Hickson

CATHOLIC ITALY

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INSTITUTIONS AND SANCTUARIES

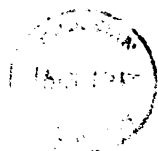
PART II.

BY CHARLES HEMANS

FLORENCE

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1862



P R E F A C E

Circumstances beyond my control have delayed the publication of this volume ; and since its first pages were written much has been added to the Italian literature supplying illustration of this country's political or moral conditions. I can here only recommend by name to readers interested the collected speeches of Cavour (*Oeuvre Parlementaire de Cavour* by Artom), the Correspondence and Documents left by Manin , the *Secondo Esilio* of Tommaseo, the « Italy under Victor Emmanuel » (in English) by Count Arrivabene , the truly exhaustive History of the Republic of Genoa by Canale , the complete edition of Mazzini's works ; and such able biographies as the « Life and Times of Savonarola » by Prof. Villari , the « Life and Times of St. Catherine Siena , » and of St. Peter Damian , by Padre Capecehatro. The *Prolegomeni* to Universal Church History , by P. Tosti , is one of the most thoughtful and philosophically-religious works of its class. The *Nuovo Diritto Europeo* by Mamiani supplies able analysis of the political character and history of the Papacy ; and Gennarelli's compilation ,

Il Governo Pontificio e lo Stato Romano, affords evidence sufficient to explain, even justify, the revolution of '59 in the Legations. Some years ago was edited from the incomplete MSS. of Gioberti *La Riforma Cattolica*, a fearlessly eloquent expression of the desire for renovated life, both in the spirit and forms, of the Italian (indeed the universal) Church; and the aim and ideal there announced have since been echoed, with more or less reserve, from many pages. Mgr Liverani's *Il Papato, l'Impero e il Regno d'Italia* created a sensation by its bold remonstrance against abuses and ingenious arguments, though its attacks on individuals (met, and to a degree refuted, by the Jesuits at Rome) may be objected against. Historic importance may be claimed for Passaglia's appeal on behalf of Italian nationality and of social peace (*Per la Causa Italiana*, addressed to the Bishops, from the Latin); and his treatise on Excommunications, (*Della Scomunica*) is a protest from an ecclesiastical writer indeed remarkable. *Il Mediatore*, a political and religious weekly periodical, edited by that Abate, commenced its significant career at Turin on the 1st January last, raising the standard of opposition against a journalism which had long been doing its utmost to identify the cause of the Clergy with all that is most unpopular, all that is antagonistic to liberal institutions in this country (1). A decline of popular

(1) The *Mediatore* for the 20th September reports the hitherto results of the effort to collect the suffrages of the Italian Clergy for counselling a renunciation of temporal sovereignty to the Pontiff: 8900 signatures, 4674 being those of Prelates and Canons, 767 those of Monks and Friars. In November the *supplica* addressed in this sense to his

religion, often indeed over-stated, cannot be absolutely denied as among moral facts of the day. « The aversion, or at least indifference to Catholicism in Italy during the last two years (says Azeglio, referring to the period 1859-61) has risen to a degree never yet exemplified; the religious and moral sense have been alike weakened—and of this sad fact all the responsibility » (what an avowal from such a witness!) « rests on the Court of Rome » (*Questioni urgenti*, pag. 55). Yet much evidence might be adduced on the opposite side, to show how deeply-rooted and permeating the influences and ascendancy of Catholicism at the present day in Italy. Such ominous novelties as the frequent undisguised attacks on the Papacy and the Clergy, often in form of clever, and sometimes almost blasphemous caricature, now daily sold in the streets of principal cities, are one among many results of the irritation against a local policy rather than alienation from the doctrines of the Church; and Protestant propagandism has yet obtained no distinguished successes.

The circumstances of the Italian Church at the present day are indeed extraordinary. At least ten Bishops or episcopal Vicars General have been arrested, condemned to imprisonment of one to three years, and fines of 1000 to 4000 lire. Several others are in exile from their sees; and among the many - 34 - sees vacant, probably to continue

Holiness, and drawn up by Passaglia, was published with a comment from the same pen, and 8943 signatures.—truly an event in the history of the Italian Clergy. « Ecclesiastical Societies » have been formed among their ranks by those of liberal and national sympathies; and for the year '62-3 were enrolled 176 members in the branch of this association at Milan.

so long, are the metropolitan ones of Turin, Milan, Bologna, Ravenna, Messina. The total revenues of this national Church are 49,400,000 francs; the civil list of the Papacy is 50,000 scudi per month.

Efforts have been made for some years to check the progress of anti-catholic principles by serial publications (mostly reprints or translations, some few original works), such as those of the *Biblioteca Ecclesiastica* and *Poliantea Cattolica*, both issued at Milan; those of the « Society for the diffusion of good Books » at Florence (in its thirteenth year), and the *Lettura Cattolica*, a miniature series yet little circulated, now in its fourth year, at Rome. No positively irreligious cause is sustained by any of this country's influential writers; though Bianchi Giovini (lately deceased) was the open assailant of Christianity. Mazzini's credit has, happily, declined. In poetry the prevailing sentiment is Catholic—as especially apparent in the beautiful lyrics of Carcano; and here I may refer to the first vigorous poetic treatment of the greatest theme in Italy's modern story—the War of Liberation—in the *Ariberto* of Prati, a narrative Poem written with fervor and pathos, mingling pictures of life and character with those of mighty events. Among signs of the times in Italy, one, not least distinct, that authorizes hope and bears promise, is the desire for higher manifestations of Christianity in the Church of the Future.

Parts of this volume's contents originally appeared in the *Critic*; some others in the *Lamp* and the *Weekly Register*.

C. I. H.

CATHOLIC ITALY



RECENT LITERATURE



THE connection between literary and political movement, between the operations of mind and the realities of national life, has been so far verified in the late eventful years of Italian story, as to seem scarcely less indubitable, or entitled to attention for the sake of comprehending in all aspects a great historic period of this country, than was the case with the French Revolution in that century when Voltaire, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists were at their height of ascendancy. More practical and rational purposes, more just and definite aims, a patriotism more calmly felt, aspirations less obscured by passion or tending to democratic excesses—such are among the signs of improvement that have, on the whole, exalted the character of that literature which may be connected among moral causes—many, no doubt, of wider bearings and more powerful effect—with the events not only of the last two years, but the last quarter of a century, in this much tried and agitated country; and it may prove an interesting subject of inquiry, how far the manifestations of thought or feeling have affected or corresponded to the course of public changes so rapidly succeeding — how far the past may be explained or the future anticipated from influences or promises put forth by the pen, accredited by the reputation of genius. That change,

attended with much to encourage and inspire respect, in the developments that may be said to bring literature into relation with public events in Italy, might be dated from about 1835, or perhaps a few years earlier, for undoubtedly the reverberation felt from the shocks of revolution abroad, and the new bias given to European policy after the fall of the old dynasty in France, deeply affected the Italian mind—as shown by one result, among the earliest, in the Papal States, when the forfeiture of temporal sovereignty by the Pontificate was boldly proclaimed at Bologna during the Conclave of 1831.

In the walk of history it is that Italy has most signally asserted her superiority, and exceeded her prior attainments, within recent years. Denina, Colletta, Giannone, Botta, had indeed, previously to the epoch here considered, rendered valuable services, and the two former founded schools almost entirely new to their language—the one by his admission of popular portraiture, traits of social life and manners, into the historic picture; the other by his vigorous conciseness, his stern but temperate denunciation against abuses of power. But higher successes of the Italian Mind in this most important province have been reserved for our own days; and if any decline have been apparent in other, in the purely imaginative literary walks, the historic certainly has realized very brilliant progress during a late period, so that it may be believed the zenith of greatness in this department of intellectual enterprise will be placed by the consent of future criticism in the nineteenth century, for the Italians.

Before and during these years of political vicissitude, Carlo Troya was slowly producing, at Naples, the ample volumes, with ample appendices, of his « History of Italy in the Middle Ages, » the interruption of which by his death, in July 1858, was one of the most-to-be-regretted losses of promised wealth to Italian letters. An immense compilation of documents yet unedited, all given at full, renders this work unique for the use of authorities, and verification of historic narrative from original sources; and though in style rather too gravely monotonous,

wanting in picturesque vividness, posterity must ever own great obligations to this indefatigable *savant* for the elucidation of the most obscure Italian epochs, in his exhaustive accomplishment of a task so conscientiously discharged, in regard to all the field over which his labours had extended, till the lamented event that terminated his well - spent life. Less attractive than other contemporary Italian historians, Troya had a degree of patient erudition and calmness of intellectual vision reminding of Muratori, whom he resembles also in that boldness of scope, that largeness of comprehension, entitling him to permanent rank among those great illustrators of the past who can only be appreciated to the full after a lapse of years. Within a much more limited range, but not less efficient for elucidating the subjects undertaken, was the historic activity of Micali, evinced in his « *Antique Italian Peoples* » (1832), a work not of voluminous scale, but profound learning and luminous intelligence, proving how its author had penetrated into the depths, and mastered from every point of view the bearings of his difficult argument, which indeed Micali succeeded in presenting in a manner that not only excites admiration for ability, but fascinates by vividness and grace. But most attractive, because most picturesque and natural in style, among concurrents in the Italian historic walk, is Cesare Cantù, whose vast undertaking, the « *Universal History*, » was just being completed, when those movements were beginning to be felt which so soon followed after the political reforms of 1847, and so soon led to tremendous catastrophes. This great monument of industry, thought, and learning—having occupied for sixteen years the author, who first became known by a *History of Como* (his native place), and his historic Romance, « *Margherita Pusterla*, » a picture of Milan in the fourteenth century—this truly *universal History of the World*, seems most to be extolled for its just views on the great questions of social and moral progress, on the eternal balance between conduct and fate, between the guiding principles and resulting successes in human affairs. The numerous treatises on archæology, language, manners, and other branches of science

connected with the life of nations, that, together with many rare and curious documents, form an appendix extending over several volumes, serve to render this history one of the works that may be considered a library in itself. It was soon followed by a kind of supplement, the « History of a Hundred Years » (1750 to 1850), in three volumes—a publication rich in thought, rapid in narration, that in future may win popularity for this author with readers less inclined to undertake studies on the larger scale, and which within narrower limits displays, scarcely less strikingly than his vaster achievement, the powers and conceptions of Cantù, carrying out that theory so ably illustrated in all his volumes, that the true history of nations is found in their intellectual and moral progress, in the developments of education, letters, science, in social and scientific discovery, institutions, religious, political, and beneficent, in the life of the people; nor could a more valuable condensation of the annals of European improvement, in fields of enterprise and intelligence, within the century contemplated here, be desiderated than the above-named « Storia di cento Anni » supplies. Recently the same ever-active mind has brought to completion another great undertaking in the « History of the Italians », extending from the epochs of classic Rome to the last years of our own century—being in great part the development of what relates to Italy in the « Universal History, » and the working up of material on subjects belonging to this latter theme that the author had already possessed himself of, for suggestion or consultation, in his studies preparatory to that vaster enterprise. The narrative of recent Italian struggles, in both these last-named works by Cantù, can expose him to no charge of partiality or patriotic prejudice; rather, indeed, might one object to the unqualified severity with which revolutionary excesses in the troubled picture of the years '48 and '49 are pronounced on, notwithstanding the complicated provoking causes and sources of corruption to be considered as demanding qualification of the sentence. One feature more interesting, in the earlier volumes of this last (hitherto the most complete work on Italian history ever pro-

duced), is the intelligent, unprejudiced, but earnest consideration of ecclesiastical annals, examining minutely the records of primitive Christianity, and tracing in its several stages the accomplishment of the great transition by which the Pagan passed into the life of the Christian world.

At Florence high rank has been acquired within late years, among writers of Italian History, by Vannucci and Zobi, both conspicuous for learning and industry. Atto Vannucci (an ecclesiastic) in his « History of Italy from the origin of Rome to the Longobardic Conquest, » goes over the same ground as Micali, and also aims at interpreting the mysterious records of primitive races, though making the Roman people and their domination his special subject, considering whom from their origin, he discusses the several theories as to the credibility of their annals, and arrives at conclusions that rest midway between the learned scepticism of Niebuhr, and the undiscerning belief of older schools. What relates to the geologic aspects, the physical vicissitudes and phenomena of these regions, forms not the least interesting section of a work evincing extensive acquaintance with ancient literature, with the sources of tradition and fable. The author of the « Civil History of Tuscany » from 1737 to 1848, Antonio Zobi, was previously known for his « Historic Manual of Economic Principles and Ordinances in Tuscany » (1847), a less ambitious but useful work, aiming to render popular and accessible for all classes the story of internal administration, as affecting commerce, agriculture, education, institutions, and religious orders, in these provinces, under the House of Lorraine: since the downfall of which dynasty the same writer has been producing in parts a history of the year 1839 in Italy – of course from the liberal and patriotic point of view – promising, indeed, to supply a perfect and intelligently drawn picture of this mighty drama of events, and the state of the Peninsula during their progress, confirmed by such official documents as the future annalist will require. Otherwise of unpretending character, this last contribution from Zobi is chiefly to be valued for vigorous simplicity and clearness.

The « Archivio Storico, » a vast compilation of original inedited works, the true sources of local history, aiming at the general illustration of Italy's past, had been commenced before the vicissitudes of '48, and is still continuing, in periodically issued volumes, greatly to the honour of Florentine letters, and to the credit of the *savans* engaged in this undertaking. Without attempting here to follow the rapid and widely developing intellectual movement in Piedmont since the adoption of constitutional forms by her Government, I may mention the high position previously attained by a still living writer and statesman, Cibrario, author of the « Political Economy of the Middle Ages, » one of the most finished presentments of that fascinating period, not only in what its title promises, but in the complicated picture of courts and camps, monasteries and cities, the pomps of the palace and the Church, the amusements of the populace, etc. The « History of Turin, » and other volumes on the annals or policy of Piedmont, have also added to the reputation of this writer; and one of the most esteemed works relating to political interests, the « History of Italian Legislation, » by Sclopis, a senator at Turin, has been lately completed by the issue, after an interval of many years, of the final volume, long wanting, scarcely indeed expected, when its appearance at last excited general pleasure. Similar was the surprise and satisfaction not long since created in literary circles throughout Italy by the publication of Verri's « History of Milan », (referring to a modern period) many years after the author's death, and, indeed, without any general knowledge of the fact that such a work had been prepared by the pen that wrote the now classic « Notti Romane ».

The intellectual claims of Sicily, even under the depressing influences of its Government, might be considered worthily vindicated, if by nothing else, by works so full of erudition and vivid colouring as Amari's, whose « Sicilian Vespers, » leaving far behind every other history of that tragic struggle in the Italian, if not in all languages, at once raised its author to that honoured place ever since maintained by him. Not that Sicily had

proved a sterile soil in the epoch preceding its revolution of '47; the names of Palmeri and La-Farina standing deservedly high in her historic literature, and archaeology and Art still cultivated by gifted men. A « History of Italy from the V. to the IX. Century, » by Ranieri, had proved that, irrespectively of the credit gained for his country's literature by Troya, Naples might still pride herself on the movement of mind, as evinced also, despite the crushing weight of despotism, by her learned societies and serial publications, as the tastefully illustrated *Museo Borbonico*, and those of the Herculanean Academy. At Rome, before the convulsions that overthrew a Government only to be restored and supported since by foreign invaders, the Abate Coppi was industriously continuing the Annals of Muratori, in a carefully accurate, though not brilliant, contribution to Italian records; some learned Jesuits, as Secchi and Marchi, were devoting their labours to Christian archaeology; while the antiquities of that classic soil itself, including a wide range of environs, were receiving fuller elucidation from the magnificently illustrated volumes of Canina, as from the less showy but very useful ones of Nibby; and Gaetano Moroni was heaping up multifarious notices on all thing pertaining to the local story, biography, usages, and traditions of the Church, in a « Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Erudition, » that exhausted the patience of many subscribers long before reaching the ninety-fifth volume, which it actually did about a year ago, and yet still left for completion of its plan a few more in prospect!—hence a disposition to depreciate this work, which, however to be accused of diffuseness and want of the system required for condensed use of miscellaneous material, yet supplies available addition to the library of antiquarian and ecclesiastic lore.

One of Italy's truly great men, Cesare Balbo, has justly remarked that the political and literary history of this nation have been, especially within late years, so related to each other, that they remain inseparably blended. That writer's own « Summary », though, conformably to its professed character, but an abridgment in one volume, is the most clear and vigorous narrative

that has yet presented, at one rapid view, the succession of events and epochs in this peninsula, from the origin of races now almost lost in dimness of antiquity, down to our own times. First appearing at Lausanne in 1846, the almost unprecedented success of that publication showed the eagerness of the Italian mind for knowledge in what concerns the honour of the fatherland. Three editions of the « *Sommario* » came out in the course of that year; five others, without the cognisance or supervision of the author, in 1848-49; and the tenth edition, issued from the press of Le Monnier in 1856, first presented the work in its completeness, furnished with an appendix containing the sequel from the date of the original term, 1814, to '48, though breaking off with an unfinished sentence, as left by the recently deceased and deeply lamented author. Another « *History of Italy* », from A. D. 568 to 1815, by La Farina, admitted to popularity rather than to very marked approbation from the critical, was intended, though on a much larger scale than that by Balbo, especially to bring the subject within the circle of general readers, as its title, « *narrated to the people* », implies. Lucid method and simplicity of style also recommend this more ambitious effort; but, after reading an elaborate introduction, the comprehensive grasp of the science and philosophic appreciation of the aims of history there displayed, raise expectations scarcely answered to by the sequel in La Farina's pages.

Among the subjects most occupying the Italian literary world some years before, as well as during, the movements that began in '47, ecclesiastical questions and the claims or policy of the Holy See held a prominent place, often leading to inquiries boldly carried out, the pursuit of prerogatives and traditions to their origin, and that not generally in an irreligious, though indeed a reforming spirit. Such tendency could not be at all unhealthy, or fraught with danger, to the thoughtfully earnest; and, if the conclusions arrived at in many instances have proved disturbing to the faith of a less select class, the influence mainly responsible, the causes that have alienated and irritated, can be sought nowhere else so much as at the centre most interested, the Court of

Rome. Dealt with by such intellects as Balbo, Gioberti, Azeglio, Tommaseo, Galeotti, Dandolo, and incidentally also in the great work of Cantù, where religious earnestness and immense historic research are brought to bear on these questions, their investigation has only proved beneficial, leading to separation of the accidental and abusive from the essential and just. Balbo, in his « *Pensieri*, » truly a volume of « *Thoughts* » most fecund in wealth and suggestiveness, that extend over a wide range of historic, moral, intellectual, and social interests—renders altogether a tribute of high honour to the Papacy, in reference at least to its past, owning its character of grandeur and salutary action over the destinies of Italy in ages gone by. But the most dazzling in eloquence, and at once successful appeal to the patriotism and Catholicism of Italy was the « *Primato* » of Gioberti, published abroad, 1843, after that extraordinary man had spent ten years in exile, because implicated, as a suffering party at least, in the prosecution following the discovery of some conspiracy at Turin, in 1833. The aim of that fervid and original treatise is to establish the title of this country at the present day, as by indefeasible right and providential appointment, to the pre-eminence among nations once unquestionably hers in the intellectual order, and to assert the true character and calling of the Papacy, not as exemplified by its modern phases, but in the capacity it once sustained of guardian over rights, protector and patron to the efforts of mind, benefactor to civilisation—in short, the high ideal that some enlightened pontiffs and many philosophical Catholic writers have maintained of this potency, as it *ought* to be. What fallacies or erroneous inferences may be brought home to Gioberti, this is not the place to inquire; it need only be observed that this eloquent volume, naturally fascinating and stimulating to a public so prepared by memories and sufferings, heralded and embodied what has been called the *Neo-Guelphism* of recent years in Italy—feeble indeed for duration, but once advocated by men of highest mark with enthusiasm and ability. In 1847 followed the famous « *Gesuita Moderno* », the chief objection against

which is that, in the perusal of six closely-printed octavos (and long before reaching their end), one becomes utterly wearied of the Jesuits and the endless, oft-repeated charges against them. This determinate pursuit of a hostile purpose, and the aggressive tone, the embittered spirit, thence overflowing these pages, will perhaps prove fatal to the popularity of Gioberti's « Modern Jesuit » in future times; but most unjust would it be to dismiss these teeming volumes as *merely* an attack (however efficient and convincing) against the Society of St. Ignatius: being indeed a magnificent treatise, sustained with vast learning and luminous thought, on the harmony between Catholicism and Civilisation, between the Papacy (in its true and *divinely*, not humanly, moulded character) and the interests of the modern world, whilst also conveying the strongest protest against attempts to revive the mediæval spirit in modern devotion, and proving the necessity for civil progress, for adaptation on the part of the hierarchy to the demands of the age, as indispensable to the successes of the Catholic cause, and the great condition of reconciliation between Italy and Rome. The laic class, observes Gioberti, in a tone that *now* seems even more prophetic than when uttered, « must necessarily participate in every Government truly civilised; and, without this amelioration, now most urgent in the Papal States, every other reform attempted can only prove fruitless ». Well might the labours of some future compiler be employed to digest and collate, in these richly-laden pages, all that is of universal and enduring interest, out of much that is local, transitory, and not free from the shackles of partisanship, if from uncharitableness.

It was after Gioberti's public career had finished and his high patriotic hopes ended in disappointment, that he penned at Paris, in October '81, the proem to his *Rinnovamento civile d'Italia*, a mournfully eloquent review of the past, and severe judgment on the present—perhaps the most profound political treatise yet produced in retrospective consideration of Italian affairs. There is something almost sublime in the constancy of this great man to long sustained principles and theories after

their application had dawned in promise, but been totally baffled in results, when the glorious goal seemed nearly reached. The *hegemony*, to be shared by Rome and Piedmont, still occupied his thoughts; still would he assign the ideal part of that office to the former, the military and political to the latter, « the first grade of honour to the Pope, the first grade of power to the Subalpine king » – a theory closely analogous to that more authoritatively recommended at Villafranca. The phases of the Italian restoration (*risorgimento*) he reduces to a series whose natural sequence, with proper maturity, would, he argues, have saved Italy in '49: incipient reforms, constitutional charters, expulsion of the foreigners, the Kingdom of Upper Italy.

« Incapacity and ignorance co-operated for the ruin of this restoration, but the immorality of sects and corruption of individuals brought it forth ». The sects that principally conspired, were the puritans (i. e. pure democrats) the retrograde, and municipalists, whose aim sacrificed the Italian to the Piedmontese cause, the country to the province. The three Sovereigns whose conduct proved most fatal were Ferdinand, Pius, and Charles Albert, the last indeed with the worthiest, the first with the basest intentions; and the private individuals most injuriously prominent, were Bozzelli (whose ministry countenanced the betrayal of the Constitution) at Naples, Mazzini at Rome, the minister Pinelli at Turin. Since the consequent discomfiture of the liberal cause, the conditions of Italy had become such as are indeed gloomily characterised by Gioberti: « a double faction, the *Austro-Jesuit*, was now reigning supreme over three quarters of the Peninsula ». Charles Albert being no more, « Pius, Leopold, Ferdinand, having extinguished liberty, and struck league with her enemies, were dead to the country as constitutional Princes, pertaining no more to the age, but to history ».

The lines that seem written in fire, so lightning-like the flashes of virtuous indignation, against the Bourbon King, might well, if they ever met his eye, have made him pale and tremble. « To his perfidious counsels, and those of his creatures, Italy is in part indebted for the Grand Duke and the Pontiff having become adverse,

and suicidal to their own fame. » « Pius IX » is the heading of a chapter truly grand in vigorous and scarching ratiocination, an ananswerable judgment on the inconsistencies and errors of the policy now associated with that revered name—more remarkable from a writer once the most fervent to eulogise, the most earnest to encourage the Pontiff in his previous course. Striking it is to hear from this celebrated Italian—the ecclesiastic, philosopher, and statesman—that « the error of Rome for three centuries is precisely that of having made divorce from the people, and placed her foundations in the privileged classes, whom Christ anathematized as the *world*, as nests and artificers of every corruption ». And the solemn prophecies of calamities to Religion and the Church, unless Rome adopt better principles, with which this section closes, have gained but too much credit from what has happened since. That on « the New Rome » comprises the fullest statement of the evils ensuing to religion from retrograde and illiberal principles at the Vatican, and the ideas of the author respecting « the Rome of the future, more ample and magnificent than the past », as a happy realization to be secured by the juster balance of the temporal and spiritual, the purification of the whole existing fabric. « Thanks to the temporal power, the seat of Peter has become a stone of scandal, the spiritual Rome has not corresponded, in the disciplinary order, either to the lofty ideal, or to the demands of the times and of civilization—the ecclesiastical Rome is in repugnancy to the national and civil principle. » Such the remarkable avowals from this Neo-Guelphist become the prophet to warn, the reformer to demand changes from the Vatican ! Much relating in these volumes to literature and other national topics possesses interest apart from their special theme, for the teeming intellect of Gioberti surrounds with a rich interweaving of thought and knowledge whatever argument be adopted to fill the centre of his performance. Other writers of less high standing have also contributed valuably to this province of semi-ecclesiastic, semi-philosophic letters. Tullio Dandolo represents the laic party in literature still devotedly adhering to the ancient Church, and anti-revolutionary : his interesting volumes, produ-

ced at various intervals during the last fifteen years, being all centered round a unity of theme (perhaps by after-thought), under the generic title, « A History of Thought », starting from the « Thought of Paganism » and « Nascent Christianity », to proceed down the tide of ages till the century before our own, and now being brought to completion (if this fertile writer remain satisfied with his last performance) in the most elaborate section, « Rome and the Popes ». His « Monachism and Legends » is an entertaining treatment of a subject requiring, for general readers, the facile style and pleasant illustration that are not wanting in the Milanese Count's undertaking; but where political history alone is concerned, Dandolo is by no means the fervent or deeply studious author he appears in his more favourite provinces—ecclesiastical philosophy, the legendary, and monastic records « The Annals of Monte Cassino », « Life of Boniface the Eighth », and « History of the Council of Constance », by Father Tosti, a Benedictine, may rank also with the popular literature relating to ecclesiastical interests, free from that ponderous gravity that repels many readers in such walks, and animated not only by a picturesquely graphic style, but an independence of thought and speculation that surprise in volumes issuing from a cloister; and the same writer's « History of the Lombardic League », published in the excited year '47, had already shown him in the capacity of a patriotic Liberal, warmly corresponding to the aspirations and desires then uppermost in all minds filled by hopes for Italy; and his « Countess Matilda », recently brought out, has not abated from the reputation won by this enlightened Benedictine.

To the same class, earnest, pious, and essentially conservative, with Dandolo and Tosti, belongs the author of one of the few works at all noticeable produced at Venice since her resubjection to foreign dominion in '49: « Fasti of the Civilization, Culture and Independance of the Italians, » by Fermo Bellini ». Divided into six periods, this comprises a review of events and social progress from the first Caesars till the domination of the Anjou Kings at Naples, particularly dwelling on the Papacy and the Church, the manners and arts of peaceful life under their influen-

ces ; and is, if not among the more brilliant, one of the pleasing and instructive studies on the great lessons of mediæval story in Italian regions. Publications bearing immediately on political interests, which preceded the revolutionary period now at hand, in some instances announced the views of superior minds, with counsels that might have warded off many shocks most fatal to established power—but « *quem Deus vult perdere* », is an oracle destined for verification in almost all, most especially in Italian revolutions: of the highest order among these works were the *Speranze*, or « *Hopes of Italy* », by Balbo, said to be an amplification of his notes on the *Primato*, and brought out within a year after Gioberti's celebrated publication; also the *Programma*, or Project of Moderate Liberalism, by Massimo d'Azeglio, an appeal fraught with philosophy and morality eloquently applied to political interests, that pointed out the path of safety which neither the governing nor governed, Piedmont alone excepted, were disposed consistently to pursue.

Never had the political claims and antecedents of the Papacy been so searchingly sifted or boldly challenged by any Italian writer—that is, from the point of view still reconciled with spiritual allegiance—as in the « *Sovereignty and Temporal Government of the Popes* », first published in Switzerland, 1846, by Leopoldo Galeotti (a member of the Tuscan Ministry in '59) who here supplied the most able analysis of the question yet given in this language, and, deducing principles from facts, aimed at deriving lessons for the future from the errors and trials of the past, in a reforming, not subversive or irreligious spirit—fearless in exposing the abuses of the Roman system and vices by which certain Pontiffs have brought evil on their subjects, yet fully admitting all that devoted adherents can justly claim for the merits of the Papacy in the interests of civilisation, the cause of social progress and morals. *After* the suppression of liberal movement and reform by armed invasion, *after* the return of a Pontiff brought back by foreign troops to a conquered capital, might well be expected less measured and more impassioned reproaches against a

system whose modern results have suggested perhaps the strongest arguments in its disfavour—such as were soon indeed put forth with indignant eloquence (to cite one from various offsprings of the same feeling) in the *« Rome et la Monde »* of Tommaseo, a volume glowing with patriot-passion that bursts into overwhelming condemnations and charges, based on unanswerable arguments, the more powerful for the religious fervour that exalts, the wide range of historic learning that confirms, the reasoning sustained in this extraordinary attack from a Roman Catholic on Papal Rome. Very inferior in power and reasoning, but curious in its details and as a protest of opinion, is *« Le Rome des Papes »* published anonymously in French from the inedited original, ascribed to Pianciani, a member of the Roman Constituent Assembly in '49. This attack against Papal administration, more severe and violent than that of M. About, enters minutely into its mechanism, without sparing any living personalities, but prejudices its own credit by the tone of scurrility and vituperation, by assertions that cannot be admitted as to what takes place in that metropolis, and improbabilities so glaring as to be alike inadmissible; but in respect to the abuses of Police and defective administration of justice, perhaps little can be refuted in these volumes. *« The Court of Rome and the Gospel »* (1859), by the Marquis Roberto d'Azeglio, is a brief, but more impressive protest, from the highest and truly Christian point of view, against the character assumed by the Vatican in late years.

One very acceptable fruit of the Italian vicissitudes in '48 and '49, was the impulse given to historic inquiry and activity, resulting not only in ample illustration of those movements and their causes, but in the appearance of talents founding new reputations by well-deserved successes, for whose development or manifestation this country must remain ever indebted to the emotions and arousing forces of that eventful epoch. It is remarkable how many of the ablest writers who have thrown light on the story of those years have proceeded from the ranks of leading actors in this drama; and the highest intellect of

Italy, engaged more or less, almost without exception, in the cause of her late revolutions, has nobly asserted the dignity and vindicated the justness of their enterprise. First for powers of narration, vigour, and lucidity, among those whose fame as historic writers has dated from that period, stands Farini, since so conspicuous and honoured in the prominent political posts where his talents as a statesman have been displayed. Unquestionably one of the ablest works of its class in the language, his « History of the Roman States from 1815 to 1850, » will probably be the authority for the records falling within that period, when countless other contemporary commentators are forgotten; this being, in fact, the vivid picture of great movements drawn by an eye-witness to their more momentous phases, with the advantages of experience and personal knowledge of public characters, yet free from fetters of party or prejudice. And Farini's « History of Italy » from 1814 to the present time, lately finished, after the issue of the first volume in 1855, shows still more vigorous application of the same talents to a theme evidently undertaken with enthusiasm, but with neither passion nor illusions. Still more entertaining, though far less complete as history, is the work of Gualterio, « Ultimi Rivolgimenti » (« The Recent Vicissitudes of Italy »), which, though in four ample volumes, with a volume and a half of documents, brings the narrative no further than to the close of 1847, but for vivacity of style, piquant anecdote, and admirably-touched sketches of public men, may be prized as first-rate illustration to their subject; and most curious are the revelations, from the arcana of police and diplomacy, that the author was enabled to supply, partly through access to archives at Turin, partly from the contents of an Austrian strong-box left astray amidst the confusions of revolt and military exodus at Milan. Nor was it merely in Austrian regions of administration, but various other Italian provinces, even in Rome, that persons high in affairs of Church and State found themselves alarmingly compromised by the disclosures thus presented to public gaze by Gualterio. The « Italian Histories, » from 1816 to 1853, by Ra-

nalli (a well-known and versatile writer), is one of the most complete and ably wrought-out among these various presentations of the same subject, especially acute and appreciating in the sections dedicated to the political men and writings that influenced the temper and desires of the Italians prior to that epoch. But, in these otherwise reliable and interesting volumes, we miss the higher moral feeling that impresses in the works of Azeglio, Balbo, and Farini, sometimes being almost startled by the tone of apology in which many revolutionary excesses are all too mildly dealt with. Much more offensive, indeed inadmissible, are the excuses for the crimes that stained Italian annals in 1848-49, attempted in the « Italy, a History of Two Years, » by Augusto Vecchj, whose experiences as a soldier and a statesman, in Piedmont and in the Roman Parliament, had allowed him to examine men and things from the nearer points of view, and who first appeared as an author in 1850 with two clever and freely-written, but, in the qualities alluded to, objectionable volumes, evincing a confusion of religious and moral ideas, that may be set down among results of the bitter experiences, ecclesiastical abuses, and national wrongs recorded and protested against, eloquently indeed, in these pages. General Pepe, whose « Memoirs, » are well known in England, published, in 1850, his last volume, « On the Revolutions and Wars of Italy in 1847-8-9 »—full of military details, interspersed with vivid descriptions, particularly of the movements at Milan, Venice, and Rome; remarkable for the honest, soldierlike simplicity of the patriot, strongly imbued with republicanism, who cares not one iota for literary successes or graces of style, but only desires to leave on record his testimony to his country's honour, his protest against her wrongs.

The « Memoirs on the Affairs of Italy, » by Montanelli, ex-triumvir of the Tuscan Provisional Government in '49, appeared originally in Paris, prohibited in every Italian country, Piedmont excepted. Written with much vivacity, rather too much familiarity of tone in many parts, it betrays a deficiency of moral sentiment, apparent in other political writings of this

class, that disposition to make the love of country a substitute for religion and morality itself—but is one of the most valuable contributions to the records of the epoch from 1815 to 1850, abounding also with anecdote and intelligent notices of the literature and celebrities of contemporary Italy. Montanelli writes with the glow of imaginative genius, and understands how to introduce scenery or character with effect, as strikingly shown in his account of a journey across the Maremma to Rome, (October 1847), his sojourn in that city, and what he saw behind the scenes at the epoch of its reforms and excitements under the then popular Pontiff. With few other exceptions, the tone of Italian writings, in the walk here considered, is healthy and pure, aiming, not at subversion, but reform, in the spirit of opposition directed, not against time-honoured institutions, but their corruption or misapprehended purposes. The « History of Venice under the Austrians, » by the Marquis Peverelli, an exile driven from those States to Turin, composed in a more calm and subdued temper than many works of this class, throws much light on a period hitherto least studied or understood in the annals of the sea-girt city; and winds up with a very affecting narrative of the siege in '49, that convinces us with what true martyr-heroism her resistance was sustained, how nobly were endured sufferings that visited *her* more cruelly, in more multiform horrors, than any other of the Italian cities called to share in the great struggle, or condemned to pay the bitter price of revolt against despotism.

Other publications sufficiently numerous partake more of the biographic than historic; but, proceeding from superior minds, as many do, with reference to the same events and epochs, have therefore their peculiar, if not still greater value. Of this character are various Memoirs on the Affairs of Italy; and the same may be said of Guerrazzi's contributions (though none have affected the form of positive history), whose « Asino, » a sort of pasquinade in several volumes, by no means of the best fruits that original genius has yet produced, singularly displays his idiosyncrasy—a flashing, fitful, half comic, half serious

medley of reflections and anecdotes, not always impartial or rational, and sometimes more witty than wise. Brofferio, the versatile and brilliant Radical in the Turin Parliament, always on the side of opposition, always advocating extremes in liberalism, who in literature has attempted almost everything, and on the stage has proved one of the most successful dramatists, on the platform one of the most popular orators, has appeared also as the autobiographist – his « *Miei Tempi* » (Memoirs of my own Times) having had like success, and been eagerly sought after, with other productions from this restlessly original genius. More recent publications exemplify the patriotic direction still apparent in the earnest pursuit of studies tending to revive national memories, or throw more interest on historic names and localities; as, to instance one of the best, the « *Counts and Dukes of Urbino* » (Florence, 1859), by Filippo Ugolini, author of abridgments of Greek and Roman history—an interesting and very highly-finished, I believe the only complete history yet given in the Italian, of that once distinguished Duchy, from the origin down to the last period of its independence. Few have presented pictures of mediæval Italy with so much dramatic effect, or traced out complicated events more clearly in rapid and bold touches, than this writer, who shows profound acquaintance with his subject, a power of working up description, and, at the same time, discernment when to be sparing in touches, when more or less sketchy or elaborate. The past two years of momentous events have naturally given new direction to literature, as to tendencies of mind in this country, and so absorbed interest, that little in any walk of intellectual production, unless in some manner referring to all-engrossing hopes and speculations, has had power to attract. The activity in the forms of occasional publication, political treatise, documents, local memoirs, etc., that preceded and attended the progress of these great movements, has been, especially in Tuscany, so remarkable as itself to form a feature in their history.

To dwell continually in the sphere of politics cannot prove healthful either for mind or letters; and it is pleasing to see

that, for the Italy of a transitionary period, produce of other description is not wanting, supplied by thought and talent that have worthily laboured in the walks of Poetry, Drama, Criticism, Biography, and (though less conspicuously) of Romance. Some of the most valuable Archæologic works in this language have been completed or commenced in the years between 1849 and 1860, as those of Canina on classic, of Marchi and Garucci on sacred antiquities, and the vast publication (yet incipient), by De Rossi, of catacomb-monuments. Rosmini, Liberatore, Passaglia, have, within this decade of years, been adding to their reputation as Metaphysicians; Mamiani to that won by him among the first of political philosophers; Mai to that of the indefatigable and meritorious philologist.

One of the most thoughtful and versatile writers of the day is Niccolò Tommaseo, formerly the colleague of Manin in the Provisional Government of Venice, afterwards Professor of Literature in the Commercial College at Turin. He is, perhaps, about the age of sixty; and his fine head, with long curling beard, that might be made the study for an Apostle, his air of one inwardly self-occupied, absorbed, impressed me when seeing him in the streets of Turin. His « Thoughts on Education » is a work pregnant with suggestions, informed by a spirit of earnest religion and intellectual loftiness of aim, which might be placed in the same category with the treatise by Degerando—*Du Perfectionnement Moral*. Many years ago, when in political exile at Paris, Tommaseo published an historic romance, « The Duke of Athens, » on the story of the ferocious Walter de Brienne, and his fall, after a brief tyranny of ten months, at Florence, 1343 – a volume containing pictures powerfully worked up, but abounding in details of horror, scenes of popular vengeance that too absolutely revolt. A later work, of the imaginative class, is dedicated to moral objects – « Faith and Beauty – » with a story affectingly told of obscure suffering, error, and atonement. To the interests of philology Tommaseo has rendered signal service by a publication now become classic, « Dictionary of Italian Synonymes ». Shortly after the catastrophes of revolution, in

which he had been himself a sufferer, he brought out, both in French and Italian, « Rome and the World, » the above mentioned volume attacking the abuses, regretting the temporal circumstances of the hierarchy. His notice of Rosmini, originally brought out as a series in the *Revista Contemporanea*, not so much a biography as a collection of personal reminiscences, is, though rather too diffuse, full of feeling and reverential appreciation for that great man, whose private and public character he had evidently known in the most intimate manner.

More than 20 years ago appeared the « Poetic Memories and Poems, » a pleasing and unaffected autobiographic picture of his early career and studies, interspersed with youthful essays in prose and verse, Italian and Latin, where the history of a mind thus nobly tempered cannot but prove interesting. And one of Tommaseo's latest works, « Beauty and Civilization, » is a series of reflections on widely ranging subjects - abstract ideas, and sentiments, Painting and Sculpture, Music and Dancing, symbolism and Poetry, in which the opulence, culture, and acumen of this well-stored mind may be fully estimated. No more pleasant or instructive writer has the modern Italian in the range giving free scope to thought on general subjects, imaginative, literary, and philosophic. Few have written so much or so well as he; and such healthful atmosphere is breathed in all his works, that one rises from every perusal feeling better and stronger.

In artistic literature stand out some productions marked by more than ordinary merits. The « Memoirs of celebrated Dominican Painters, Sculptors, and Architects », by Marchese, a member of that Order, may be recommended to all desirous of entering deeply into the study of the monuments and arts emanating from immediately religious impulses in this land, where indeed the *fasti* of the Dominican Order have, almost from its origin, presented a series of names honourable to that body, beginning with the Friars of *S. Maria Novella* (Florence) who, between 1220-'28, rebuilt that church, and were engaged in the erection of the *Palazzo de' Priori*, or Bargello, till the late

splendid renovation of the *Minerva* at Rome. Padre Marchese has brought an intelligent enthusiasm, with much patient erudition, to this subject, and treated it in a manner free from technical common-places, as from critical pretention. To him are thanks also due for his well narrated history of the Florentina Convent of *S. Marco*, a suitable pendant to Tosti's « *Monte Cassino* », comprising, in its most interesting episodes, much that relates to the extatic artist and the Catholic reformer who abode within those walls, the one early, the other late in the same century.

All who have visited Florence must remember the cloisters and corridors of *S. Marco*, with their beautiful frescoes. Angelico and Savonarola are the two great names connected with that Dominican convent – actually a modern building, though of ancient foundation. And these two are, as might be expected, the individualities most conspicuous in Marchese's volume – Savonarola, indeed, so much the hero, that the greater part of its contents might be called a monograph of that martyred leader, whose character is here touched with enthusiastic admiration. Such a man (he argues) would have been placed by the ancients beside Cato, and may be allowed to stand, in the Church, between Athanasius and Gregory VII. It is fully proved here that Savonarola was from no point of view *heretical*; even under the pontificate of a Borgia he declared his readiness to submit all he had said or written in the past, all he should say or write in the future, to correction of « *Santa Romana Ecclesia* »; and when his works were subjected to severe scrutiny by the Inquisition, under Paul IV., they were declared free from all error. Julius II. never spoke of him without eulogy, and used to declare his opinion that canonization might be justly bestowed on the friar whose ashes had been scattered to the winds under Alexander VI. There are grounds for supposing that Julius, when cardinal, had informed Savonarola fully of the dark machinations by which the election of Borgia was effected. After the return of Charles VIII. from his Italian expedition, the Sorbonne answered in the affirmative to the question whether, conformably

to the decrees passed at Constance and Pisa, a general council ought not to be convened for the reform of the Church, with or *without* the acquiescence of the Pope. This sentence, perhaps secretly communicated to him, probably induced Savonarola to address his letter to the Emperor, the Kings of England and Hungary, urging them to co-operate in the work of restoring Church-discipline, beginning with the deposal of Roderigo Borgia, « who was neither true and legitimate Pontiff, nor even a Christian. » The courier bearing this letter to France was waylaid and robbed by the creatures of Ludovico Sforza (the implacable enemy of Savonarola's party), who forwarded the document itself to Rome—a fact supplying the key to the tragic story ensuing. Marchese, attached to his order and its traditions, is superior to all narrow *esprit de corps*, and fearlessly approaches the delicate questions in which Rome is concerned. Some papers on mediæval art, though less important, add to the interest of this volume.

The « History of the fine Arts in Italy » by Ranalli (1856), whose historic writings are above mentioned, ably and completely follows out the vicissitudes and phases of Italian Art from the Barbarian invasions till the last century, with much of the biographic and critical, lively descriptions, freshness, and sometimes rather startling originality of theories. Since the higher direction given to art-literature in recent years, particularly by German and English minds, the mere consideration of schools and technical methods can no longer satisfy; the reader has learnt to regard Art among the fruits of Religion and signs of civilization: this being evidently understood by Ranalli, he has interwoven not only details about individuals, painters and paintings, but notices of the social circumstances among which renowned masters were nurtured and lived. Nor less may be admired his fearlessness in exposing, what is often forgotten in the enthusiasm for this class of studies, the evil by the side of the good, the superstitious abuse, as well as beneficial use of Art in application to devotional purposes — and this freedom in touching on questions affecting the Church, provoked reprisals from the Jesuits' periodical at Rome. — In the aggregate of this

recent literature, the *nationality* of its bearings is so marked, that we might apply the observation of Gioberti: « the love of the fatherland, and study of what pertains to her, it is seen by experience, are usually proportioned to the love of our own language and national letters ».

MODERN LITERATURE IN THE PAPAL STATES

In those States comprised till recently within the territories of the Tiara, one might be surprised at finding how much more ability and ardour in the pursuits of literature exist under the surface than has yet worked its way outwards, asserting claims or exercising influence. For this must no doubt be deemed mainly responsible the rigour of a censorship beyond all precedent in its hostility to freedom of the press; but partly, also, the low estimation of literature in the financial sense, rendering it, as a profession, one of the least eligible; and moreover the deficiency of critical periodicals above the flimsiest journalism of theatres and « belles lettres ». Residence in different towns of these States enabled me to obtain formation concerning their literary conditions, which, from a distance, it is difficult to arrive at. That which may be considered as *par excellence* the cultivated city of the Ecclesiastical States (prior to 1859) is Bologna, whose population is more generally instructed, through institutions affording gratuitous education, and where far more outward and material civilisation conducing to the comforts as well as dignity of civic life, are found than in the metropolis itself. True, the academic glories of Bologna have suffered lamentable eclipse; and a University which, in the Middle Ages, collected from 10,000 to 15,000, has now an average of only 500

students ! having yielded to depression even in the present century, owing to the ill-counselled measure, after the political movement in '31, of expelled all foreigners from these schools, continued in prohibitive force ever since, save in a few exceptional cases backed by strong interest. Previously to that year, about 1000 were usually assembled within these walls, many from distant countries, particularly Greeks, attracted by the advantages held out here almost free of expense. Still, however, is the ancient formula, « Bononia docet », proudly quoted by her writers ; and the stranger can hardly walk these streets without being at once reminded that he is in a University-town, by a species of poetic trumpeting to honour academic successes truly Italian in form, namely, *sonnets* addressed to laurelled candidates for the Doctorate or Licentiate, which meet the eye *affichés* at almost every angle. One might expect something of mediæval grandeur in the Bolognese University ; but the handsome modern palace to which it has been transferred, with cloisters of grey stone, ample corridors, and well-lighted rooms, in no way impose on the imagination. Public spirit, for the honour of this institution, it is gratifying to see evinced in the acquisition made, a few years since, at an expense of 16,000 scudi, of a spacious suite of rooms, thrown into communication with the main building, whither were transferred, with better arrangement, the vast and well-selected Museums of Natural History, Anatomy, Osteology, etc. The public library, occupying six halls in an ample wing added to this edifice by Benedict XIV, ranks among the best in Italy, and contains more than 150,000 volumes, besides 600 MSS., in different idioms, and a valuable collection of engravings.

The Bolognese of the lower orders speak a strange *patois* of lisping truncate sounds, which the first of philologic authorities, Mezzofanti, pronounced to have more analogy with the French than any other idiom. Lending itself to comic expression with no little effect, this dialect has been made the vehicle of poetic utterance among the humbler ranks, who not unfrequently possess the vein of humorous inspiration, as I have seen evin-

ced in MS. sonnets, more clever in their way than thousands of more ambitious attempts in the same form. Classical poets of Italy have been translated into this idiom; and, what is more curious, a celebrated series of novels in the Neapolitan dialect (totally distinct), the *Pentamerone* (published originally at Naples, 1627, under the pseudonyme of Abbattutis) has also made its appearance in the Bolognese. Tassoni, in his « *Secchia Rapita* », has turned the brogue and other peculiarities of his fellow-citizens, as well as the Modenese, to the best account for humorous purposes. In higher walks there are living poets at Bologna, whose merits deserve distinction; and some writers of fiction equal to the general run of contributors in our lighter periodicals. The « *Iris* » (*Iride*, or *Albo Felsineo*) is a collection of prose and verse exclusively from Bolognese pens, annually published, which might well compete with those *Souvenirs* and *Keepsakes*, whose periodical advent used to be an event more interesting to English readers than is now the case. In these pages the best poetic contributor, at the time here referred to, was the distinguished Count Carlo Pepoli, many of whose sonnets breathe an elevated piety with finely harmonious expression. He is author of a drama on the melancholy story of *Properzia Rossi*, which has been acted. Another frequent contributor to the « *Iride* » was Cesare Cavara, author of « *Popular, Erotic, and Moral Poems* » (*Poesie Popolari*, etc., Bologna, 1832), displaying much playful vivacity, some tenderness of the lightly amorous kind, and a graceful facility, but nothing higher. A series of biographic sketches of the sixteen celebrities, natives of Bologna, including the first masters of her schools in art, several illustrious in science, and Benedict XIV, is contributed by Dr. Muzi, and, without pretension, executed in a pleasing manner, the idea having been suggested by the portrait-decorations, in fresco, of a hall in a beautiful villa built by the sculptor Baruzzi, on an eminence overlooking this city, which I saw in process of restoration, after having been devastated by the wanton Vandalism of Austrian soldiers during the siege of this place in '49. The poet most prominent in the literature

of the day here is one Masini, also of local celebrity as an historic painter, who has chosen satire for his peculiar province, and, in this field, may be justly eulogised for untiring play of fantasy, acuteness of perception, and sparkling vivacity of style, allowing the reader to lose sight of the toils dedicated to the mechanism of verse that flows with such easy current. There is also a morality and a social application in some effusions, where he attacks those weaknesses and vitiating habits that cannot take root without prejudice to national dignity—as Italy has proved. Many minor poems dated Rome, 1840-1, bear shafts of ridicule directed against the rage for Opera (to the prejudice of the nobler nationalities of Drama), and the effeminate adulation of songstresses and dancers—the hollow and wearisome formalities of high life, and the degrading homage of aristocracy—which he finds special occasion to caricature and castigate in his experiences of that ecclesiastic metropolis. One amusing little piece—*I Puntì Ammirativi* (« The Notes of Admiration ») is a sensible attack on that excessive study of correctness, as the very end and essential of composition, which has assuredly proved the bane of much modern Italian prose. In these lines the superiority of feeling, truth, and simplicity to technical graces is upheld with reasoning not less effective, because humorous; and finally the author recommends that « Della Crusca » should be sent *al Diavolo*. Masini's most elaborate work is « The Profane Comedy » (*La Profana Commedia*), in thirty-four cantos, and *terza rima*, which, if not quite a parody on the « Inferno », often so nearly approaches Dante, in some of his greatest passages, with its paraphrastic humour, as to be quite provoking. The poet supposes himself conducted by a friend (the *Virgil* of his adventures) to the various haunts of fashion and time-killing—the *soirée*, ball, opera, and *café*—he observes the manners of an effeminised unideal youth, absorbed in the interests of dress or horses, the *prima donna*, or *ballerina*; entering into or noticing, as a listener, the dialogue of these, he makes each (exactly on the plan of Dante) betray his idiosyncrasy in a few apposite sentences. One circle of bearded exquisites he observes

engaged in earnest discourse, and overhearing expressions about their honour, that of *la patria* still more, hence concludes them to be high-minded patriots; but discovers that the point in debate is, how to raise a sufficient fund for the bouquets of exotic flowers and trinket-offerings to be showered at the feet of some adored *danseuse* on her benefit night! The satirist's object is still more respectable when he comments on the false position of woman, educated only to be made the show of the ballroom, or the piano-performer, with ultimate view to a marriage of *convenience* arranged by family interests. The state of society here depicted, it will be apparent to every reader, is only that of the most artificialised and falsely-principled spheres in the greater Italian cities; in reference to other circles, his strictures would be unjust, his pictures overcharged. Other pieces by Masini rise into strains of political enthusiasm, referring to Pius IX, and describing the spontaneous festivities in that Pontiff's honour during the period his name was considered the inauguration of a new era for Italy. A prose treatise on « Purism » in Art—*I Pittori Puristi*—whose principles are condemned in unqualified terms, with more bitterness than thought, shows this author in his other character. The Marquis Antonio Tanario is an esteemed Bolognese nobleman, devoted to literature, who has written much, but published little, some of whose blank-verse compositions I heard read aloud with striking effect; and a monody on the death of his daughter, also « The Cemetery », from his pen, are in a strain of melancholy tenderness, elevated by religious feeling, that impressed me as bearing analogy to the genius of Young. Among the aristocracy of Bologna the pursuits of literature are in vogue. The study of modern languages, particularly English, has become fashionable; and in some instances scientific objects are earnestly followed. Examples of both these tastes are given in the noble family of Malvasia (one of whose ancestors, in the seventeenth century, wrote the esteemed work on the Bolognese school of art, *Felsina Pittrice*), the eldest representative of that house being so devoted to the scientific, that whatever new invention or mechanic improvement he hears of, is

immediately procured for inspection or use; whilst his younger brother is dedicated to literature, and, having mastered our language perfectly, has published a translation from Layard's « Nineveh »—not his first attempt at familiarising English originals in the Italian. Count Rusconi, formerly in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Rome, has translated the collective dramas of Shakespeare and Schiller into Italian prose. Among advocates and medical men may be found much intelligence; and the higher walks of trade have also their aristocracy of wealth, scarcely inferior, in education, to that of birth. The results of the late University examinations, prior to the vacation, were published during my stay here. There had been 134 students admitted to the honours of the laurel—namely, 2 in theology, 20 in law, 45 in medicine, 24 in surgery, and 23 in mathematics; diplomas for professional practice were, moreover, given to 94 in the walks of medicine and surgery, to 10 in that of engineering. A collection of memoirs of celebrated professors, ancient and modern, at this University, has been issued from the Archiepiscopal Press. Among ladies of literary taste here was one who rendered her ancient family name more celebrated—the Countess Malvezzi, authoress of many original poems, and translations from Cicero; also, in similar poetic forms, from the « Rape of the Lock », and the « Loves of the Angels ». I regretted to learn that incessant application had so affected the mind of this gifted lady that she was obliged to lead a life of total seclusion, even from domestic society. Another Bolognese lady, a few years since; advanced a large sum for the purchase of a library, to be circulated exclusively among her own sex, for a trifling annual subscription: the collection, raised to 5,000 works, remaining under care of a noble family, one of whose daughters acts as librarian.

The annals of Bologna, its struggles for independence, its fiercely opposed factions, and mediæval splendours, present a rich vein of subject-matter to the historian, of suggestion to the romance-writer. They have been compiled in six volumes, down to 1796, by Salvatore Muzzi (of this city), with scrupu-

lods minuteness: the events of every year noted in chronologic order under a separate heading; but, having toiled through some volumes of this publication, I found little else than a dry narration of facts in the style of the old chroniclers. The episode of the captivity, the long imprisonment, and clandestine amours of King Henzius have been made the subject of a novel, a small volume, not admitted to much fame; and the tragically romantic story of Imelda Lambertazzi (as pathetic as that of Juliet), has been illustrated only by the English, not the Italian Muse. A chronicle interesting for the light it throws on the manners, local events, and historic figures of a particular epoch, was published here, some years since, by a professor of the Artistic Academy, Gaetano Giordani: — « The Arrival and Sojourn in Bologna of the Sovereign Pontiff, Clement VII, for the coronation of Charles V. » (*Della venuta e dimora in Bologna del S. P. Clemente Settimo, ec.*), splendidly presented in a volume adorned with portraits of the most celebrated Bolognese contemporaries and other assistants at the ceremonies, transcripts of the laudatory inscriptions, designs for triumphal arches, and other ephemeral decorations prepared for the meeting of the two potentates, also the costumes of the period, and other objects. Those festivities, and cathedral pomps are described with exactness, partaking somewhat of the chamberlain's note-book style, the very silk stockings of the pages attending his Holiness's triumphant progress being particularised. More relevant are some curious details of the intercourse between the Pope and Emperor; the things that passed in the Legatine Palace, occupied by both, and their public and private colloquies; the demonstrations of popular feeling toward these crowned heads; and accounts of the Bolognese churches in their then state of architecture and adornment. The voluminous appendix giving biographic notice of the distinguished who appear on the pageant-scene more or less prominently, and describing sanctuaries visited by Charles or the Pope, forms the portion most interesting to general readers. Those who desire statistics respecting Italian provinces, will find the best information of this kind in the monthly pub-

lications of the Bolognese Agrarian Society, and the Almanac « Emilia Pontificia », first issued the year of my visit, to be henceforth annual.

Among publications of another class – the archæologic – the most interesting I have seen, recently produced here, is the « Description of an Etruscan Necropolis discovered near Bologna » (*Sepolcreto Etrusco, etc.*), by Count Giovanni Gozzadini. In May 1853, the workmen on an estate of that nobleman, called Villanova, unexpectedly came upon some monuments buried beneath the soil, which proved to be a necropolis, containing not fewer than 116 sepulchres, dispersed over a space 68 metres long. This discovery is the subject of a learned and full report by the proprietor, printed at Bologna, in a large volume, but only for private circulation (a limitation to be regretted), with well-executed engravings of the more valuable objects found. These sepulchres, when fully disincumbered of the soil above, were seen to consist of masses of calcareous stone, almost cylindrical, and slightly conic in form; but four, different from the rest, parallelogram, built with another description of stone, rising perpendicularly, the largest to the height of 1.40 metres, by 2.67 long. In the interior of each was found a vase of argilla, with one or two handles, mostly black, but in some instances red, and in the greater number with designs scratched on the clay. A tazza, or a concave disk reversed, covered the mouth of each vase; and around were, in most instances, strewn several other much smaller vases, in fragments, mostly incomplete. No painting was found on any of these utensils, and the designs consist mostly of meanders, concentric circles, serpentine outlines, and rudely sketched human figures, with disproportioned heads. Bronze implements were found in great number, for music, agriculture, the caparison of horses, the dressing or ornamenting of hair; and one of these in form not exemplified in any Etruscan collection.

Most graceful and varied were the fibulæ accumulated in greater number than any other objects here – in all 412. These were, for the greater part, of bronze ornamented with designs

scratched, or finer toreutic workmanship; some also with strings of beads of yellow smalt or amber, or blue and white glass, some with disks of alabaster, or other trinkets of amber and bone united; a certain number said exactly to resemble the Scotch brooch for fastening the plaid, and many evidently intended for the hair. Some displayed the action of fire; and in every sepulchre were found at least two fibulæ perfectly alike, placed side by side. Neither silver nor gold, nor any description of idols, nor writing in any character (though a few archaic *sigla* were seen), did these sepulchres contain – an evidence of high antiquity, showing that the precious metals had not yet been introduced from foreign parts, the use of inscriptions not yet popularized. Lanzi attests that « neither stones nor medals inscribed with writing existed anterior to Demaratus. » But the primitive money, consisting of bronze cylinders unstamped (*as rude*), was found in various specimens; and, as it is known that the use of such was coetaneous with Numa (the stamped coin, or *as signatum*, being introduced at a much less remote antiquity), it is assumed these sepulchres may be ascribed to a date at least as ancient as 450 B. C. The epoch of the invasions of the Gallo-Cimri on this side the Alps has been limited by some historians between 587 and 521 B. C.; by others, whose opinion is now generally received, prolonged to about 396 B. C. It was in the fourth of these irruptions that the province of Felsina was occupied by the Boii; and the author of this « Description » infers that these monuments may be given a date anterior to the dispersion of the Etruscans from the regions of the *Circumpadani*, or valleys of the Po, from the Alps and higher Etruria.

Count Gozzadini has treated his subject with ability and knowledge. His chapter on antique funereal rites and modes of sepulture, illustrated by much poetic quotation, gives all that is most fraught with meanings in this branch of archæology. He supposes these tombs to have been all originally subterranean, like others of Etruria and Magna Græcia; that the *lazze* placed on the larger vases had served not only for funereal libations,

but for pouring wine on the pyre to extinguish its flames after cremation of the dead; and to explain the quantity of smaller vases found in fragments, he advances the theory, both ingenious and affecting, that their rupture was not accidental, but with ritual and symbolic purpose – an appropriate allusion, and touching accompaniment to the last honours of mortality. Many citations to support this idea seem of weight, as from Propertius (l. 4, el. 7):

Hoc etiam grave erat nulla mercede hyacinthos
Injicere, et fracto busta piare cado.

Two skeletons from these tombs are scientifically described by a medical professor, who recognises in them the Etruscan characteristics; and in another appendix is an explanation by Professor Rocchi of some Roman *sigilli* found near this necropolis; also, by the same, a curious treatise on the antiquity of the barber's art, as concerns that dignified appendage, the beard.

In the province of artistic literature we find rather less sterility than in the imaginative, under ecclesiastic government. At Bologna I saw, in MS., two additional forthcoming volumes of the « Letters from Distinguished Persons on Painting, Sculpture and Architecture », extending from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century, of which two volumes were published some years ago. The compiler and editor, Signor Gualandi, also showed me the MSS. of his « Memoirs on Art », with extension of the material hitherto given to the public, in six volumes, at Bologna, 1844. A venerable, courteous, and amiable gentleman, whose whole existence is absorbed by his enthusiasm for art and its illustration, is this same Gualandi, owner of a collection of pictures in the Fava Palace, almost entirely formed by himself, including valuable specimens of the Bolognese schools, and others that would be still more generally prized—as an exquisite little sketch, in sepia, of the Virgin, St. Christopher with the Divine Infant, and Tobit with the Angel, by Raphael; a very lovely portrait of a Visconti princess, by Leonardo da

Vinci, etc. To the same owner belongs also an art-library, containing many works of great scarcity, early editions, and engravings by great masters, as Albert Durer and Da Vinci.

The state of threatened destruction in which some of the greatest treasures of fresco-painting are now to be seen – dimly and painfully distinguishable – in various ancient churches of these States, is indeed lamentable. At Assisi the great series by Giotto, illustrating the life of St. Francis, is materially injured in some of the largest compositions included; but this comparatively nothing to the extent of damage suffered by the frescoes of Cimabue on the higher compartments of the same walls—these colossal illustrations of sacred history being, in fact, reduced to little more than either shadows or outlines. The four allegoric pictures, intended to set forth the glory of the Seraphic Saint, and the virtues perpetuated in his order of self-chosen poverty, on the vault above the high altar of the lower temple in the double-storied Assisian Basilica – in their *ensemble*, perhaps, the grandest production of Giotto – these, I was happy to find, have escaped much better, and have been cleaned, without any relouching – which latter species of restoration is strictly forbidden, in regard to all these frescoes, by the « Camera Apostolica ». It is satisfactory to know that the truly dramatic presentment of the story of St. Francis by this great artist, is secured for transmission to future ages in less perishable forms – namely, in copper-plate engravings, executed by the ablest burins in Rome, and to appear in a work containing altogether thirty-four plates, long since commenced at that city. Two young artists from the Marches of Ancona, with whom I made acquaintance at Assisi, were then engaged in copying the entire series of these Giotto frescoes for the engravings to be taken from their performance; and a Professor Loccatelli, of that city, who has obtained repute by his *Life of St. Clare*, and translation into Italian verse of a Latin Epic of the sixteenth century (the *Franciscados*, by Fra Mauro of Spello) supplied the text to explain the subject of each picture.

Another illustrated publication at Rome evinces anxiety to perpetuate the art-treasures of her provinces: the frescoes of

Signorelli and Fra Angelico, in the cathedral of Orvieto, reproduced in engravings on a large scale. This magnificent series, representing the Last Judgment, the portents preceding that event, the Apostacy and Persecutions of Antichrist, the glory of the Prophets, Martyrs, and Virgin Saints—in all but the Prophet—group from the pencil of Signorelli—I was glad to find, on visiting Orvieto, in perfect preservation. In every attribute of the poetry of conception, not less than in warmth and vivid colouring, they struck me as far surpassing that *merely* terrible creation of Michel Angelo, the idea of which is said to have been suggested by these sublime frescoes. On the façade of this Orvieto cathedral has been completed, under the present pontificate, a mosaic, that truly forms the crowning glory to this marvel of Italian-Gothic—the Coronation of the Madonna, on colossal scale, from a design by Niccola Pisano, probably the very first type for that treatment subsequently adopted, in painting and relief, innumerable times, the two principal figures being seated opposite each other—the Saviour extending one arm to place the crown on the Virgin Mother's brow, with action gracefully majestic.—This mosaic occupies the central of the three gables, flanked by light crocketed pinnacles, in which this façade terminates, the background, as of all other mosaics on the same surface, a field of gold. For the recently added group giving completeness to this series, whose subjects are the Life of the Madonna and the Baptism of Christ, the Roman Government advanced 8000 scudi, a sum that seems not high, the finish and resplendence of the work considered.

Perugia, one of the first Italian cities to cultivate liberal studies, possessed public schools at a very remote antiquity, the eleventh century having been assumed by some writers as date of the origin of its University; though, with more reason, a learned professor here has argued to prove that it was not till about 1276 the magistracy united in a central establishment the scattered schools previously open without unity of method or discipline. In 1318 Pope John XXII. accorded the faculty of conferring degrees in civil and canon law; afterwards were bestowed the same privileges respecting studies of medicine.

and philosophy. At present the Umbrian University ranks third in the Papal States after those of Rome and Bologna; but is now less flourishing than has been the case even within recent periods, many of its privileges having been curtailed since the revolution of 1831, visited with more or less severity upon all these northern provinces. About 150 is the average number of students, and only in the faculty of law can degrees now be taken; so that for other honours the aspirant must travel to the metropolis or Bologna. For the Professors' salaries is the miserable average of 200 scudi; and the fact is relevant, that a chair of Greek Literature, long established here, had remained unoccupied, since the death of its last professor some time previous, without any apparent intention to appoint a successor. The Academy of Arts attached to this University has some reputation, and secures to students the use of a valuable gallery of casts from antique and modern sculpture, as well as the Museum of Paintings, that contains, besides many early works of the Umbrian school, several of high intrinsic merits, and great names - Pietro Perugino, Alfani, Pinturicchio, and Sassoferrato. The collection of Etruscan antiquities, almost entirely from this neighbourhood, in the same building, may rank first after those of Rome in regard to epigraphs, monumental sculptures, idols of bronze, and vessels of terra cotta. One inscription, perfectly legible, on a *stela*, is the longest yet known in this language; many of the recumbent figures and reliefs on the cinerary urns are spirited, some graceful.

As to literature, no high degree of encouragement could be expected, nor found, in provincial cities such as Perugia had been under Rome. Poverty is the usually avowed, indolence or ignorance often the real, cause of impediments to those successes frequently deserved, and the absence of means for their attainment lamented, among Italians even of the least cultivated regions. Perugia has, however, maintained a certain traditional claim in letters, and within recent years have been produced here works highly creditable, others promised still superior in importance. A late professor of archæology at this University,

Vermiglioli, was indefatigable in the illustration of antiquities, principally local and Etruscan. His work, with engravings, on the sculptures of Niccolo and Giovanni da Pisa, adorning the curious and beautiful old fountain on the piazza before the cathedral here, is written with much learning, and minute in explaining the mystic symbolism and far-fetched allusions of the statuettes and reliefs by those artists, engaged on this task between 1274 and 1280. Among more recent works that deserve favourable notice, both for beauty of engraved illustration and intrinsic value, is the edition, with ample notes and appendices, of Vermiglioli's volume on the Etruscan sepulchre, recognised as that of the Volumni family, opened in this vicinity 1840, the work being accompanied by a large second volume of finely-executed copper-plates, giving the plans, funereal sculptures, inscriptions, and every other object contained in that very interesting tomb, one of the most adorned and best preserved of Etruscan hypogees. The editor is the present occupant of the same archæologic chair in this University, Count Connestabile, a nobleman of distinguished abilities, who fervently devotes himself to the pursuits of learning, and has published, besides this superb edition of the « Sepolcro dei Volumni », a memoir of Vermiglioli, other commented works on archæologic subjects left by the same author, and various original treatises. His edition of the Sepolcro was prepared on the original MS., not on any previously printed. The immediate predecessor of Count Connestabile in the archæologic professorship here was Signor Fabretti, who has brought out at Turin the first sections of a great philologic compilation, « Glossarium Italicum », to be a complete vocabulary of the Umbrian, Sabine, Oscan, and Etruscan idioms, as preserved on extant monuments, with the interpretations of various scholars, finely printed, with engravings from monumental fragments, and a *fac simile* of the important Etruscan epigraph called the Eugubian Tables: the letters here included, in the first number, extending from A to Aa, over 160 pages. The learned philologist became an exile from his native place, in consequence of political imputations,

but was received with honour at Turin, where he was promoted to an office connected with the Museum of Antiquities.

The Perugians have not failed in intelligent appreciation of their greatest artist—that genius whose powers cannot be fully estimated till one has visited this city, where its creations are so richly spread around in adornment of civil and sacred edifices. The celebrated frescoes by Perugino, in the Sala del Cambio, have lately been illustrated in a valuable work, that advances at the same time a new theory respecting the frescoes in the contiguous chapel, ascribing these last exclusively to Giannicolo Manni, instead of Raphael, Perugino, and the other artists previously supposed their authors. This volume, by Marchesi, a Tuscan ecclesiastic, though pedantic und diffuse, supplies interesting details of the ancient municipal orders, guilds and civic concerns of Perugia, as well as of her Art-practise from the XIII. century to the time of Vanucci. Engravings from photographs of the magnificent groups in the Sala, prophets and sybils, heroes and philosophers of Pagan antiquity, are published in another work, dedicated to the honours of Pietro Perugino. But all may be expected to be surpassed in local interest by a publication in a series, to occupy several volumes, called « Biblioteca Storica Perugina », the prospectus of which was issued June '57, particularising twenty-three subjects chosen for the divisions of a general theme—the history, antiquities, and art monuments of this city, and MSS. from the pens of esteemed authors, who left in libraries works they did not live to see printed.

Ancona (as it seemed a few years ago) struck me like a splendid *opportunity* thrown away: a city whose magnificent position, historic dignity, and present capabilities, were left things to run to waste – a stately forest tree in premature decay – an edifice falling into ruin, not by time or violence, but from the cold blight of neglect. Picturesque, gloomy, ill-built and ill-kept, with a majestic cathedral on its sea-girt height, more busy and crowded than other pontific cities, but everywhere betrayng, alike with others, the signs of dissatis-

fied incompleteness. Several of its churches, besides the cathedral, are interesting; some of its streets not without irregular beauty; the aspect of its people, in lower classes, wild and squalid. Its principal institution for secular education is the Gymnasium, founded 1828, and entirely gratuitous, the professors eligible alike from candidates ecclesiastic or laic (of fourteen, then on the list, eight only being clergymen); and the Prefect, general superior, dependant on the authority both of the magistracy and the bishop. The system of public education in these provinces may seem, when drawn up on paper, efficient and carefully ordered enough; but very different are the merits of its mode of application, as shown by official statements that leave no abuses under the shelter of despotic irresponsibility. After the northern provinces now designated by the generic title « Emilia, » had passed under Piedmontese rule in '59, a report was made in the senate of Turin, showing a wofully depressed state of education among their inhabitants: Communes (municipal districts) of 223,700 souls were without any public schools for males; others of 1,439,000, without any for females; 54 communes of 200,000 inhabitants were without schools for either sex; in the province of Ferrara, male students were in the proportion of 4 to 76, female in that of 1 to 420; in the province of Ravenna, male students were 1 to 199, female 1 to 2146. The Gymnasium of Ancona has the privilege of conferring degrees, so that a student on entering any University of the States, after completing his course here, is considered to have passed through two academic years, and admitted on the class of those in their third year. Its programme comprises – Canon Law, Civil and Criminal Law, Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics, Physics and Mathematics, Nautical Science, Rhetoric, Humanity, (under which is included Latin and Italian Poetry, Geography, and Mythology), Greek, Design (architectural, ornamental, and figure drawing); the higher and lower studies of Grammar, and the elementary. At the end of the year is a general examination, in writing, after which the compositions approved are printed, and read at a public assembly in the Municipal Palace, the bishop,

magistrates, and other authorities attending. There are also trimestral examinations, and the only condition required for admission (beyond that of being able to write the name, with some personal particulars) is a certificate *de vita et moribus*. Yet, notwithstanding such advantages held out freely, not more than 200, in a city of more than 28,000, is the average studying here! There are, it is true, other schools where elementary instruction is gratuitous in Ancona, as the regionary — one in each of the four districts the city is divided into — besides that of the Christian Schools, or *Ignorantelli* brotherhood, and private classes where the first principles of literary and religious education are imparted at an expense of about three francs monthly. At the Gymnasium I made acquaintance with an intelligent ecclesiastic, the Professor of Physics, Lazzini, who within the last twenty years has collected in one of its halls a museum of physics and mechanics, partly at his own expense, partly out of a trifling subsidy he had induced the Commune annually to advance, geologic specimens from the Apennines, the Euganean Hills, and Mount Conero having lately been added through his exertions; and one might regard as proof of no common ingenuity in the reverend professor one mechanic performance here—the model of a railway convoy with all its apparatus, executed under his direction before he had ever seen the reality! He mentioned to me the intention to introduce the study of modern languages into this Gymnasium, and seemed to think English and German preferable to French for a place exclusively commercial, like Ancona. The school of Design here fostered the talents of an artist now considered the first historic painter, among native subjects at least, in Rome — the Chevalier Podesti.

At Ancona I could not, during a month's sojourn, ascertain the existence of any literature whatever to be considered of the present day: the only novelty produced within that city, to the best of my information, during about ten years previously, being in the form of an historico-statistic almanac, which, however, I must do the author, Signor Masi, the justice to say, was compiled, for the second year since its birth, with large

amount of general information regarding the provinces comprised in the ancient Picenum. « The Siege of Ancona, » a historic romance, published in Florence, by Cannoniere—a name not much known in Italian literature—which I found in the catalogue of a circulating library, had been prohibited since the revolution of '48. Several writers have, in years long past, occupied themselves on the history and antiquities of this town: the latest among whom was the Abbate Leoni, whose « History of Ancona, » published 1832, I perused during my stay, and found pleasure in its pages, notwithstanding unnecessary prolixity, thanks to the light it throws on the mediæval manners and commercial relations of this place; and its more interesting political crises dwelt on minutely—as the siege, calling for so heroic a defence, by the Archbishop of Mayence, in 1174, when the army of that prelate, fighting for the Emperor, was gallantly repulsed, after endurance of dreadful suffering, by the Anconitans (for a most graphic account of which see Sismondi's « Républiques »); also the French occupation and subversion of Papal government in 1797, the circumstances of which, and the ensuing vicissitudes of adventitious Republicanism, are reported in the lively style taught by personal recollection.

It was with dismay I ascertained the non-purchasability of a map to guide the stranger through the narrow intricate streets, or enable to identify public buildings, in this quaint-looking town, and ensuing inconvenience was not slight; the deficiency, in a seaport of commercial consequence, seeming indeed extraordinary. The supply of intellectual *pabulum*, in provincial cities of less importance in these States than Ancona, is, as may be inferred, low almost to nullity; perhaps a single bookseller, with a dingy little establishment, may be found in principal streets of towns on a par with Spoleto, Orvieto, Civita Castellana, etc. Perugia, Foligno, and others, are indeed better provided, the first especially, where bibliopolists are comparatively numerous, and the sale of books at stalls in the open air is carried on, as at Bologna and Florence. Journalism might be considered, at this period (the publications of Rome and Bologna

excepted) almost null in these States: the reaction after the events of '48 of course responsible for this; but the excesses of the revolutionary press were such, that the sequel might have been foreseen. Under the subsequent Austrian occupation of Ancona, the only periodical representing that city, *Il Piceno*, became reduced from a daily to a weekly issue. Perugia produced one little paper, *Il Trasimeno*; Foligno another, ambitiously styling itself *Gazzetta Universale*. Rome alone maintained any periodical approaching to the character of a magazine; the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the *Giornale Arcadico*, the *Correspondenza Scientifica*, and *Annali delle Scienze Religiose*, in the metropolis, owning certain titles to superior places in this walk.

In public libraries, the advantages provided by most cities of antiquity or importance in these provinces, are greater than might be concluded from other aspects, but no works on the Index are supplied, unless licence from that Congregation be presented. The two great libraries of Bologna rank first; that of Ancona, in the Communal Palace (where most of these collections are deposited) is inferior; but those of Ravenna, Cesena, Rimini, and Pesaro would be creditable to any city in Europe. One was at this period in formation at Viterbo; and a collection of works on natural history had been presented to that of the University of Perugia by a living professor. The Communal Library of that city is a good collection of old, and (in the Italian) some newer standard works, rich also in illuminated Mss., of Pagan and Christian contents (e. g. a Latin Bible of the XI. century), though far surpassed in this respect by the very valuable *archivio* of the Cathedral. Frequently in these provincial libraries, have I found myself (except at Bologna) *almost* the sole reader in the morning hours that they are open. In convents, however, it is possible to obtain permission for using respectably filled shelves, that are less neglected. The Pesaro library was bequeathed to that city, in 1789, by Annibale Olivieri, a writer of some local celebrity; and here I saw a presentation copy of Denistoun's admirable work on the history of Urbino. At the latter city, comparatively little visited, I went over the yet unfinished buildings of the University founded by Duke Guidobaldo I.,

and restored, having fallen into decay and inactivity, by Leo XII. One spacious hall, yet incomplete, was destined to contain the library whose formation commenced not many years previously, and had been effected chiefly by donations; the books being then in another part of the edifice already finished, containing also a museum of natural history. Another public library fills three large rooms in the Franciscan Convent at Urbino; but I found only one bookseller in the city of Raphael! Shortly before my visit had been opened a small, but tastefully decorated theatre, intended as a description of monument to Urbino's most illustrious son, as implied in the name, « Teatro Sanzio, » and the epigraph, « A Raffaele » over the principal pit-entrance. Numerous poetic effusions were being presented, like handbills, in the *cafés* and other places of resort, during my sojourn here, in honour of the inauguration of Raphael's bust, with that of Bramante, in this theatre on the first night of the season; but they were surpassed in numeric force and enthusiasm by the similar tributes in honour of the Prima Donna, Barbieri Nini, then realising nightly triumphs on this scene in the part of *Lady Macbeth*; and one of these effusions commented on our national peculiarities, in terms so amusingly indicative of Italian ideas concerning the Shakesperian stage, that I thought some lines worth copying: —

« Macbetto! Ah, be silent (the author addressing his lyre); name not the horrifying scenes of iniquity! Never shalt thou be reserved to descend to things so detestable and shameful. The strange necromancies of the genius that flies along the shores of Thames, to us are foolishness, etc. ».

Poetic essays superior to this were submitted to the public during my stay at Assisi, on occasion of an annual « Accademia », the evening subsequent to the festival of St. Francis. Recitations and musical performances, vocal and instrumental, formed this entertainment, given in a hall of the Municipal Palace, where admission was gratuitous, and where I found an assemblage stiflingly crowded at a late hour. The first essay read was

a memoir on the progress of science and material improvement in connection with Christian civilisation—an exalted theme, treated with some ability, but rather wearisomely spun out in a composition little suited for public delivery; then followed various poetic effusions, mostly in form of sonnets, and sentimental in tone; the only one that combined the humorous with the serious (and surpassed all in originality) from a Franciscan friar, the sole ecclesiastic among these concurrents. After a few instrumental performances, with the apparatus of a full orchestra, came the grand novelty of the evening—a cantata, the words an amplification, in lyric measures, of the Ugolino episode from Dante, adapted to music by a Professor Sabbatini. As to the paraphrastic attempt, it was rather better than Italian verses, intended as mere set-off to Italian music, commonly prove; as to the setting, the Verdi school obviously dominated therein—florid, chromatic, and tumultuous. For a quaint little town like Assisi, with less than 3000 inhabitants, and dilapidated streets that look like an accidental jumble of half ruined Gothic convents, impoverished in circumstances, and only preserved from decay by the interest attaching to its magnificent sanctuaries, for such a place this « Accademia », whose performers in each walk were exclusively natives, really surpassed expectation. Another celebration, referring to the glories of literature and art, was held at Pesaro, on occasion of the erection of two statues—Rossini and Perticari—in the principal piazza. Of those fellow-citizens the inhabitants are justly proud; conformably to which regards were prepared for the inauguration similar solemnities in the cathedral, and popular amusements in the streets, as usually attend the great anniversaries of religion. I admired in the Pesarese this enthusiasm for their great men; but was disappointed by finding the statues, filling niches in an ornamented façade overlooking the piazza, scarce up to mediocrity.

Ravenna, desolate and fallen as she is, still retains a character of dignity and cultivated refinement; her numerous clergy and aristocracy have some reputation for intellectuality—the latter being generally allowed to form a social circle one of the

best in Italy. I made acquaintance with a learned ecclesiastic, named Pavirani, who is librarian at the Communal Library in the Archgymnasium of Ravenna, and author of not unworthy contributions to local history—the « *Memoirs of Galla Placidia* », and « *History of the Gothic Kingdom under Theodoric* », both written with the earnestness and diligence in compilation of facts that show the historian determined to make the most of his subject. In regard to the Empress, his intention is to vindicate, and present the most favourable view of her character that testimony can be admitted to support. The heretical Theodoric he treats with philosophic appreciation, bringing into due relief the benefits secured to Italy by his reign, his enlightened patronage of learning, and his munificence in the fartherance of public improvements—Cassiodorus, of course, the authority principally used in this latter history. One recent publication I found at Ravenna furnishing brief notices of all celebrated events that have occurred in that city from earliest ages, on every day in the year, placed in succession of months and days like the tables of a calendar—a plan not happily conceived; for thus a work really comprising the complete outline-history of the Exarchate Capital, proves, in fact, a mere almanac for reference, which few could have patience to peruse from beginning to end. Municipal records in these States, if studied with assiduity and abilities, might produce results very interesting, if more energetic men would dedicate themselves to the illustration of localities where circumstances have placed them, in the spirit animating my respected acquaintance Padre Pavirani. Unfortunately, few such are to be found in these provincial cities; but in the volumes of the « *Archivio Storico* », published at Florence, the histories of towns now sunk into subordinate, but once occupying primary rank, within different Italian States, have been copiously supplied on the best and ancient authorities. Perugia has been allowed a distinguished place in that collection; and all these cities are made the subject of long articles, compiled with carefulness only too diffuse, in the « *Dictionary of Erudition* », by Gaetano Moroni.

MODERN LITERATURE IN PIEDMONT

A few days, even a morning's walk, in Turin may suffice for the impression that this is a city where the public mind is awake, the demand for knowledge general, and native literature in proportionate activity. Under the spacious porticoes that extend their lines of perspective along the Contrada di Po, the most busy thoroughfare, is such a display of books, old and new, at windows, stalls and shelves, that this favourite promenade resembles a vaulted library. Since the reforms of 1847-8 the developments of national life in the institutions have been scarcely less remarkable than those of intellectual life in the literature of Piedmont. Of one among the offsprings of those changes much is to be said favourable and unfavourable; evils are to be lamented, whilst the advantages of liberty must be owned, in the present state of the periodical press. Bitterness of party-spirit, personalities, and a levity sometimes blasphemous, daily disgrace the pages of a certain class of journals, which, provided for a single sous, are most likely to reach those most easily corrupted. Under existing circumstances, it is not surprising that the opposition to ecclesiastical authority should be carried on here by journalism, and I know of no parallel to this struggle, with the present publicity and unlimited freedom of expression, in a country where the national religion is

that of the Church recognised in Piedmont; where this will end it is difficult to say. The authority which lately gave dogmatic definition to the question of the Immaculate Conception, is openly impugned in publications announced at the principal booksellers' of Turin. The journalism which represents ecclesiastical interest, is, unfortunately, wanting in the wisdom of moderation and dignity. On each side is followed the same lamentable policy; each, believing itself injured or calumniated, hastens to injure or calumniate. Most unwisely is the national feeling, now raised to enthusiasm, irritated by an ecclesiastical press, which openly proclaims its want of sympathy. Protestantism has two weekly organs, but little in circulation, to judge from their absence at the most frequented public places—. Nothing could be more unjust than to take the vile penny journalism of an irreligious and democratic party as the recognised organ of public opinion, whilst many periodicals, as well of the political as literary class in Piedmont, are conducted with ability by superior and thoughtful writers.

The *Piemonte*, whilst edited by Farini, as at the period referred to here, was one of the best daily papers in Italy, with interesting correspondence, and leading articles always worth reading. The *Voce del Progresso Commerciale*, dedicated to the objects its title implies, is useful as illustrating the existing conditions, social and financial, of this country, having succeeded to the *Croce di Savoia*, established in 1847 for the object of promoting the principles of free trade. The *Mesmerista*, was a weekly journal conducted by a society of magnetisers and medical professors; and the ladies of Turin have established an organ exclusively their own, *Eva Redenta* (« Eve Redeemed »), dedicated to moral objects principally, and with style creditable to its origin. The two most distinguished periodicals of literary character are the *Rivista Contemporanea* and the *Cimento*. The former, a monthly review, has numbered some of the most celebrated writers of the day among its collaborators, as Tommaseo (whose works deserve to be better known in England than I believe they are), and Mamiani. At the end of each number

the *Rivista* gives a monthly chronicle, well compiled, of politics and literature. The *Cimento* is a bi-monthly of literature, science, and arts, whose collaborators are also men of high standing, and among whose articles of this period I was struck by political sketches called, « The Second Epoch of Pius IX. and the Men of his Government », written with brilliancy and subtle appreciation of character—unfavourable, as might be expected, to the political *personnel* of Rome, but not vituperative or violent. « Moral Developments of a Constitutional Statute in Piedmont », a comment on the condition and prospects of this country since the adoption of representative forms, also impressed me in these pages. That evils attendant on liberty of the press may be checked, not by the silly restrictions of censorship, which other Italian States have proved fruitless, perpetually baffled and leading to worse results, but by the domination of good sense and moral culture, has been already evinced in Piedmont, where improvement soon became manifest; and a case in point was mentioned to me at Turin. A certain priest from Genoa, apostate not only from the Church, but from Christianity, published some direct attacks against revealed religion, which were not only received with disapproval, but fell, still-born, beneath tacit condemnation.

Great, indeed, has been the productiveness of literature in Piedmont since the events of '48. Among the most popular issues from the press have been those in the form of serial publications, reprints from Italian classics, with translations, and not few original works contributed by able pens. In these may be remarked various tendencies (if the provision furnished be evidence of the nature of demands), but especially the patriotic and utilitarian—avidity for everything that illustrates the history of the fatherland, and also for practical knowledge in every walk. The most valuable of these series, issued by the enterprising house of Pomba, the *Biblioteca Popolare*, has introduced foreign literature to Italian readers more generally, perhaps, than ever before attempted. Elsewhere in Italy, beyond « Paradise Lost », the « Night Thoughts », « Ossian »,

and the « Vicar of Wakefield », little indeed had hitherto been known (save to the studious few) of English poetry or prose; but in this series our literature is represented by Shakespere (translated by Rusconi into prose), Milton, Byron, Hallam, and Macaulay; the German by Schiller and Klopstock. The comprehensive character of others, among these serial publications, may be noticed as a good sign: a « Collection of the most important works on Political Economy, ancient and modern, Italian and foreign; » the « New Popular Encyclopædia; » the « Library of the Italian People »; or « Collection of Moral, Political, Scientific, and Literary Treatises; » the « Annals of Physics, Chemistry, and kindred sciences; » the « Series of Works useful to the Educated, compiled by a Society of Scientific Men »—all from the press of Pomba. The « Library of the Italian Communes » is a cheap issue of works, original and translated, mostly statistic or historic, and dedicated to Italian subjects; though on its list I find the « Statistical History of the British Empire, » by Chambers. For lighter reading we have also a « Railway Library, » (*Ricreazione delle Strade Ferrate*), a collection of novels, anecdotes, dramas, poems, legends, etc.; *Italia Drammatica*, a series of modern dramas, mostly prose; and the *Fior delle Grazie* (which might be paraphrased « Blossoms of the Beautiful »), a miniature series, in one of whose tiny volumes is reproduced a literary curiosity, the « Story of Two Lovers, » by Eneas Silvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II, (the only amatory novel ever produced by the pen of one destined to such sacred dignity), written when its author was secretary to the Emperor, at Vienna, about 1444, therefore fourteen years before his elevation to the Papal throne. A translation, or rather imitation of this, from the original Latin, was penned by a secretary of the Florentine Republic, many years ago; and, after becoming most rare, reprinted with the original at Capolago, in 1832, by care of Bianchi Giovini, now editor of the *Unione*, the most avowedly irreligious journal in Turin. One cannot take even a superficial glance at literature here without noticing the strongly-marked patriotic bias evinced in countless

publications on national subjects, from the liberal point of view. As with individual character, trial and affliction bring into play powers that previously had lain dormant, so in Italy have the struggles and sufferings of late years brought out talents, afforded occasion for fervid expression of feeling and hope, that might else have remained for ever silent. I might fill pages with the mere titles of works designed to satisfy this passion of patriotism, so stimulated in the public mind by late vicissitudes. And of those publications the immense majority have been brought to light in Piedmont, either by subjects or refugees, as, to instance a few of the more remarkable, the *Archivio Triennale*—three large volumes of documents referring to events from the election of Pius IX. to the surrender of Venice in August '49; *Ducati Estensi* (« the Duchies under the Este Dynasty ») from 1415 to 1853, by Nicomede Bianchi; the « History of Venice, » from 1797 to the present time, by Peverelli; « Monarchy and Nationality in Italy, » by Boetti; « Italy from its Origin to the present Time, » a historico-geographic compendium, by Zini (Asti, 1850); « Italian Traditions, » relating to every province of the Peninsula, edited by a society of literati, under the direction of Brofferio; « Italian Orators, » specimens of the best Italian prose, in two volumes, with a preface on eloquence by Trucchi; and, in the form of historie romance, « Rosalinda, or the Foundation of Alessandria » by Carlo A'Valle; the « Provençals at Nice, » by Trucchi; the « Mysteries of Rome, » « Mysteries of Turin, » etc.

In the Sardinian kingdom, local history has also within late years been diligently studied. The new institutions have had a revivifying effect, exciting to patriotism without unhealthy enthusiasm; but even before Piedmont obtained representative government, her story had employed many pens. Among really valuable contributions to which province of letters, I may mention the « Political Institutions of Piedmont, » by Sciòpis; the « History of the House of Savoy, » « History of Turin, » and « Origin and Development of the Institutions of the Monarchy of Savoy, » « all works of now classic authority and universal

reference on their subjects, » by Cibrario, Minister of Foreign Affairs: the « History of Piedmont from 1814 to 1847, » by Brofferio. « Piedmont in the League with the Western Potentates » a work with views and maps, portraits, etc., compiled by Pierluigi Donnin, appeared during the Crimean War. Another (in the same form of publication—sections issued at intervals) is « From St. Quintin to Oporto, or the Heroes of the House of Savoy, » by Pietro Corelli. « Stories of the Barrack » (*Storia della Caserma*), by Count di San Jorioz, is a collection of military anecdotes and sketches, from ancient times to the late wars of Italy, all tending to give *éclat* to the profession of arms, or to awaken enthusiasm for liberty, the Author having with indefatigable industry culled from authorities, of which enumeration is given in his index, amounting to 5001 for the amusement of the barrack or guard-house; but such a publication is a « sign of the times » in Piedmont worthy of notice.

I visited the immense establishment of Pomba, over which the junior representative of that house obligingly conducted me, and which gives, indeed, an idea of the publishing business in Turin, as well as of the literary production here, highly favourable. It is years since this house began to issue its publications; and here was produced in its early stage the greatest collection of Latin classics yet compiled in Italy: 300 volumes, with notes by Boucher, of which I found only two copies left on sale. There was then passing through this press an eighth edition of Cantu's « Universal History »—success unexampled, for any work approaching the scale of this, in Italian literary annals. This vastest of historic works yet produced by any single mind in Italy, has received the *compliment* (as it may be considered) of condemnation by the police at Naples; and the « *Storia degli Italiani* », by the same author, was for some months under examination by the Congregation of Index at Rome. The translation of Macaulay's History, published by Pomba, is the work of Signor Niccoli, editor of the *Espero*, a daily paper of rather ultra-liberalism, who has succeeded in rendering both the spirit and style of his original. That of Hallam is by a Sicilian emigrant

of noble birth. The most interesting novelty from this press is promised in the « Posthumous Works of Giannone », written in the Piedmontese fortress where he died, after being treacherously arrested in deference to the vindictive exigence of another government, though first allowed refuge in this kingdom from the persecution raised against him on account of his truly great work, the « Civil History of the Kingdom of Naples ». These writings had lain in a strong box among the archives of the Ministry of the Interior, till their concession to the house of Pomba was permitted by the present King, who sanctioned the erection of a monument to Giannone in the beautiful *Campo Santo*, near Turin, with a liberal contribution from himself. Though Pomba had gone to the expense of 16,600 francs on this undertaking, and had already had the whole work in print for three years, he postponed the publication, awaiting the completion of a biographic and critical notice of Giannone by an author long since engaged, the Chevalier Mancini, a Neapolitan emigrant well known in literary circles, Professor of Law at the University here. This publication has answered to all the expectations naturally raised by a name so illustrious. The papers consist of a review, or rather analysis, of the institutions and policy of ancient Rome, from her origin, given in the form of discourses on the Decades of Livy; and others, in the sequel, on the ecclesiastical system from the birth of Christianity, and the circumstances attending the first successes of that Religion, to the Pontificate of St. Gregory; also on the conditions of the Church in the VII. century. To this epoch, and no farther, is the inquiry pursued, but the acts of that Pontiff and the nature of his authority over the churches of the East and West are so searchingly examined and distinctly presented, that the picture of ecclesiastical government in this century, is admirably complete, drawn with impartiality, calmness, and acumen. Nor less valuable, in its way, is the examination into the principles and system of Rome, from the origin to the Christian era, the account of her religious practise, the worship of Bacchus and its suppression, the priesthood etc., being supplied with great clearness and erudition. Conformably

to the character that marks Giannone's other great work, it is the life of nations, seen through the medium of their public institutions, legal, political, religious, that is here also the special object of his studies. Long pursued by the enmity of the Roman Curia for the freedom with which he exposed ecclesiastical abuses, this learned writer betrays in no passage of these posthumous volumes the intention of attacking spiritual authority, as legally constituted, but, on the contrary, evinces the earnestness of Christian belief in his manner of treating that subject throughout. When we consider that these writings were penned in a gloomy fortress, after long imprisonment, visited scarcely by a ray of hope for the freedom never recovered, in old age and enfeebled health, there seems a sublimity in the spectacle of this undaunted intellect devoting itself so bravely to its task, labouring for the benefit of other minds, with no chance of being immediately heard beyond his prison-walls. Such was the fate of one of Italy's greatest writers a century ago, such the despotism of civil and ecclesiastical procedure against freedom of thought! On the last page of Giannone's volumes, is an affecting appeal to royal clemency, and still more pathetic allusion to the sufferings that incapacitate from the worthier accomplishment of the task undertaken; and the mournfully interesting episode of personal history closes with the date, 14th. September, 1742. As to general tone, a calm gravity and self-possession, without the least touch of bitterness, are sustained from beginning to end.

Massimo d'Azeglio was at this period retired from more active public life, and principally dedicated to his favourite pursuit of earlier years—landscape painting, in which his skill is distinguished. I had the honour of being received by this illustrious man, whom I had last seen about eight years previously, and found him completely unchanged—the same prepossessing open countenance, fair hair, unmixed with grey, and military deportment—chivalrous in aspect as in character, Nor was I surprised; for there are instances of total exemption from those effects of time so deteriorating in beings of lower order. He received me in a room quite

artistic, furnished with books, engravings, and small easel pictures, finished and unfinished, evidently his own, and the work of a gifted pencil, whilst close to the entrance stood a mediæval guardian, in the shape of a complete suit of plate armour, lance in hand—fit accessory to his *ménage* who produced those brilliant historical romances, *Ettore Fieramosca* and *Nicola da Lapi*. I spoke with the Chevalier of his political writings, lately published in a separate volume, prefaced by a portrait. He said they could only be valuable in reference to the events of past years; that, had he to rewrite them, he should modify and give higher finish to many parts—for what appeared but a temperate expression of opinion in the midst of the stirring events and passions of those years (1848-9) would not stand the test, he considered, of calmly reflective criticism. I should, for my part, deprecate all such retouchings of these remarkable writings, which, if not strictly history, must take their place among the most striking and pregnant illustrations to the ideas and principles embodied in historic events. The volume they fill opens with « Late Events in Romagna » (*Ultimi Casi*, etc.), written in 1845, and closes with an address to the author's electors, in 1849. The former, immediately referring to the suppressed insurrection at Rimini in 1843, was the first powerful and eloquent exposition, backed by an authoritative name, of the abuses of the Papal Government under Gregory XVI, attended, on its first appearance, with immense effect, and mentioned in almost every memoir of late Italian vicissitudes as among the moral events of the day—a publication forming a political epoch. « Hopes and Fears » (*Timori e Speranze*), written when the liberal cause was all but lost for Italy (save in Piedmont), is an eloquent and ably reasoned protest against not only retrograde governments, but the revolutionary excesses which had given occasion and excuse for such reaction.

A letter of introduction secured me the privilege of an interview with Cibrario, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, if not strictly speaking a popular, is, for erudition and fecundity, one of the most praiseworthy among Piedmontese authors. His

« Political Economy of the Middle Ages » is a work that cannot fail to be valued and used as authority by future ages. His « History of Turin » is more practically useful than entertaining to the general reader; that of the royal House of Savoy is much esteemed; and almost immediately was to appear (I learnt from his own lips) the second volume of a work, perhaps his most valuable contribution to national story—« Origin and Progress of the Institutions of the Monarchy of Savoy ». In a quiet little parlour at the ministerial office, I was received by Cibrario, and found him of grave pleasing manners, seeming less advanced in life than I had expected. He spoke to me of the overwhelming journalism, and its offensive character in some instances, that political emancipation has brought into existence here; expressing regret at its effects on the studious habits of the young, many being thus withdrawn from solid consecutive pursuits to spend their time at *cafés* over these ephemeral publications. Perhaps most entertaining among the works of Cibrario, to readers in other lands, will be his « Records of a Mission to Portugal », an account of an embassy, in the Summer of '49, to Oporto, confided to this author and other public men, in order to present the address voted by the Senate to the self-exiled King. Not limited to its immediate subject, the volume gives an interesting picture of the character and career of Charles Albert, with fullest details in reference to its closing period. A minute account, almost from day to day, of his life, from the defeat at Novara and abdication to the death-scene at Oporto (24th March to 28th July, '49), familiarises us with the domestic aspects of that, on the whole, great and generous, though uncertain and much misrepresented character. « He had acquired complete mastery over his feelings, though these were naturally profound and vehement, and consequently succeeded in extending over his countenance a leaden impassibility that contrasted strangely with the lightning of his penetrating eye. He knew also the secret how to employ language most agreeable to each individual, in order to discover the secret aims and desires of each. Some verses, written on the birth of the Prince

now reigning, secured for me the honour of being summoned to the Carignano Palace, since which it has been my lot frequently to see and to serve Charles Albert as King. I saw him at Alessandria, after the disaster of Milan; I saw him the moment before his departure from Novara; I saw him the day he took to his bed, never to rise again, at Oporto; and never did I observe a change on his imperturbable brow, any more (than in the supreme and benignant elegance of his manners). In some interesting fragments from the King's diaries, or letters, are maxims worth quoting and sentiments truly noble. Referring to self-constituted organs of the people at revolutionary epochs, he observes: *le mal n'est jamais désiré par tout le peuple*. In 1838 he penned the remark that men *colères et haineuses* (these extracts are both in French and Italian) ought to be removed from the direction of public affairs. In the following year he wrote earnestly vindicating himself from the charge of Carbonarism and complicity with the ill counselled revolution of 1821. To this King, so much calumniated at the period of his greatest sacrifices, his country owes the reform of institutions of beneficence which led to increase of their revenues, within ten years, by more than a million francs; the founding of prisons and penitentiaries on principles of humanity, with aims to the reformation of offenders; the entire abolition, in Sardinia, of feudal servitude; not to mention the constitutional statute. We see how an energetic mind may avail itself of the opportunities of travel in the remaining portions of Cibrario's work, comprising a vividly sketched outline of the history of Portugal, especially of the relations between its royal house and that of Sardinia; descriptions of scenery and cities, reports on the statistics, literary and political conditions, of that country at the present day. The following, from one of the last pictures of the King's deathbed, is an anecdote that seems worthy the close of a noble and Christian career: « Not only during the day, but often amid the silence of the night, he used to leave his couch, and repair into the chapel to pray; but, however he strove to act thus with secrecy, could not elude the vigilance of his faithful valet, who, unknown to

himself, would watch a great part of the night in the adjoining room ».

The much agitated question of Church and State in Piedmont had been recently made the theme of two volumes, « The Church and State in Piedmont; an Exposition of the Relations between the Holy See and the Court of Sardinia from 1000 to 1854, » by the advocate P. C. Boggio—full of interesting information, drawn from archives and historians of past centuries, with many passages of eloquence, freedom, and vivacity. The author's theory—which, while much may be argued in its support, appears impracticable in a country of ancient institutions, except at the cost of uprooting revolution—is thus stated :

« The inevitable consequence of the toleration sanctioned by the Piedmontese constitution, and speedily enlarged by the force of opinion among all the enlightened portion of society, is an absolute separation of Church and State. If the sanctuary of individual conscience ought to be sacred and inviolable—if religious opinions ought to be inviolable—if the quality of worship ought to be without effect on the exercise of civil and political rights—logical necessity requires that the laic authority and religious authority should be independent of each other. That separation should import—for the Church, liberty of instruction, of election, possession, and administration; for the State, civil regulation of matrimony, exoneration from expenses of worship, independence from all ecclesiastical interference. »

The wealth of the Piedmontese Church is here stated at 15 million francs; that of the country, in native produce (as grains, fruits, wine, pastures), 461,177,162, to which must be added about 7 millions for the produce of mines and quarries. I find, however, in the report of the Committee on the Project of Law for the Suppression of Monastic Bodies, the total 13,189,406 francs given as the revenues of this Church, out of which nearly 2 millions pertain to the island of Sardinia, and 2,282,851 to religious communities. The picture drawn by Boggio of the mediæval ecclesiastical system, its power and grandeur, in these states, is curious. Signally displayed towards the Princes of

Savoy was the favour of the Holy See in olden times, and hence an extraordinary development of sacerdotal privileges, monastic institutions, and exceptional jurisdiction.

Before the limitations to these abusive usurpations, rather than rights, by concordats (of which not less than twenty-one have been ratified, in little more than a century, between Sardinia and Rome), each Bishop had his judicial court, with ushers, servitors, etc., prisons, jailors, powers of arrest and punishment. The latitude of asylum had become so exaggerated, that extensive territories declared ecclesiastical fends were absolutely inviolable, thus affording shelter for miles around populous cities; where malefactors could remain secure against the arm of the law! « Who will be surprised (this author asks) that the severity of monastic and liturgical discipline should be tempered in sign of deference and confidence towards our princes, when it be remembered that Eugene of Savoy, destined to make such noise in the world as an illustrious captain and valiant warrior, found himself in 1688 the improvised guardian of a convent of nuns? ».

On an idea borrowed from the French, a series of miniature volumes, *Silhouettes contemporaines*, or sketches of public characters, had recently begun to form their gallery (since much extended) in Turin. It was curious to observe how soon literature had accustomed itself to the paths of constitutional liberty: the members of the cabinet, held up to public inspection and anatomised in these sketches, are treated with fearless familiarity, shrinking from no personal details, but never descending to scurrility. Cavour was the first subject; portrayed as a statesman of brilliant powers, versatility, and much *finesse* , not really great, or endowed with genius. Twice visiting England, he seems to have returned thence, in the first instance, converted from democratic to constitutional liberalism; though himself noble and of high expectations from youth, his sympathies were always anti-aristocratic, his temper independent, frank, and unassuming. This prime minister, the writer of these « *Silhouettes* » (Paul Collet) tells us, had an edition of his politico-

economical works then in preparation, in French, to contain, in the first part, « Communist Ideas, and the Means of opposing their Development; » « Considerations on the present state of Ireland, and its Future; » « Railways in Italy. »

Having addressed some questions by letter to the author of the « History of Venice under the Austrians »—a record of a period least illustrated or known in the annals of the Adriatic City—I had the honour of a visit from him. The Marquis Peverelli, who has employed the years of exile in this work, is a man of middle age, with a stamp of thought and suffering on his countenance. Formerly in official employment at Milan, and native of Verona, he had been an emigrant since the revolutionary epoch, and was contributing to the *Opinione*, one of the liberal journals conducted with ability here. In his historical undertaking he had many difficulties to overcome; for, while ancient records may (he informed me) be easily consulted in the archives of Venice, those relating to Austrian rule are of most difficult access. Publications of secret papers, drawn from the police arcana during the vicissitudes of 1848, have revealed what that Government never would have conceded to the claims of the historian; and, for the rest, personal recollections, or those of testimonies to events of remoter date, supplied Peverelli with the material requisite for his work.

Italian literature has proved sterile in the field of romance, compared with its splendid fruitfulness in other walks. Yet the events of late years have, naturally enough, suggested to many the idea of dressing history in the garb attractive to imagination, and the political novel has become a phenomenon less rare in recent than in any former periods of this literature's progress. A talented Jesuit was the first to avail himself of the happy occasion, and the *Jew of Verona*, by Padre Bresciani, commenced the catalogue of illustrations to Italian history in 1848-9, written with vividness however open to objection for one-sided views and ultra-Conservatism. *Maria da Brescia*, an episode of the Lombardic Revolution, by Costanzo Ferrari (an emigrant, native of that city), is inferior in variety of incident, and de-

scription to the former; but still an interesting record, with details that might never have found their way into the pages of more formalized history. It describes struggles in which the cruelty of the Austrians is represented as so atrocious that, unless authoritative contradiction ensues, this indignant evidence, from one in many instances, I believe, an eye witness, must remain in its validity, to impress a « damning spot » on Imperial annals. The taking of Brescia, 1st April 1849, by the troops of Haynau, is narrated with circumstances of horror disgraceful to humanity. The expedition into the Tyrol, aimed to cut off the retreat of the Austrians, when attacked by the Piedmontese on the Mincio, and to raise a counter-insurrection among the natives of those parts, forms a stirring episode; and we have here the singular fact that, early as the Summer of 1848, the whole Italian army in the field was reduced to 50,000, already exhausted by three months' service, whilst it was shown by the journals of Turin that 100,000 was the force necessary for any fair prospect of success. The letter to the author, in appendix, giving a sketch of the origin and progress of Carbonarism, is one valuable portion of these volumes' contents. No inferior interest attaches to a series of popular publications, unpretending in form, but not without fervid originality: *Italy and the People during the years 1848-49-50*, appearing in parts, designed to present the events of that period in the colouring that most fascinates and enlists sympathies for the revolutionary cause. One of these tales, the whole included in a single *fascicolo*, styled *The Justice of the People*, is an episode of the insurrection at Palermo, presented in a manner effective, though of little literary merit, and as to morality rather dangerous: crime made to appear self-justified by wrong—the impulses of political passion, those of patriotism exalted into a religion. Another class of novels, lately become prominent in Turin, is directed to sectarian objects, and only interesting to a certain circle: *Gianovale, or the Vaudois of Piedmont; Lucilla, or the Reading of the Bible*, etc.

As to Drama, the old school of *soi-disant* classicism being now almost universally declared insufficient for the requirement

of the taste and feeling dominant, one much truer and more affecting has been taking its place in the Italian Theatre. Great satisfaction had been awakened by a royal edict, reprinted in the official papers whilst I was at Turin, elicited by a report of the Minister of the Interior, establishing a competition for prizes to be awarded to the three best dramatic compositions, in prose or verse, presented and performed with success in the Theatre Royal of Turin during each year: the first of 1400 francs, for a piece from three to five acts in length; the second of 1000, for a piece of from two to five acts; the third of 600, for those from one to five acts.

The latest publication in this country of political scope adverse to predominant opinion, that had attracted attention, by a distinguished name, was that of Count Solaro della Margarita, formerly minister of foreign affairs to Charles Albert. About a year earlier this statesman had published the memoirs of his political career, extending from 1835 to 1847; shortly afterwards appeared, at Florence, the first part of Gualterio's eloquent and fearlessly written *History of late Italian Vicissitudes*, in which some unfavourable animadversions to the *Memoirs* of Margarita called forth an answer for self-justification; and this last was the third work the ex-minister had produced since his withdrawal from public affairs—its title, *Political Views* (« *Avvedimenti Politici* »); its objects and tenor retrograde. « I shall (he says) expose to reprobation the absurd idea of equality, taking off the mask from pretended moderates and libertines. Public instruction; public opinion, and the liberty of the press, I shall treat with the severity of one who pays no adulation to the new idols of nations. I shall show whence revolutions have their origin; and how, together with factions, they may be suppressed. I shall teach what is the true independence of states, how it may be obtained; and how preserved; what the scope, and what the real value of diplomacy; what relations ought to exist between one state and another; what deference is due to the Supreme Pontiff; what respect to the Church; and with what zeal the cause of religion ought to be defended and sustained. I shall

make myself the interpreter of the true philosophy of government (or reason of state—« ragion di Stato »); and, abhorring tyranny, shall prove that it is quite a different thing from what mendacious enemies exert themselves to represent ». The uncompromising statesman certainly promises much, and has kept his promise in an earnest and eloquent, though pompously written volume, displaying much historic knowledge, classical learning, and sagacity. I need hardly add that, in the present tendencies of government and the public mind in this country, he represents the most unpopular cause, thus raising the voice of warning, and suggesting the distrust of novelties perhaps too eagerly adopted—institutions from which perhaps too immediate and miraculous benefits were expected.

Regaldi, author of many popular lyrics, has won reputation as an improvvisatore in several countries; and his collected compositions some years since reached the 9th edition, reviewed in most favourable terms by Piedmontese journals. During journeys to London, Paris, through all provinces of Italy, and some Oriental regions, it seems the studies of Regaldi were directed to higher ends than the exercise of spontaneous talent alone could have attained with transient triumphs. The first publication of his poems was at Naples, 1846; and among the contents of his volumes distinguished by loftiness of theme and beauty of language, are a » Hymn to Deity from the Summit of Etna, » « Man and the Angel », « The Willow of St. Helena », « Morning Prayer », etc.; also another of different class (instancing reconciliation between the spirit of poetry and science applied to civilisation) the « Electric Telegraph », with which, and a Latin version of the same, one volume closes.

With another whose powers have been generally recognized as an imaginative writer, Guiseppe Revere, I had the pleasure of making acquaintance when in Turin. A native of the Venetian island of Grado, he had settled in that city, occasionally contributing to the *Revista Contemporanea*. Of prepossessing aspect, athletic figure, and fine frank countenance, singularly felicitous in conversation, so that one may be well contented to act only

the listener in his society, Signor Revere having first attempted poetry when in England, has published many prose dramas, and a tale in blank verse, *Giovanni di Grado*, its hero a fisherman, who, from that Adriatic Isle, sets out on long journeyings, visits the East, observes, studies, and learns: a fragment of this, remarkable for graphic power, describing the port and city of Trieste, I had the pleasure of hearing read by the author, with much effect; and to an Oriental scholar, versed in the mythology and history of Hindostanee nations, this poem, when the adventures of his fisherman are introduced under Eastern skies, affords happy occasions for his ability. His dramas, collected in one volume, are the most finished compositions of Revere: *Lorenzino di Medici* (of which Dumas seems to have availed himself in his treatment of the same story), *Savonarola*, *Il Marchese di Bedmar*, and *Sampiero*. Among these, perhaps, *Savonarola* will be most generally interesting; but this may be called a dramatico-historic romance—for neither in form or intention can it be referred to the stage—divided into parts instead of acts, and in the first edition occupying two volumes, with the extract from Nerdi, giving a full narrative of the public career and death of that celebrated friar, on testimony of an eye-witness. Historic, not only in its fidelity to real incidents, but in its portraiture of local manners, this drama departs as widely as possible from old established canons of the Italian scene, showing us the people of Florence at its epoch, not merely the characters or actions of a few noted personages; perhaps open to objection, indeed, for allowing too much to the subordinate grouping, too great space to scenes of vulgarity, dialogues of low life, displaying only degraded passions. But the idea is excellent, the effect often successful, from the strong relief given to passages of deeper interest and characters of higher tone. The scene in the prison, after the torture of Savonarola—his rapturous and mystic communings, when he sees with visionary eye the corruptions of the Roman Court and crimes of the Borgia house, prophesies the sack of Rome and siege of Florence; the execution-scene, with its terrific details and scourgings

of popular excitement—both are admirably wrought, leaving the impression of dread realities. The « Marquis of Bedmar »; or « Venice and the Spaniards in 1618 », is the story Otway took such liberties with in that tragedy of rant and mawkish sentiment, « Venice Preserved ». Revere has dramatised its reality, only adding a female character, by whose means the conspiracy is discovered in a perfectly natural manner—Maria Valier, the sister of Jacopo, one of the conspirators, who is murdered by Euphrosyne, a beautiful Greek slave, leagued with their cause in the object of avenging her wrongs on her betrayer—this last the principal female character, whose eloquent vindictiveness is goaded by the memory of injured innocence. Jaffier, a leading conspirator, the lover of Maria, is a Provençal captain, and Jacques Pierra is a Norman corsair (according to history)—both adventurers in the service of the Republic, whose desperate enterprise the Spanish ambassador, Bedmar, promotes, himself protected by official immunities. The most striking scene is the final, where the bodies of Jaffier, Renault, and Euphrosyne are suddenly displayed by the raising of a curtain before the Inquisition of State, in Bedmar's presence. *Sampiero* is an episode from the history of Corsica, 1762, in which the patriot so named played a conspicuous part at Marseilles. A series of papers, in the *Rivista Contemporanea*, half-comic, half-serious, and full of originality, called « Recollections of the Deacon Anacleto », a mysterious personage, whose acquaintance the author casually makes, and with whom he agrees to travel and study, show Revere's talent in another walk. His is a mind too earnest to treat religious questions with frivolity; but one may be sorry to observe the unsettled state of opinion on vital questions which the ratiocinations of his imaginary deacon betray—tendencies gaining ground among ardent and dissatisfied minds in Italy. A poem by the same writer, « Marengo », had a strange fate, the edition being prepared at some house in Milan, just before the tumults of '48, but, amid the confusion ensuing, destroyed or dispersed. A fragment, however, saved in the pages of the *Revista*, may excite regret for the fate of the remainder.

The above, referring to Turin in 1855, would be a very incomplete notice of the literary produce even of that single city within the entire period since a new political life dawned upon Piedmont. Of that country the ablest modern historian is the above-named statesman, Cibrario: but another has recently contributed in this walk with distinguished success; the « History of Piedmont » by Gallenga, approves its claims to rank, though written in the English language, among the best modern productions by writers of Italian birth. The lucid sonorous style of this gentleman, who has become a naturalized British subject, and is perhaps more generally known through his graphic letters to the *Times* as correspondent on Italian affairs, evinces the facility with which a superior talent can appropriate the garb of a foreign idiom, instance of which may be adduced in the striking and rapid panorama, that causes the whole geographic theatre of his story to pass vividly before the reader's eye, at the opening of his volumes.

Shortly before the above date had closed the career of Cesare Balbo (who died at Turin, aged 64, in June 1853), a statue for the public monument to whom I saw and admired in the studio of the artist, Vela. The name of Balbo requires no eulogium, for it is bequeathed to the reverence of all thinking readers wherever his language be known and its literature appreciated. His views on great national questions are fully conveyed in the *Speranze d'Italia* and *Riflessioni*. « Thoughts and Examples— » « Dialogues of a Schoolmaster— » « Letters on political and literary subjects », and *Novelle*, are other works extending over great variety of topic, and various in form, that enable us to become thoroughly acquainted with this elevated mind, so brave in its energy and virtuous in its aims. He consistently lived and wrote for great principles, taught and counselled in harmony with the highest acceptance of individual duty, the worthiest fulfilment of life's tasks for the Christian, the citizen, and gentleman. Hence the purity and unaffected dignity that pervades all he has bequeathed. Such patriotism as his commands sympathy the more because we feel that it is not ascendant over every other

principle, but rendered subservient to something higher, and that if he love his country with ardour, he loves Truth and Justice more; if a national cause often absorb and inspire him, he forgets not the paramount importance of one greater still, the truly Catholic, the cause of Christian civilization. We have seen so frequently of late the disingenuous attempt, on one hand, to identify the cause of a most feeble and retrograde government with the Church herself; on the other, to throw clouds of dishonour over the past and present of a glorious institution, confounding it with factions that misrepresent or pervert, that it is really refreshing to contemplate the picture of genuine and manly religiousness in the pages of Balbo. In him we see personified that genius which especially belongs to modern Italy, and has scarcely its parallel at any epoch of this country's past—patriotic, and bent on political progress, but abhorring violence and illegality, reprobating the whole agency of secret societies and popular agitations; sincerely religious, but liberal and tolerant, devoted to the Church, not in a spirit of partisanship, but from conviction in her divine origin, respecting other forms of Christianity without the slightest deviation from that Church's principles; reverential towards the Papacy, but not pledged to support the government of Rome; philosophic in treating great questions of moral or intellectual science, but attached to no authority of schools, free from all affectations as from all ostentatiousness in style and tone. The story of governments and manners in Italy receives elucidation from Balbo's writings that will prove most valuable to future enquirers for the apprehension of the moral circumstances amid which commenced that complex drama of events dating from 1847. In studying these, and other contemporary effusions, we may wonder that, after such works had been penned and such voices raised in the hearing of Italian rulers, reactions like those fatally initiated at Rome, Florence, Naples, after the restorations of '49, could have been desired or counselled on any side; but « to prophesy to ears that will not hear » is no novel task for the wise and far-seeing to discharge,

Genoa, whose late developments of industry and prosperity have been so brilliant, presents many similar literary features with Turin; though, as naturally results from her commercial character, with less of intellectual fertility. Like freedom of utterance and regard for the claims of popular instruction, have here supplied profusely that species of cheap literature, scientific and practical, utterly wanting under the despotic governments in Italy, or else represented by what neither opens nor enlarges mind. The *Istorie Ligure*, by Gazzino, a brief narration of Genoese events from the earliest times to 1814, is one out of many praiseworthy examples; and the city whose local interests began to be regularly chronicled from the year 1100, (by Caffero, one of her Consuls and Admirals) has reason to desire instructing her sons in the vicissitudes and honours of her glorious antecedents. Her periodical press is well sustained, the *Gazzetta di Genova* ranking among the best accredited Italian organs; but as to the clerical party, the *Cattolico* (like the *Armonia* of Turin) can only be considered one among other examples of that opposition to free institutions, that avowed anti-nationality by which the friends of the ecclesiastical cause have deeply injured their own credit in this country. What more injudicious, for instance, than the production in that journal of an ultra-eulogistic memoir of the late King Ferdinand shortly after the indignant thrill of horror and sympathy had responded from Europe, from Humanity, to the exposure of dark and odious realities in the Neapolitan procedure, by Mr. Gladstone? On the other hand, the tone of certain organs in their undisguised hostility against the Church, must be reprobated; nor can I forget the startling impression received, the morning after my arrival in that queenly Ligurian capital, when, in one of the cafés here magnificently appointed, the first paper within my reach at breakfast opened on an article deliberately impugning the Catholic doctrine of the holy Eucharist!

In 1850 Count Mamiani, then retired from the storms and cares of political life, founded the Genoese « Academy of Italic Philosophy », whose productions, after being read before the

assembled members, are deposited in archives, but still at the disposal of the authors for publication; and one series, first brought before the reading world from the Acts of that Academy, was the « Essays on civil philosophy » by the illustrious founder. Some years later originated at Genoa the « National Historic Society », dedicated to illustrating the annals, monuments, and arts of the Ligurian provinces, with a staff formed by several esteemed writers, each having his sphere of labours assigned from the commencement. From another similar association, of earlier origin, at Genoa, has issued one of the most complete and beautiful topographic works in the Italian, referring to this City and region, and fully treating of all that can locally interest in the capital as well as the eastern and western *Riviere*—an admirable compilation of descriptive, historic, and antiquarian character, to which I owed many pleasant hours in the well-stocked University Library of Genoa (1).

(1) Another public library here is the only one I know of in Italy, that remains open and lighted for use in the evening hours.

RECENT POETRY

Allowing all the merits justly ascribed to Italy's modern Poets, it can scarcely be said that in this walk her literature has maintained its former high place above European competition; or that the poetic genius manifest within the quarter of a century that such minds as Gioberti, Rosmini, Balbo, Troya were at their zenith (not to name the illustrious living) has kept up in the race of the national intellect as represented by other forms. In the Drama indeed has been a distinct and most noticeable progress, corresponding to requirements of truth and nature; but since the decease of Monti, Foscolo, Pidemonte; it may be doubted whether any Italian Poet, save Manzoni, have really achieved an enduring fame. From none have we received any example of that creation in which the individual mind completely reveals itself, and by the outpourings of thought or feeling, of sorrow or inward experience erects its own worthiest monument—such as will claim the regards of ages in poems like the *Faust* and *Manfred*, *Childe Harold*, the *Excursion*, and, within certain limitations, also those of living writers, *Aurora Leigh*, the *Idylls of the King*, the *Golden Legend*, the *Jocelyn* of Lamartine. It must be owned that much Italian verse is read without the impression that it really proceeds from the inner life; and what speaks not from the heart, naturally fails of ever reaching the

heart. Splendid imagery, faultless construction, fascinating harmony appear comparatively common attainments in this poetic literature; but the fire kindled from Heaven, the incense of the true sanctuary are often absent from the temple, so that we are at last left persuaded that it is a false and artificial worship whose rites we see celebrated. Conventional exaggeration of sentiment has been carried to its last excess; the substitution of sound for sense, of appeals to the ear rather than to the mind, proves the fatal quicksand of shipwreck to much of the intellectual enterprise otherwise evincing high abilities in the efforts of this national Muse. Pathos intended to be agonizing often leaves us utterly cold, if it do not excite even ridicule; and when the lover (like Giusto de' Conti) complains that the lady of his heart slaughters him a thousand times a day, we only regret he has not been killed outright much sooner; when sonnets addressed to « la bella mano » attain the number of one hundred and thirty-four, we may conclude not unfairly that the *writer's* hand has wasted its labours for the fair one's. And this poetry which has so exhausted the theme of the amorous, has it not, generally speaking, omitted the aspects most affectingly because most morally beautiful—the Love that survives youth and personal charms, the true household God and guardian of the altar to home and home's blessedness? The idolization of form, the superstitious extreme of purism are perhaps among the chief causes that have prevented Italy's Poetry from corresponding more consistently with the various phases of her national life or progress; for when, in any walk of art, the subordinate is aimed at rather than the essential, such art will naturally remain bound to the car of fashion or conventionalism, chained by artificial restriction. Much frittering away of this poetic talent no doubt lies at the charge of those *accademie* at their height of ascendancy in the XVII, and far from extinct, though with diminished lustre, in the XIX century. Hence the strange perversities of that hothouse-nurtured and pampered Muse, in maskerade of pedantic classicism, which resulted in productions still (especially at Rome) essayed in some modern

instances, such as whole volumes filled with rhymes in all metres on a single theme designed for the flattery of an individual or a family—a birth or death, a marriage, or the consecration of a young lady to the cloister (1)—once not inaptly parodied by a bold satirist in a volume of verses, sonnets, terzines, with all the favourite lyric metres, on the decease of that eminently useful public officer, the hangman! The Italians themselves, it must be owned, have most unsparingly castigated such erudite follies; and in one of the lately successful new comedies, *La Satira e Parini*, by Ferrari, a literary academy is made to exhibit itself on the scene with effect most racily absurd. Cesari, one of the best accredited arbiters, passed his dictum (in the year 1808): « Let no authors be read to the young, or proposed for their study, but those of the *trecento*, and the most renowned of the XIV century »; but this principle which, in its last results, would be nothing less than the extinction of modern literature, is impugned by a larger minded critic, Cesarotti (see his « Essay on the philosophy of languages »), who bravely assails this worship of the past, and declares « no language is so rich that the period may not arrive in which it will have need of fresh wealth, as arts, sciences, commerce continually present new objects requiring to be defined by new terms ». The same writer's epigrammatic allusions to poets of the last two centuries not all so familiarly known, by foreigners at least, as they deserve in the appreciative study of this literature, seem strikingly appropriate when he characterises the Horatian and *sentenziosa vibratezza* of Fulvio Testi, the Pindaric *franchezza* of Chiabrera, the *pensata sublimità* of Guidi,

(4)

Va zitella a nozze?

Si chiude in cella? e' chi la toga indossi?

Sana un infermo? canta Frine? balla

Narciso? vince il pallio un corridore?

Ecco sonetti, e ecco sonetti a jòsa.

O maladetta rabbia delle vuote

Rime!

PAOLO COSTA.

the *splendidexxa fantastica* of Frugoni etc. But however remembered or honoured their names, how evanescent the influences of those writers, several of whom founded schools once supreme, in Italy's *belles lettres* vicissitudes! How rarely are now cited the ten volumes of lyrics, in every style and form, by Frugoni (1692-1768), or the twenty cantos of Marini's *Adone*, extolled by all Italy and France, some two centuries ago, as the model and marvel of the Muse (1)! Savioli's *Amori* (a collection of 24 *canzonetti*) was considered, in the last century, to form a new epoch in amorous song; and indeed his « Hymn to Venus » seems like a delicious dream of the « graceful superstition »; but where the triumphs and influence of this melodious singer now? And many others of opulent gifts and splendid utterance, belonging to that century—Fortiguerra, Frugoni, Goldoni, Metastasio, Gozzi, Parini, Apostolo Zeno—if unforgotten for their genius, cannot be said to have left any school representing their style or tendencies. During and consequent upon the great revolution the poetic expression of the Italian mind naturally assumed new tones, and renovated life spoke from lips glowing with genuine inspiration in the works of Monti, Foscolo, Manzoni, while the drama became the handmaid of liberty and patriotism in Alfieri. In the same year (1828) closed the lives of the first above-named, the most versatile and fickle among great Poets, and of Pindemonte, who had more than almost any other Italian writer the spirit of calm thoughtfulness, the genuine love for Nature, and soul capable of interpreting her deep meanings, « the melancholy of the North » (to use Mme. de Stael's phrase), with that soothing and elevated sadness that charms in many of the sonnets of Della Casa, and rises to sublimity in those of Filicaja (2). In the sacred poetry of succeeding years, Borghi,

(1) Its several editions are said to have yielded the author a profit of 60,000 scudi.

(2) The Italian sonnet assumed the form retained ever since in the XII century, but is considered to owe much of its higher capabilities to Zappi and Manfredi, both of the last century. The first exam-

Pellico, Mamiani, must be ranked high; but the model of the Italian Hymn is supplied by Manzoni, whose lyrics of this class might be adapted for public worship, extatic but with that true characteristic of nobly devotional song, that appeals to no sectarianism, gives utterance to a religious sentiment all believing and adoring as Christians must participate or respond to. The chastened simplicity, still more the reverential reserve of this devotional poetry seem derived from that exalted model in the Latin Hymns of the Church; and its general freedom from the dogmatic, from all that tends to separate rather than unite, bears testimony to the beneficial effects of Catholic worship on the taste as well as spirit brought to the treatment of sacred themes. Comparing the hymns of Borghi and Manzoni with those of Chiabrera, we find reason to congratulate the Italian Muse for emancipation from the fetters of the *renaissance* and those frigid classical conceits marring the beauties of that otherwise admirable lyricist: pagan in tone, aspect and method, she appears, in his pages, with a sort of evangelic embroidery on the skirts of her robe, and thus affects to sing the martyrdoms and triumphs of Christianity! These stilted follies may happily be considered as now for ever under ban, no less than the courtier-adulation with which Guidi could absolutely deify the deceased Christina of Sweden in his canzone:

Benchè tu spazi nel gran giorno eterno, etc.—

or Menzini extol the feeble and depraved Giangastone de' Medici as « il paragone dei regi », after a retrospective prostration to his ancestors of that profligate and liberticide dynasty: « I tuoi gran avi adoro, etc. » Recent Italian criticism has released itself from the superstitions of literary worship, and boldly

ple of the canzone, and indeed the earliest poetic effort in the language is by Ciullo d'Alcamo, a Sicilian, under Frederick II. The first instance of the mystic and didactic, in the form of visions, perfected by Dante, is the *Tesoretto* of Brunetto Latini.

pointed out the defects perceptible in idols of the past—a freedom shown most signally by Cesare Cantù in his analysis and exposure of the essentially corrupt principle at the foundation of Italian letters in the XVI century, and to some degree also by Emiliani Giudici in his valuable and philosophic history of this country's literature. Even in the earlier years of the present century, the *Prospetto del Parnaso Italiano* seemed to aim at a general disillusionment and overthrow of revered reputations, with sad havoc among the idols long enshrined in Fame's temple.

Of Giovanni Berchet, author of the *Profuga di Parga*, it is well said by Cantù, that he showed « how poetry may demand the trumpet rather than the lyre ». Silvio Pellico (deceased 1854) produced highly finished, but too declamatory tragedies, only one of which, *Francesca di Rimini*, retains its place on the stage and he is less remembered through the merits of these than for the far more affecting and natural beauty of his lyrics, full of individuality, of elevated and pious feeling. Among the most pleasing of his other poems are several blank-verse romances, a form of composition wrought up with eminent success by him and for the most part applied to illustrate Italian manners in the Middle Ages, with much picturesque grouping and scenery, as in his *Roccello*, one of the happiest specimens. The true religiousness of Pellico's mind, tinged by Catholic associations but without the least touch of bigotry, is happily exemplified in the « Churches », « Processions », « Sanctuaries »—the « Antique Missal », and others of the ballad or descriptive class. Tommasi Grossi's high merits in the poetic romance and Epopee elsewhere endeavour to render justice to; a greater master of metrical style than Pellico, he is more harmonious, but less historic or reflective. Superior to all Italy's poets of this century (Manzoni and Monti alone excepted) was Leopardi, cut off by premature death, 1837, who bequeathed the last perfect example of that peculiarly national and most difficult form the regular canzone, so majestic in its grace, so elastic and comprehensive in its capacities, like the richly chiselled an

clustering columns of mediæval architecture, manifold yet harmonised, combining in a serene unity of effect that impresses and delights. Leopardi's letters, still more than his poems, display that hopeless melancholy (aggravated by disease) consuming his existence, that cheerless scepticism in which one observes with surprise the fact that the greatest poetic genius of modern days in the Papal States, should have borne fruit in almost the only poetry of religious negation that this language possesses. His perfect mastery of Greek and Latin letters qualified Leopardi to attain that high authority in criticism which merited the rarely-bestowed praises of Gioberti, who speaks of him and Giordani as the « two most illustrious masters of the age ». Another exception may be made for the honour of the Roman States in regard to one distinguished native of a province till lately comprised within their limits, a writer renowned, however, in other still more than the poetic path—Mamiani, the statesman, philosopher, poet, who, like the most richly endowed in a few other Italian instances, has excelled in every literary walk attempted. His poems, highly finished, harmonious rather than melodious, reflective rather than spontaneous, thoughtful, not impassioned, are of those that display « the depth, but not the tumult of the soul, » suited naturally to attract most the mind schooled by suffering, their elevated repose and rational piety being such as to fascinate the thoughtful, the serious and subdued in temper. — The same writer's hymns in blank verse addressed to various Saints and Angels, partly narrative, partly contemplative, are of a class uncommon in sacred poetry, almost unknown save in the Italian, and first, I believe, exemplified in this language by Chiabrera, whose *Poemetti Sacri*, though beautiful, are injured in effect by the perverse preference for classic and pagan allusions here so inappropriately introduced. Some earlier poetic effusions, canzoni etc., by Mamiani, are more fiery and spontaneous; the *Heroides*, poetic epistles following in the track of Ovid, pathetic and originally conceived, especially that of Boetius to his Wife, from prison in expectation of death, that of

Antonio Oroboni to his Afflianced from the Spielberg dungeon. His lines « on the primitive Charch » are finely expressive of the desires and convictions at this day, responded to by so many superior minds in Italy, invoking a return to the simplicity and unworldly spirit of ancient Catholicism, a poetic echo to that protest against the court and government of Rome which in late events has found utterance more tremendous. Marchetti of Bologna (recently deceased) possessed no very commanding power, but a graceful style and refined tone of feeling, his most admirably conceived poem, *Una Notte di Dante*, presenting, in *terza rima*, an account of Dante's visit and converse with a hermit at the monastery of Avellano on the Apennines, interestingly wrought up, and in some passages impressive.

Of the same States also was Paolo Costa, born at Ravenna (1771-1836), in his time a highly esteemed, but now not much remembered poet, in whose works less of imagination and passion than philosophy and theory appears. His *Sermoni*, in blank verse, contain most of the author's mind in respect to views of the poetic office and principles; one of these, « La Tragedia e la Commedia », seeming to hover between the classic and romantic, the theories of the Drama that were beginning to lose ground and those succeeding to them; another, « Il Progresso », is replete with just views of human nature and destinies, in protest, from the Christian-philosophic standing point, against the speculations of Condorcet, Priestley, and other schools. Too fond, however, of lingering among the dreams of mythology, Costa exemplifies the want of moral earnestness felt in so much of Italy's poetic produce, amidst all its resplendent beauties, apparent in the false and pedantic taste that at times converts, in his pages, the orthodox Catholic into the avowed worshipper of Olympic gods and goddesses: thus we have a hymn to Jupiter centering in that deity all the Christian ideas of Omnipotence:

O vita, o mente, o amor. dell'universo, etc.

in juxtaposition with a hymn to the Blessed Virgin treating sentiments that exaggerate the dogmatic even in its right direction; thus, in one and the same sonnet, *La Speranza*, we hear of the intended sacrifice, no less than a hecatomb of oxen, to the same Olympic ruler, and also of the new lights to civilization, the impulses to Art and morals, expected from the Vatican! The lines on the Laocoon are most frequently cited, celebrating in fact not one group alone, but the restoration of antique sculptures to Italy; and stanzas on the principal works of Canova are among the happiest examples of the refined taste and finished expression, that often charm by a sweet but dignified harmony in the pages of this writer, whose translations from classic poets, Greek and Latin, evince the extent of his studies, and whose reputation was added to by several prose treatises, letters etc., especially the essay « *Del modo di comporre le idee* », pronounced one of the ablest ideologic works in this language.

The most prolific of Italy's satiric poets, Casti (deceased 1803), left in his *Animali Parlanti* and *Poema Tartaro*, evidence of vivid fantasy, penetrating judgment, and political sagacity, that enhance one's regret at finding his brilliant pages defaced by such grossness in the *Novelle*. Since his day, none in this walk has equalled Giuseppe Giusti (deceased 1850), a poet eminent for caustic power, formidably prompt to ridicule and chastise, sparkling wit, and the liveliest expression, whose verses for many years circulated and were eagerly sought in MS. before any could appear in print, and whilst all the agency of police and censorship was employed against them in vain, most popular at Milan, Florence, and Rome. When his shafts are directed against the Church, it is satisfactory to see that no sacred principle, but only the unworthiness of ministers, abuses, or hypocrisy are aimed at; and it may be hoped that certain blasphemous rhymes admitted among « *apocryphal poems* » under his name, in the posthumous edition, would have been disowned by a writer, who elsewhere expresses just feeling and reverence towards Christian truth and practice.

In his more serious pieces appears a deep under current of melancholy, as indeed his life's story exemplifies. A glorious death in the struggle for liberty at Mestre, during the siege of Venice, in '49, closed the career of Alessandro Poerio, whose poems have been more celebrated since than while he lived. Brother to that high-minded patriot, whose unspeakable wrongs have left so dark a stain on the memory of the Neapolitan Bourbon, himself from youth an exile with his father for many years, he gave careful cultivation to his own mind, and attained great store of learning; his lyrics, first brought out anonymously at Paris, added to those collected since his death, form a series of no considerable extent, but marked by traits of fervid and noble character, expressing indeed the sense of his last words before expiring of his wound at Venice: « Yes, I love all—I love Italy, and only hate those that are her enemies. » Sympathy with the national cause, then at a fatal crisis, finds vent in these poems unmingled with bitterness or scepticism.

But for the well-pointed satire of Giusti, one might be surprised that the thrilling public interests and events of late years should have been so little reflected in the poetry of this land, that, besides the pasquinade and caricature, the inventive faculty has been stimulated to such slight exertion by these great vicissitudes. But another exception is strikingly prominent in Francesco dell'Ongaro, a poet of the true spontaneous utterance and intuitive gift, lyric in the strictest sense, whose songs and ballads, many relating to public topics of the day, might, especially if married to sweet or thrilling music, be expected to descend from age to age, favourites in the palace and the cottage. He has also written successfully for the stage; and the story of his life gives additional interest to his vivid pages, for it is well known that Dell'Ongaro was originally in the sacred profession and a popular preacher, but has abandoned that career for the engagements of letters and politics, and was one of the deputies in the representative chambers at Rome (1849). Whatever the vicissitudes of the inner life in such a mind, no one

can have enjoyed personal intercourse with this gifted writer without respecting the convictions that have guided him. Another patriot-poet is Giuseppe Pieri, of spirited tone and melodious diction, for the most part treating political subjects, and many of whose effusions have been declaimed with applause on the Florentine stage, since the change of government in Tuscany. Other poets of the day, Montanelli, Uberti, and especially Carrer, have received the awards of local celebrity. But of all risen to renown within the last 20 years, Giovanni Prati has made the greatest sensation in Italy, where, ever since his first appearance, he has stood high in favour, though not always spared criticism, accused sometimes of sacrificing justness in thought to the sounding effect of diction. The first volumes of *Idyls*, *Cantos*, and *Monodies* appeared with this name in 1844; and in the same year, *Memorie e Lacrime* (« Remembrances and Tears »), a series of sonnets, mostly allusive to domestic sorrows, but in part addressed to great poets of Italian and other lands—Silvio Pellico, Byron, Alfieri, Ugo Foscolo, etc. A few years later appeared *Ermengarda*, a story in *versi sciolti* of pathetic character and domestic incidents; a small volume of « Letters on Art », by the same pen that showed the writer in another aspect; subsequently came « Satan and the Graces », also in *versi sciolti*, the startling title of which might lead to unjust inferences, though nothing objectionable, morally or religiously, can be urged against this poem; also « Rodolfo », a narrative, in several cantos, the conception of which is felicitous, the hero a youth somewhat of the Don Juan calibre, but who, instead of being corrupted, is elevated by life's experiences, and, after long wanderings in strange lands, erring, repenting and suffering, become « a sadder and a wiser man », returns to Italy to meet death in the struggle for liberty at the defence of Vicenza, 1848. The Marquis Pallavicino having purchased the MS. and brought out the poem in an expensive edition, long the only one issued, this pecunias-munificence rather interfered with its popularity. About eight years ago was announced by Prati the startlingly ambitious project of an Epic in fifty-four Cantos, on the theme

« Deity and Humanity », the first instalment of which, the « Battle of Hymera », was then produced—an aim beyond the limits possible to any single poetic performance, nor has very marked success yet declared the public interest in this bold undertaking, a flight too high even for a genius fertile and opulent as that of Prati unquestionably is. Luxuriant in imagery, boldly fluent, sustained and harmonious; his pages have all the magic of style attainable by this language; yet for the most part little impression is left by the characters portrayed in them; it seems a splendid abstract of life, a pageant—a series of extraordinary groups and incidents that these poems hold up to view; and at the end the mind remains affected much in the same manner as by a spectacular melodrama on the stage. Not the ideal sought for in humanity is presented, but a transformation of humanity by an atmosphere of the romantic, sometimes too dazzling for the calm light of moral beauty to shine forth clearly and supremely. Repose and quiet thought are, generally speaking, (I do not say, always) deficient in this poetry; power of invention and mastery of language, never. *Il Conte di Riga*, (one of the more recent) is a blank-verse romance, marked by all the defects and beauties of Prati, glowing in language, but overloaded with horror and mystery in incident—a specimen of the extravagant and overcoloured school once known as the Byronic, which only appropriated what is least admirable in the characteristics of the Poet it affected to imitate. If Prati may be allowed a certain relationship with Byron, it is in about the same degree that Pindemonte stands towards Wordsworth. Modern Italy has owned no Poetess of exactly the highest order: but, among the living, Teresa Gnoli, the Countess Orfei, Rosa Taddei deserve honourable notice for their finished elegance, purity, and refined feeling. In power all these are surpassed by Caterina Ferrucci (1) who has followed the model of Petrarch in her finely harmonious Canzoni with success far above the com-

(1) To this distinguished lady are addressed several of the pleasant and suggestive letters of Pietro Giordani, (*Lettere inedite*, 1852.)

mon. Madame Sajani, authoress of a pleasing Romance, « *Beatrice Alighieri* » (the heroine no other than Dante's daughter) is among dramatic writers successful on the stage. Generally considered, the Italian poetry of the day is characterised by a healthful spirit, an elevated patriotic and religious feeling, alike remote from bigotry and free-thinking latitudinarianism; the slavish adulation and the academic pedantries of former ages are, if not altogether abolished, discredited, and the Pagan in taste much less offensively prominent than formerly—totally rejected indeed by high authorities; the morbidly sentimental has disappeared; the love of country expresses itself free from sympathies with democratic excess. Neither any ultra-revolutionary, nor an sceptical school has now its Italian organ in immortal verse, though there is indeed manifest the desire for higher life in Catholicism, through restored purity of practice and the severance of the Church from the pomp and power of the world.

THE ITALIAN EPOS AND TOMMASO GROSSI

« The Epos in Italy considered in relation to the history of civilisation », is the development of a course of lectures read by C. B. Cesereto, in 1852, to the Academy of Italian Philosophy at Genoa, an association due to Count Mamiani, who, retiring to the Ligurian capital from Rome, had there dedicated himself to the tranquil pursuits in which his earlier career had been illustrious, and founded this philosophic academy in 1850. This treatise on the Epos may be commended for largeness of scope, and the abundance of literary matter over which it extends; still more for the freshness of ideas brought to the analysis of poetic creations. He regards the heroes of epic poetry from that point of view which imparts to them the highest as well as most real interest, in their connection with prevailing dispositions of society in the age that produced them. Writers of originality may be considered, even in their defects, representatives of their epoch; and without this regard for the historic groundwork, how little do the brilliantly fantastic creations or endless adventures of the somantic epos speak to our feelings, coincide with the views of life's destiny that our circumstances have induced! The philosophic contemplation of the story of intellect in its reflection on the pages of verse constitutes the merit of Cesereto's volume, who subscribes to the theory worked-out by Vico in the

« Scienza Nuova »—namely, that through the story of the arts, and particularly that of poetry, may be traced the story of Humanity itself, arts and letters being the natural product of civilisation, which is reacted upon in turn by its intellectual offspring. The Italian Epos. is here considered in its relation to civilisation, commencing from the great fact of Christianity, « the second canto in the Epic of Humanity ». « Christianity », observes Cereselo, « regarded as a source of literature, was, in respect to the past, the complement of the Mosaic epos; and, in respect to the future, the commencement of a new and greater one. In fact, as its legitimate patrimony, and by a potency peculiarly its own, it embraces and comprehends ancient and modern history, the sorrows of the past and the hopes of the future ». The age of Dante and the analysis of his poem occupies much of this volume; but the praises which have become little more than trite repetitions, are not all these more suggestive pages afford on the subject. No one, before Dante, had conceived the idea of giving such immensity to the Epos; and no other nation can boast of a composition so vast as the 'Divine Comedy'. « With that grasp of intellect which enabled him to include within the limits of his work political questions and contemporary history, Dante aimed also at comprising therein the whole circle of science, and especially the doctrines restored by Christianity, not to say quite unknown anteriorly—poetically reproducing almost in its totality that scientific marvel, the 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas. With an idea the most vast, he imagined the plan of including in the « Commedia » (unalarmed either by the greatness of the theme, the imperfection of the nascent language, or the trammels of the poetic measure), besides the historic, all the doctrinal and scientific, rather letting the latter precede the former, in the view that political questions are a derivation from rational principles, and that civil harmony would become more facile after arriving at the accord of science, and comprehending the harmony of the universe, the image of which should be rendered in political institutions ». But other Italian Epics, besides that greatest one,

should be read in order to appreciate the mediaeval genius of this literature. The *Tesoretto* of Brunetto Latini, a poetic abstract of his encyclopediac prose work, the *Tesoro*, gave the first example of the mystic Epos in that form of visions best suited to impress the religious spirit of the age, and to some degree anticipating the plan of the « *Divina Commedia* ». Returning from an Embassy in Spain, the Poet is met in the Roncesvalles pass by a Bolognese student, who informs him of the defeat of the Guelphic party, to whom he belonged, and their expulsion from Florence. Overwhelmed by this misfortune, he loses his way and wanders into a forest infested by wild beasts, at the foot of a mountain, where a venerable Matron, no other than Nature personified, instructs him concerning the marvels and productions of the earth; various historic and allegoric personages, Ovid among the rest, are met in his farther wanderings through this mysterious forest, till he becomes at last convinced that he has lost himself in the moral, not merely the material sense, and resolving henceforth to seek the wisdom from on high, first proceeds to make a general confession of his sins to a friar at Montpellier; then continuing his journey, occupied the while with reflections on the errors and duties of humanity, the Church, and her Sacraments recognised as necessary to salvation, he at last finds himself on the summit of Olympus and is met by the astronomer Ptolemy, from whom he desires to be instructed respecting the four elements; Ptolemy is about to answer, when the Poem breaks off, here left incomplete at the 22nd. canto. Less imaginative, but in its *terza rima* more dignified and harmonious than the abrupt lyric metre of the *Tesoretto*, is the *Dittamondo* of Fazio degli Uberti, finished about the year 1367. Here also an allegoric journey serves for introduction, bringing the Poet to the cell of St. Paul the first Hermit, to whom he makes a general confession in the same orthodox, pious spirit, after a supper of bread and water and a night on a hard couch; continuing on his way, he meets Ptolemy and Solon, the latter prepared to conduct him over and explain the whole inhabited world; under this sage guidance he encounters an aged woman

in tattered weeds of widowhood, mournful but noble in bearing, who proves to be Rome personified, and narrates the entire history of the Eternal City from Evander and Æneas to the German Emperors; the Poem thenceforth becomes purely geographic and historic, like a chronicle in verse, without either fantasy or fable. Indeed neither of these Epics possesses vivid colouring, passion, or anything that appeals to emotion; but in both we find religious earnestness and morality of purpose, with a largely comprehensive theory of the Muse's vocations, to teach, to edify, and enlighten. Similar example of this blending union between Science and Poetry is afforded by the abstruse and perplexing *Acerba* (in the sense of « *acervus* »—accumulation) by the unfortunate Cecco d'Ascoli, who died in the flames at Florence, 1327, accused of necromancy, false doctrine etc, after being professor of Astrology at Bologna and first physician to the Pope at Avignon—the victim, it seems, of some jealousy powerful to persecute. Though now little known, this curiosity in poetic literature went through 19 editions before the year 1546. In 1590 was published at Venice the *Angeleida* of Erasmo di Valvasone, from which, it is observed by Tiraboschi, our Milton borrowed not a little; and as to the whole argument of the rebellion of Satan and Angelic combats, the remark is just. The mustering of the celestial and demoniac forces is described with a power and concentration of terrific imagery not much inferior in the pages of the Italian to the English Epic; but Valvasone's Satan, transformed after his sin into a hideous seven-headed monster, with hundred wings and far-sweeping tail, is of much less poetic effect than the fallen Archangel of Milton, though preserving still many moral traits in which the two pictures agree. The use of fire-arms by the rebel Angels, is another detail first introduced by the Italian; but the most striking feature in which the English Poet has followed, whilst far surpassing his predecessor, is the imaginative appropriation of classic mythology, banished indeed to the domains of infernal agency, but still retained in its personages and fantasies, subordinate to the empire of Christian Truth. Divinities and Furies,

Cerberus, Charon, the Styx and Cocytus meet us in the pages of the *Angeleida*; and the declared purpose of its Satan is to found Paganism on demoniac inspiration:

L'arme a Marte, a Mercurio darò l'ale,
L'arte a Minerva, a Venere gli amori,
Perchè li pregi il mondo, e stimi Dei, etc.

Alfonso Varano (1708-88) had the merit of being the first Italian poet to treat religious themes, at length and with an approach to the epic form; free from all admixture of the mythologic: *his Visions*], analogous in idea, as in metre, to the Divine Comedy, were written in the intent of disproving Voltaire's objections to the suitability of Christian arguments for poetic purposes; with little incident or plot, they are sustained flights of devout contemplation, communings with the world unseen, in a spirit of lofty melancholy, absolutely turning away from the present and palpable to seek repose for the intellect and affections in eternal realities. Arriving at the epoch of the Reformation, we find the influences of Protestantism over poetry and art tending to chill, if not destroy, a sentence, however, not to be advanced without qualification; while curious instances of moral opposition are afforded by the literary and ecclesiastical history of the 16th century. Bembo described the Requiem Mass by the words, *litare diis manibus*; spoke of St. Francis as in *numerus deorum receptus*; of a dying man's repentance as *deos superos manesque placare*; the elevation of Alexander VI. was honoured by the legend on a medal, *scit venisse suum patria grata Jovem*; and in the language of Leo X, the Blessed Virgin became the *Dea lauretana*! « It is evident (Cereselo observes) that intellect was then directed with ardour to the Holy Scriptures, which were studied and meditated with constantly persevering care, so that mind and heart were nourished by the sublime poetry their pages abundantly contain. Meantime, in Italy, the Cardinal Bembo was writing to Sadoleto (then engaged in preparing a Glossary for the Epistle to the Romans), that it was unworthy

of a great genius to waste itself upon such trivialities; Pope Leo, in his Ciceronian briefs, was invoking in testimony the immortal gods of Marcus Tullius; and the above-named Bembo, as more recently the Jesuit Maffei, either would not recite, or only recite in Greek, his Breviary, to avoid corrupting his phraseology by the barbarous Latin of the Bible! Miserable men! and in the mean time, in the name of that Bible, the people were rebelling; and Italy, after her classic intoxication, was roused at the feet of the death-struck altars of Olympic Jove, because the sacred height of Golgotha had been transmuted into an arena of combatants! » To explain the poetry and art of the sixteenth century, the Middle Ages are necessary. Nature does not advance by strides, and what appears in the physical, holds good alike in the moral and æsthetic order. It is the sense of this connection between the past and present, the antique and modern, which invests with significance the most extravagant forms of the ideal, the fantastic pictures of human life, even the aberrations of superstition, in the intellectual offspring of ages gone by. With the epoch of Charlemagne the work of re-edification, properly so called, in the order of the intellectual world, began to be effected by Christianity, when its great negative action had been accomplished in the destruction of Paganism, and of the Roman Empire, undermined by indirect influences till its fall, an achievement which, in opposition to Gibbon, is here vindicated as the especial glory of the divine religion. The Romantic Epos in Italy, including all its emanations, is analysed with acumen and appreciation in these pages; and a comparison between Ariosto and Tasso thus admirably drawn: « Ariosto is more original, Tasso more sober: the poetry of the former resembles the smile of joyous youth, ever gay and often thoughtless; that of the latter is serious, like a man who has suffered much, wept often, and rarely found joy's sunshine in a clear and cloudless sky. In the first we are pleased by that playfully malicious *insouciance* (*incuranza*), which everywhere seeks occasion of gladness—that childish restlessness which ever impels to follow in the trace of the new, as the bee sporting from flower

to flower ; in the second we are touched by that vein of tenderness and melancholy, that habitual severity, which tempers the exuberance of joy by the thought of human suffering. The character of Ariosto appears depicted in Astolfo ; that of Tasso in the generous Tancredi. But whatever may be the merits and defects of each , our judgment will hardly confirm that of contemporaries who saluted Ariosto by the name of the Ferrarese Homer, and offered to the author of « Jerusalem Delivered », the crown of Virgil ». In the « Morgante » of Pulci is introduced a subordinate character of ribald scepticism , perhaps the earliest instance in modern poetry of the type afterwards brought to more completeness of diabolic accomplishments , in the Mephistophiles. After citing the profession of sensual and purely negative infidelity, placed in the mouth of this cynic buffoon , Cereseto makes the following animadversion on the poetry of more recent days and other tongues : « From that magnanimous and believing epoch of chivalry, from that terrible but civilised sway of the communes , we have arrived at the court of the Medici , at the revels of those festive boards where presently we shall see Aretino permitted to take his place between the Pope and the Emperor—a fact that renders probable such an example as Pulci gives in his Margutte. Nevertheless , however revolting such a profession of faith as that quoted , we have yet to traverse a wide space before arriving at that mortiferous tranquillity, that pallid negation of truth which neither fears the evil nor can find the good , whose offspring appears in the Mephistophiles of Göthe—the Lucifer, Don Juan , and Manfred of Byron. The Margutte of Pulci disgusts , the Harold and Manfred terrify ; the former is a creation which , by its superlative depravity, impels us to rush with joy towards the light of virtue ; the latter extinguish our life , and cause every noble aspiration of the soul to wither away before passing the lips. In these diverse protagonists we have the story and portraiture of epochs of society, as well in the good as the evil. Art , to him that can read in it , is a symbolic story—often , we might rather say almost always, less fallacious than history properly so called ».

If too unqualified in severity against the author of « *Childe Harold* », the criticisms of Cereseto are just as regards the prevailing tendency in that school:—« Dante is the poet of life and civilisation ; Byron that of death and decadence. Moreover, such poetry as that of Byron, inspired by a philosophy without faith or fecundity, was tolerable only so long as elaborated by him whose genius was indeed colossal ; but, in the hands of his imitators, has become far more ridiculous than the rhyming diffuseness of the Petrarchists ». Great indeed the change since the older Poets used to prepare for their allegoric wanderings by confession and penance, that the Italian Epos of the renaissance exhibits ! The fantastic picture of adventure and peril, love and war, magic and marvel, corresponding to no reality, eliminates all serious thought, and admits of no pausing to reflect on the mysteries of life or futurity. The brilliant woof charms by its resplendence and vivid relief, but under all lies an icy coldness of feeling, indifferentism in religion, utter laxity in morals. There are three lines in the *Orlando*, refashioned by Berni from Boiardo, that naively express the scope of that extraordinary Poem, so fascinating yet whimsical in its extravagances :

Tutto è perduto il tempo che ci avanza
Se in amor non si spende, o in cortesia,
O nel mostrare in arme sua possanza, etc.

And the amiable Canon of S. Maria Maggiore at Rome, Forteguerri, in the 30 cantos of his *Ricciardetto*, follows the same aim of travestie and jocularity, to reduce life into one long masquerade, all feasting, enjoyment, pageantry, almost the sole passage admitting serious or religious interest in his Epic being the Baptism of the Caffre King, with the vision of Charlemagne and Orlando, at St. Peter's. Among sacred Epics in Latin, produced in the XVI century, those of Sannazzaro and Vida are alone remembered ; and one on the story of St. Francis, by Mauro of Spello, a Friar in his Order, though commended by Tjraboschi, has been only saved from oblivion by a recent

translation into Italian octaves. Two Poems on the Passion by Mancini and Valle, and the *Mariados* by Delfino, now rank among the forgotten monuments of that fertile *cinquecento*. The *Croce Racquistata*, by Bracciolini, stands first in the Italian sacred Epos of the XVII century: its suggestive subject, the capture of the True Cross by Cosroes and its recovery by Heraclius, is treated with much brilliant effect; but the historic fact presents sufficient elements of the devotionally romantic for all poetic purposes, to be preferred to that treatment under the aspect of mere allegory here adopted, making the Greek Emperor represent the Christian Hero in his combat against the world and the flesh; the Persian King personify that world with its fascinations; the Empress Helen (introduced from the skies) Divine Grace, and her miraculous shield, the emblem of Divine protection! The same Poet's *Schernò degli Dei*, and Tassoni's *Secchia Rapita* are matchless examples of that burlesque Epic in which Italy has been so marvellously fruitful; and the finale of the former, the invention by Prometheus of his crowning bounty to mankind—maccaroni—is indeed precious, in style worthy of the theme. Contrast this with the exordium treating of Redemption, and the miraculously thwarted attempt to rebuild the Temple of Jerusalem, and we have one of the strangest specimens of that confusion of the Sacred with the Ludicrous, revelation and fable, that often seems, in the more modern Italian Epos, to place Christianity itself on a level with mythology.

The proposition of Manzoni, that epic poetry is no longer required by the mind of the age, is combated by Cereseto; and this author propounds his idea of the subject suitable for a modern epic, to include all that is highest in the aspiration, sublimest in the faith, of our times. Every social tendency and aspiring towards ideal perfection, towards progress in the moral or political order, would he have the poet recognise and correspond to—neither drawing inspiration *exclusively* from principles of religion nor sentiments of patriotism, but embracing all great moral facts and spiritual anticipations in one har-

monised picture. « If », he adds, summing up suggestions for the great undertaking, « if any were to object that all these elements would be of service only for an epos whose foundation should be laid in the future, I might answer that none could desire to dissuade him (the poet) from regarding as certain and present the consequences of this ferment now agitating the generations of our time. It may be remembered that, in speaking of the fountain-heads of the Christian Epos, I have shown it surpasses every other in wealth, because Christianity embraces in itself the story of the past and of the future, till the consummation of time. The Bible is the book of all ages, because, by unique privilege, empowered to conduct us from the cradle of the world to that final day when the earth and heavens shall be renewed. The Genesis and Apocalypse are the first and last canto in the poem of Humanity. Let the first idyl, for celebrating the nativity of man, be entrusted to a believing poet, and the result will be a poem properly named 'Paradise Lost'. Let the potent fantasy of another contemplate and expand to maturity the last chapters of the Gospel, and presently we shall see them transformed into the twenty cantos of Klopstock's 'Messiah'. Allow Dante to conduct us with him through the realms of the invisible world, and upon the doctrines of Christianity he will raise a fabric comprising the whole history of humanity in the three cantos of the, 'Divine Comedy'. Thus, in his turn, let my poet contemplate in prolonged abstraction that final drama of the Apocalypse—let him collect, around those data of infinite fecundity, the doctrines, the fortunate achievements, and unsuccessful attempts of the present age—and we may salute in him the poet of *social regeneration* ». One might have despaired of the appearance of any champion in so vast an arena to cope with the difficulties of such stupendous undertaking; yet thought cannot suggest what genius will not be ready, sooner or later, to attempt; and scarcely had the proof-sheets of the « *Epoëa in Italia* » been corrected, than an aspiring poet actually announced, producing at the same time an earnest in fragmentary relation to the whole, an Epos whose argument

promises to answer to the apparently unattainable ideal of Cereseto. About eight years ago Giovanni Prati assumed as the somewhat startling title of his performance, « Deity and Humanity » (*Dio e l'Humanità*), and « The Battle of Hymera » (*La Battaglia di Imera*) appeared as one of fifty-four cantos to be comprised in his ambitious Epic not yet completed. « To anticipate », thus does this Poet express himself, « the interrogations of schools and rhetoricians, the author believes he may declare that the law of unity in this Epos, from the intimate nature of the subject itself, is—Deity; a law simple and supreme. And the protagonist will be—Humanity; a protagonist true, admirable, and ever various. The episodes will be, each of the cantos—episodes connected by an order the most spontaneous, and intrinsically allied to the whole, or rather each an indispensably necessary part thereof. The object will be, the benefit of our fellow-creatures—for which it is glory and delight to consume even our existence ». The lyric poems of Prati unquestionably evince imagination, sensibility, and exquisite skill in metrical expression; but his ability to accomplish this magnificent promise may fairly be doubted. What, indeed, could result other than a vast concatenation of historical epics, which, if not absolutely without sequence or connection, would amount to nothing else than a versification of universal history? On the hazardous nature and theory of this undertaking Cereseto judiciously observes: « It may be true, that – a servile and tedious pedagogia, which, with its heap of definitions, partitions, classifications, citations, methods, canons, criterions, and rules, would curb and school the human mind, can only have the effect of macerating, tormenting, sickening, and oppressing it; – but it is most true also that there is a line and level by which critics will have right to measure his work, and the fifty-four episodes of the new poem, *Dio e l'Humanità* ».

Another Poet of this century has shown what wealth appropriate for the Epos may be found in the annals of Italy and legends of Catholicism. The *Italiade* (1819), and *San Benedetto* (1824), of Ricci are perhaps less read than they deserve, and beyond the

Alps, I believe, scarcely known; yet both are full of incident and grouping romantically varied and vividly coloured, blending the historic and legendary, the actual and supernatural, with effects conforming to the true ideal of the Christian Epic. When Trissino undertook a great national historic theme in the *Italia liberata dai Goti*, he fell into the signal error of admitting classic method and Pagan allusion to the utter sacrifice of all colouring and spirit proper to the realities of time and place; of religious and local conditions. After an exordium invoking Apollo, he leads as before the throne of the Supreme Being, to see an Archangel sent to a Christian Emperor in the semblance of a Pope! and this ponderous poem in twenty-seven cantos, a laboured imitation of the Iliad throughout, with all its pomps of style, proves the most wearisome and frigid in the language. Far superior in local truthfulness and interest is Ricci's *Italiade*, whose plot revolves on the conquests of Charlemagne in this land, till the siege of Pavia, the surrender of which by Desiderius forms the catastrophe; the visit of that Emperor to Rome and his meeting with Pope Adrian, one of the finest episodes. But his *San Benedetto* is in many respects more interesting and original, its series of scenes impressively presenting the personal history of a sainted Founder, with the origin of the great monastic Order called after him; and from Subiaco to Monte Cassino we follow all the vicissitudes of a life so strangely romantic and widely influential. In fact this poem, with regard to the general scope of its argument, may be called a picture of the struggle between expiring Paganism and victorious Christianity, illustrated by many highly wrought scenes from the story of primitive monachism, or descriptive of Heathen customs still lingering in popular observance. It introduces the supernatural in the forms of demoniac agency, and always directed to the object of thwarting the beneficent purposes of St. Benedict, or his nascent institution. The siege of Rome by Belisarius and its defence by the Goths, the meeting between the Saint and Totila, are among episodes strictly historic and ably finished. Generally equable and well-sustained, the octave stanza in the hand of Ricci pre-

serves its dignity and sonorous effects, not inferior to the best Italian examples. Another instance of its successful use in a poem of some length, is « *La Pia* » by Sestini, celebrated as an improvisatore, during his short life which closed at Paris, 1822; but its pathetic subject (the story of the injured wife left to die in the Maremma) belongs to the domestic, not the epic class, here indeed treated with power to move the feelings and present vivid scenes to the imagination.

It was in the year 1853 the Italian literary world was called to mourn for the death of Tommaso Grossi, who held rank among the first writers of fiction and verse within modern times. The events of his life were little varied; its character, conformed to the whole spirit of his works, pure and admirable. Born (1791) at Bellano on the lake of Como, to reminiscences of whose scenery we owe many pictorial beauties in his volumes, he was early destined for the priesthood, but, when able to decide for himself, determined against that career; even when a very young boy ran away from the episcopal seminary at Lecco, brought back after which adventure, he was soon removed by his parents at his masters' request. The law became his profession in later life. After a first essay in literature with a Poem, *the Principe*, on the fate of the Minister of Finance, Frinca, murdered in a popular tumult at Milan, 1814, and here celebrated by the young aspirant in Milanese dialect, he published, 1820, *Ildegonda*, one of his finest poetic romances; and in 1826 his most celebrated Poem, the « *Lombards at the first Crusade* », printed by subscription with the unusual number of 2300 signatures, and the still more unusual profit, (in Italy's modern literary statistics almost unprecedented) of 30,000 francs. Though at first attacked and satirised, the general suffrages were in favour of this Epic to a degree that secured for its author the high rank he continued to merit by his other works. The stirring events of '48 brought him for a brief period into public view, through his acceptance of the post of director over the Lombardic Gymnasias. Among details of his private walk, not least

honorable was his intimate friendship with Manzoni ; and these two distinguished men spent 18 years domiciled together in the same house at Milan, in union of tastes, and studies. Among instances of virtue, perhaps the noblest is his voluntary sacrifice of literature as a career, after successes that may be called splendid, for the sake of the family dependant on his professional labours ; consequently, for the last fifteen years of his life, the author of the *Lombardi* appeared no more in the arena where all had smiled upon him. Ignazio Cantu, in a pleasing biographic notice, mentions the earnest pains by which he sought that perfection in style attained to a degree pre-eminent, the charm and special characteristic of his writings. These, not voluminous, consist of a single romance, among the most successful since the « *Promessi Sposi* », an epic in fifteen cantos, minor poems of narrative character styled « *Novelle* », and a few lyrics, the best dispersed over the pages of his prose. He certainly approves himself, among Italian novelists, though by no means one of the prolific, one of the most vivid in colouring, truthful in pathos, and familiar with the historic features of the epochs displayed ; as a poet, among the most masterly in the use of his musical idiom, that ever charms the ear and wins attention by facile flow of harmonious numbers in his pages ; and his verse, if it seem monotonous after long perusal, is appropriate to the dignity of its themes, equable, sustained with the skill of a true artist. The value of these productions, in their place amid the prose and verse of their language, consists mainly in that they represent with pleasing and striking effect the Romantic in Italian letters—that school which, during the last quarter of a century, has enjoyed a decided, though not uncontested supremacy, to be ascribed to the influences of Manzoni rather than any other individual author. But « romanticism », as that great writer understands it, is a principle lying deeper and more subtly interwoven with the interests and aspirations of humanity, than as Grossi has illustrated it ; for, in his writings, it is the garb rather than the sentiment, the pageant-machinery rather than the informing mind in which the Romantic appears.

After perusing these pages, one can scarcely allow attributes of versatility or depth to their author. Grossi has nothing of what the Germans call « many-sidedness »; the range of his moral vision is not remarkable for extent; his insight into humanity not equal to his pictorial powers or sensibility. Ever ready to sympathise, compassionate, and reverent, to depict sorrow with feeling, and the sublimity of religious principle with appreciation, he yet enters little into the mysteries of the inner life, or the infinite, and rarely delineates the higher aspirations, or the conflicts of passion and will that stir the depths of our nature. A gentle, generous, and refined character manifests itself in all his creations; but we feel that the chivalrous heroes and innocent sufferers, the romantic adventures made to pass in melo-dramatic succession over these pages, are offsprings of a single imaginative mood, the expression of the same tendency in the producing mind. The masquerade includes a variety of groups effectively attired and mingled; but the same characters, with slight modification, are sustained by numerous exhibitors. Yet, withal, it is impossible not to esteem a writer whose aims are ever pure and healthful—who has brought so large an amount of erudition and knowledge of the past into the storehouse of his materials for constructing fiction—who always enlists sympathy on the side of virtue, asserts the pre-eminence of faith and hope as guides and powers; whilst from his individualities and catastrophes, the impression received is always in harmony with the highest moral.

« Marco Visconti » is an historic romance, dedicated to Manzoni, and, like his masterpiece, opening with a scene on the shores of the beautiful Como. It aims at presenting a picture of manners and society in Northern Italy during the early years of the fourteenth century; but the name, taken from a personage of the celebrated house which then ruled over the Milanese, is not particularly appropriate, as it is but occasionally he appears on the scene, and it is his ascendancy over the fate of others, rather than the analysis of his character or narration of his actions, that renders this scion of the formidable Visconti in any

sense the hero of Grossi's tale. The historic foundation, in fact, is not that on which the central incidents rest, or the most interesting situations arise from. Marco (to whom we are introduced by a sketch of his real life) was the second and favourite son of Matteo, founder of the fortunes of the Visconti house; distinguished from youth as one of the greatest captains of the day, he maintained the siege of Genoa against the combined forces of Robert of Naples, the Church, and the leading Guelfic cities of Italy. After the death of his father, impatient of the tyrannic rule of his brother Galeazzo, he united himself to a discontented party, and, when the Ghibellines urged Louis the Bavarian to an intervention in Italy, accused Galeazzo to that Emperor of secret intrigues with the Pope at Avignon, and of practices aimed at the overthrow of the imperial cause in the Italian States. The consequence was the abolition, for a period, of the Visconti sovereignty at Milan, and the confinement of Galeazzo with his two brothers and nephew in the horrific dungeons called the *forni* (ovens) at Monza, constructed by the very potentate now condemned to languish in their dismal recesses. Marco, however, who, though turbulent and ambitious, was not cruel by nature, himself exerted interest with the Emperor, which procured the release of his relatives; but the death of Galeazzo soon followed, accelerated by the sufferings of imprisonment. In his farther conduct towards his family, suspicion attaches to the memory of Marco, whose spirit could not submit contentedly to the feeble rule of his nephew, Azone. Aspiring to obtain the succession to the paternal power and estates, he entered into secret treaties with the Papal Legate in Lombardy and the Signoria of Florence; and the close of his story is obscured by a dark cloud, leaving us only certain that the final scene was tragic—that violent death put a premature term to the career of Marco Visconti. It was rumoured at Milan that he committed suicide after putting to death, in a paroxysm of jealousy, the woman he loved. One old chronicler, Lazario, says of the event, « *De cujus morte certum ignoratur* »; but Giovanni Villani, who had personal intercourse with Marco at Florence,

distinctly charges his brothers and nephew with the crime of his assassination. By Grossi he is represented with many fine and generous qualities, though of untamed passions and haughty temper, inspiring fear and commanding deference, whilst capable of exciting the most devoted affection. All the accustomed machinery of mediæval romance is profusely employed in this work—tournaments, trial by the ordeal of combat, princely banquets, vast and gloomy castles, courts with glittering retinue of pages, men-at-arms, minstrels, and fools, scenes of assassination, incendiarism, monks and monasteries, jailors and executioners. The picture presented has more of the bright side than the ably-wrought « Margherita Pasterla », by Cantù, which, treating of almost the same epoch and localities, dwells more particularly on dark and evil aspects. Grossi's romance may be classed certainly among the best Italy has produced; but there is one improbability in the conduct of his plot—the carrying away of the lady, whom Visconti has loved unrequited, after her treacherous separation from her husband on their marriage-day, and her long confinement in one of the castles of the great captain, without his own connivance or even knowledge—this whole audacious proceeding devised by a villanous chatellain, in no other interest or object than that of compelling the unhappy lady to yield to Marco's passion, and thus eventually securing high favour for himself, the contriver of this outrage! The afflicted families are at last apprised of her fate, the plot is frustrated, and its authors punished by the magnate in whose service their web of iniquity has been woven. The gentle bride is rescued from a subterranean dungeon; but the trial, preceded by the agonies of separation, overwhelms her, and she is reunited to her parents and husband, only to die in their arms, after deathbed meetings and partings full of sad tenderness, in scenes touched by the light of religious hope, with truthfulness that exemplifies the author's highest powers. His heroine's sorrows in imprisonment are affecting, especially where, gazing from a balcony on the sunset whose dim rays, through the exhalations of a marshy soil, feebly glim-

mer over the flat monotonous landscape (in the neighbourhood of Milan), the captive is reminded, by contrast, of the glories that attended the setting luminary, with the expanse of lake and mountains and woods below, as contemplated from her father's castle, on the shores of Como. Whosoever is familiar with Italian landscape must own the truth of this, and of the analogies here instanced between the world of nature and that of feeling. A terrific picture follows the purely fictitious catastrophe—the assassination of Marco in the palace at Milan, which Grossi represents as historic authority seems to establish better, at least, than the other version of the story. The *canzoni* with which these pages are interspersed, mostly ascribed to the skill of an unusually respectable professional jester (who turns out to be a priest and canon, ultimately resuming his sacred functions), are among this writer's happiest poetic efforts—some with a bird-like melody and cadence, a blending of the playful and mournful in sentiment that fascinates: feeling and graceful expression have seldom been united more felicitously in Italian verse.

« The Lombards at the First Crusade » is to some degree moulded upon the « Gerusalemme », and one of the most elaborate attempts at heroic epos in the present century.

After perusing its fifteen cantos, it is not likely that impressions will be left on many readers favourable to this class of compositions. The acceptance of this poem among the Italian public generally supplies a test of the feeling of the age. Extolled as a modern classic, it is, I believe, little read, even by admirers; and of the few who have carefully studied it, may probably be predicated, in the words of Johnson's irreverent sarcasm on « Paradise Lost »—« no one ever wished it longer ». Cereseto says, in his essay « On the Epos » above quoted: « The poem of the ' Lombardi ', with all its poetic splendours, its style and tone more popular than that of Tasso, its conduct of the story more romantic and more suited to flatter the appetite of satiated readers—this poem may nevertheless be said to have been still-born ». By treading closely in the steps of Tasso, the author is exposed to disadvantages, though his

argument comprises more than the historic action introduced by his illustrious precursor ; all leading events, from the departure of the first crusade to the taking of Jerusalem, and the victory over the Oriental forces from Egypt, being admitted into his canvas. The only originality yet possible in the treatment of such a theme is here attempted, probably in the idea of thus adapting it to the intelligence and taste of the day. Entirely rejecting the supernatural, it presents simply the historic, the exact narration, diversified by episodes and a domestic story, the parties in which are a Lombard family, made to supply the not very appropriate title. For the rest, we have neither enchantments nor apparitions, neither sorcery nor female heroism—nor intervention of preternatural beings, unless we may consider such the vision, in a dream, of St. Andrew to a Provençal peasant during the siege of Antioch, for the discovery of the holy Lance, a relic that proved of such extraordinary efficacy as stimulant to the efforts of the Christians for the rescue of that city from the beleaguering infidels. Even in this incident the miraculous scarcely enters; for the poet strictly follows authorised accounts as to the results of the fiery ordeal to which the Provençal submitted that the genuineness of the relic might be tested, making his death the consequence *either* of the eagerness with which the congratulating crowds overwhelmed him, or of the fires he passed through.

That magnificent fantasy, the intervention of celestial warriors in combat on the Christian side, invisible save to the faithful, is only alluded to, with timid rationality, as a popular rumour after the deliverance of Antioch. In Tasso's poem the Goffredo holds intercourse with angelic intelligences, and stands before us in an ideal lustre, as the Christian champion chosen by Heaven ; but no such glorious personality illumines the pictures of Grossi, and the light of reality in which the whole is displayed appears pallid and cold, contrasted with the creation of the loftier genius. From the outset we are informed of all the licentiousness, undisciplined ferocity, and superstition of the first Crusaders, even to the goose and the goat, authorised

guides of the molley troop who preceded the first organised armies under the Cross; and at the sack of Jerusalem the revolting details of the slaughter of unarmed supplicants, even women and children, are introduced just when such statements must injure the effect intended, and alienate from the cause at the moment of its highest triumph. This impression is not neutralised, as probably was proposed, by the contrasted scene immediately following, when the whole crusading host prostrate, and kiss the dust with impassioned demonstrations of piety and penitence, at the threshold of the sacred precincts containing the Holy Sepulchre. Very differently has Tasso treated this passage of the story. In the last of Grossi's cantos, the winding-up of so great an argument is weakened in effect by the prominence given to domestic over public interests. The death-bed scene of one of the Lombardic family arrests attention too abruptly amidst things affecting the destinies of Christendom in a newly-conquered arena; and, though the remorse of the dying, and the pious offices of Peter the Hermit are pathetically described, no appropriate conclusion is thus formed to the thrilling narrative of the first Crusade. Yet, whatever its faults, this poem has great beauties; language throughout sustained with finished elegance, and a harmony of tone, an elevation of feeling, in every part. The octave stanza, however, rarely attains so much dignity in the Italian as in Northern languages. As to the characters, there is a want of centralising interest, nor does any one stand forward with the vividness of a grand creation. Peter the Hermit is about the best individualised, with appropriate blending of the wildly impulsive and fervently devout, his preaching, and its effect on the multitudes, supplying one of the finest passages. Occasionally introduced landscape descriptions are of glowing beauty, as the scenery of Lebanon at the close of the eighth canto; and, in the eleventh, the luxuriant but uncultured solitudes, on the journey to Damascus, undertaken by Papano, the Lombard, in pursuit of his sister, who has fled with a Moslem lover. Other passages, less pleasing, display power in the working-up of terrific effects—as the account of

the famine at Antioch, the horrors of the sack of Jerusalem, the drought, and fierce eagerness of the multitude to obtain refreshment at the waters of Siloam on the first moment of their periodical gushing from the rock. From these one turns with relief to the solemnity and richly-swelling cadence of the stanzas describing the devout procession of the army round Jerusalem on the vigil of the final assault.

The other poems, « Ildegouda », « La Fuggitiva », « Ulrico e Lida », are metrical romances, in the same versification and stanza, also displaying the preference apparent through this author's works for pathetic subjects set in a framework of mediæval manners and scenery, except the short narrative of « The Fugitive », given by a penitent girl on her death-bed, who has followed her lover in disguise throughout the Napoleonic invasion and retreat in Russia. There is, indeed, too much dependence for effect on contrasts, on the symbols proper to peculiar stages of society, in these poems. Each closes with a long-drawn death-bed scene; and we become so accustomed to mournful catastrophes as to feel, from the first, a presentiment of the doom that awaits all Grossi's heroes and heroines: it is perpetually the tale of thwarted love, the succumbing of innocence and valour to violence or wicked intrigue. A veil of sorrow seems drawn over the face of nature; and the melody of the verse at last falls upon the ear like a continued dirge. It is true that a spirit of tender sadness and resignation pervades these narratives; and earnest unaffected piety, removed from fanaticism and bigotry far as possible, imparts a holier temper to the sorrows portrayed; but the thrill of enthusiasm, the glow of sympathy for heroic thought and action are rarely awakened. The tragic, as here presented, depresses rather than elevates; the sacrifices are painful rather than sublime. As they severally appeared, these *novelle* were most successful. In allusion to their scarcely varied, though beautifully-finished conclusions, Cesare Malpica (a Neapolitan author and journalist of some note) designated Grossi as « il cantor delle vergini morenti »—the *singer of dying virgins*—a compliment that sounds, in English,

rather too lugubrious. « Ildegonda » is a tale whose scene is laid at Milan in the time of Frederic II., whilst that city was governed by the Podestà Oldrado da Tresseno, whose equestrian statue, against the ancient walls of the Broletto (or Communal Palace) built by himself, will be remembered by many tourists. The inscription in Latin verse below commemorates, among his other good actions, *Catharos ut debuit uxit* —Cathari the name then commonly given to religious recusants; so that we may paraphrase this naive record of the Podesta's administration: « he burnt heretics, as in duty bound ! » To the tender mercies of this enlightened magistrate is delivered up the lover of Ildegonda, for attempting to rescue her from the convent, her prison, not asylum, into which iniquitous family intrigue has driven her. The sufferings she undergoes, inflicted by the grim abbess of these dismal cloisters, are more than sufficient to subdue will and reason, till at last, worn out by physical and moral pains, overwhelmed by the knowledge of her lover's fate, who has died at the stake accused of heresy and sacrilege, she is led, an almost unconscious victim, to the altar; but her swoon during the ceremony prevents the completing of the sacrifice, and, finally, after farther suffering—fever and delirium—described in a manner painfully minute, she meets death with a patience, resignation, and sweetness that soften the hearts even of her persecutors. « Ulrico and Lida » is a story of the war begun in 1118 between Milan and Como, occasioned originally by the rival claims of two bishops to the latter see, but immediately excited by the turbulent appeals of another, the Archbishop of Milan—this also a tale of unhappy love, interwoven with complex romantic incidents and continually shifting scenes, adventure, peril, and discords, picturesquely presented. The hapless Lida dies of a wound from a blow aimed at her lover, on their flight along the shores of Como. After the last rites of the Church have been administered, she consents to become the bride of him who is about to lose her for ever in this world; and these funereal nuptials, as between life and death, are scarcely celebrated before she expires. The peculiar powers of Grossi

in the pathetic have here their fullest play; and the subdued sadness, in this scene of death whose bitterness is tempered, of parting whose anguish is consoled, by gentle resignation and faith, might allow the close of his poem to be classed with the most effecting passages of Italian verse.

One feature in these writings is the indignant repudiation of abuses and false pretences where the Church or religion are considered; whilst of the author's sincerity, as an earnest-minded Catholic Christian, every affirmative proof is supplied. Not to every spirit, belongs this power to discern and boldness to denounce the false, yet remain faithful to the true, when perplexing confusion is found in the same system.

In one late instance the Didactic has been revived, but with less splendour than the Epic, in Italian verse. An elaborate poem of this class like Alamanni's « *Coltivazione* » would no longer answer to public desire (1). The six books of

(1) The « *Api* » of Rucellai preceded in order of time, but in merits stands far below Alamanni's Poem; its merely scientific account of the natural history and management of the beehive having nothing poetic except the *versi sciolti* it is written in. Later followed « *Il Podere* » (The Farm) by Tansillo, with livelier pictures of rural occupation and manners, and declaring preference far from commonly manifest in Italy for the life of country to that of town; more than which, there is in this pleasant *terza rima* Poem an acknowledgment of the deeper and holier charm to be found in retirement, simplicity, and domestic duties amid Nature's influences: hence the more elevated and religious strain to which its rural details gradually give place. The « *Malmanente* » of Lorenzo Lippi, painter and poet, in the next (the XVII) century, is not the least clever among absurdities of the mock-heroic class, taking its name from a castle still to be seen in ruin above the road between Florence and Pisa, near Montelupo; but this burlesque Epic is so essentially local in dialect and allusions that its perusal would be time wasted without aid from ample notes and glossary, by light of which, supplied in earlier editions, it proves a curious study of Florentine manners two centuries ago; reflects the converse and gaieties of the *osteria* and wine-shop, reports all the slang desirable for such illustration, and strings together more popular proverbs than perhaps ever elsewhere found their way into verse: one may count seven in two stanzas.

that, first among similar compositions in the language, prove but heavy reading, notwithstanding the polished dignity of language that ennobles their utilitarian subject, and the pervading idea of a divine Providence that neutralizes the pedantic effect of their constant apostrophies to mythologic deities. Such a type is not happily chosen for imitation: but Felice Vicino did not hesitate to extend the subject of his « Baco di Seta » (Silkworm) over four cantos of blank verse, sufficiently smooth in its flow, following-out the whole natural history of the worm. the vicissitudes of commerce in its produce, and progress of the manufacture from East to West, by way of Greece and Sicily. to conclude with a general review of modern improvements. commerce, steam, and civil engineering.

THE DRAMA AND THEATRE

The spirit of innovation, now manifest on every side in Italy, has in no walk of her literature more boldly advanced than in the drama, where old tradition and prescription have been so assailed as now to appear almost eliminated. Within the last fifteen or twenty years may be placed the birth of this new school, which has defied the precedents of the classic Theatre, adhering to nature and simplicity, and preferring the romantic in incident, the modern in social life, for a class of creations altogether foreign to the domain once ruled by Alfieri. The first effective impulsé may be ascribed to Manzoni, but his admirable historic dramas have never kept place on the stage; and except the « Merope » of Maffei, the « Oreste »—« Saul »—« Mirra, » and « Filippo » of Alfieri, and a few by Metastasio, scarcely a single tragedy belonging to the earlier period now remains in the repertory of Italian management. The melodramatic extravaganzas of Carlo Gozzi (once immensely successful at Venice) are forgotten; and even Goldoni, though still in high favour, is becoming less familiar on this stage than living competitors in comedy or domestic drama—Giacometti, Bon, Gherardo del Testa, etc. Niccolini, truly supreme among the living in tragedy, and Della Valle (Duke di Ventignano) have sometimes retained, sometimes laid aside, the pseudo-classic form,

with its artificial restrictions; but in spirit both partake more of the romantic, to which, indeed, the finest productions by the former decidedly pertain. Of Pellico's tragedies, which conform to ancient models, only the « Francesca di Rimini » retains its place on the scene; and inferior aspirants who have confined themselves within the same limitations, during recent years, have had nothing more than local or transient triumphs. At this transitionary period appears appropriately the work on the Italian Theatre by a well-known writer, versed in the classics of his own and other languages—Emiliani Giudici, author of a history of Italian Literature in universal repute. No one could be better qualified for the task than this gentleman, who is of Sicilian birth, interested in, but not belonging to the political struggle by identification with any parties, of genial, expansive, attractive character and style. His volume on this national Theatre, comprehensive in plan and entertaining, shows fullest acquaintance with his theme, both as to recondite and familiar walks, and conveys knowledge gleaned from various sources, not condensed in any other pages. Especially complete and intelligent is his review of the mediæval sacred drama, the Mysteries, that retained popularity in Italy longer than in almost any land, with literary merits unapproached by competitions in other languages. This interesting section is preceded by a sketch, carefully given, of the ancient vicissitudes passed through by the drama, the construction of the theatre, and its most renowned performances, in Greece and Rome.

The earliest comedy of Christian origin (though indeed no Christian character) is identified by Giudici in the « Quærusus », which, precisely on the model of Plautus, has been ascribed by some critics to that Latin poet himself, but more generally to Ghildas, an English monk of the sixth century, or to Vitale of Blois, twelfth century; whilst our author, on what grounds he does not distinctly state, determines for it a date not less remote than the fourth—a century hitherto not supposed to have any drama properly its own. The plot of this, comical enough, nor without skill in working-up, bears no traces of the reli-

gious ideas or distinctive manners of its age: Quærus, son of Euclion (a name from Plautus), Mandragorus, a false magician and parasite, and the tutelary Lar of the house, playing the conspicuous parts; and the question of an inheritance, stolen and recovered, being the main interest of plot. As to moral, there is here no analogy with the six Latin dramas by the German nun Roswitha, of the tenth century, who set out with the declared purpose of popularising more respectable subjects, stories of saints and martyrs, « in the manner of Terence ». Evidences of a form of sacred entertainment, precursor to the more finished Mystery Play, are traceable early as the eleventh century, both in Italy and France. The idea was carried out more formally, and with higher sanction, even at Rome, by the company of the Gonfalone, founded in the thirteenth century, with express object of representing the passion during Holy Week; and these strange performances continued for about three hundred years to be annually given in the Colosseum, till the last repetition, on Good Friday, under the pontificate of Paul III. Several times printed, once at Florence, 1524, the composition is mentioned by Tiraboschi as extant under the title « La Rappresentazione del Nostro Signor Gesù Cristo, la quale si rappresenta nel Colloseo di Roma il Venerdì Santo, con la sua santissima Risurrezione istoriata ». Turning to personal reminiscences, I may cite the example of the little S. Carlino Theatre at Naples, where dramatised subjects from the Old Testament are usually acted in Lent, by way of compound between the sacred and profane; and I have been edified, in a theatre of twopenny calibre at Frascati, by the story of Joseph and his brethren, a young lady in blue silk and span-gles enacting the patriarch! The life-size groups in wax and wood, exhibited by artificial light, that still draw crowds to churches where holy themes are thus presented during the octaves of Christmas and All Saints at Rome and Naples, and the martyrdoms thus illustrated in cemeteries at the former city, seem to evince a state of popular feeling that would at this day be ready to accept and be edified by the mystery-per-

formances not less than was the case four centuries ago. Unchanged also is the benignant indulgence on the part of the Church, boundless in her toleration for all that expresses or appeals to piety, whether in the most cultivated or rudest social walks.

About the time of Frederick Barbarossa, whether earlier or later in the twelfth century it is difficult and unnecessary to decide (seeing how little transmutation society passed through within that epoch), appeared one of the most splendid and celebrated achievements of the acted sacred drama, the « *Ludus Paschalis de Adventu et Interitu Antichristi* », of great length, complicated pageantry, and numerous groupings: the protagonist, « Antichrist », presented in all the stages of his evil and mysterious career, going forth as a king, conquering and to conquer, assisted by two potent counsellors, Heresy and Hypocrisy, overcoming the King of Jerusalem to usurp his throne, on which eminence he is obeyed and worshipped by the mighty of earth, who are deluded by lying wonders—though when it is attempted to raise the dead the power of the impostor fails, and he has recourse to deception—till, at last, in the full career of iniquitous triumph, Antichrist is annihilated by Divine intervention, and the Christian commonwealth undeceived. In this performance only the Latin was used, and the frequency of the word *canere* leads Giudici to conclude that the whole may have been declaimed in a sort of chant. As to that spectacle at Florence, on the bridge over the Arno, described by Villani (fourteenth century), whose *infernal* pageantry ended in realities truly tragic, when numbers lost life by the falling of the overcrowded scaffolds, it is inferred by him, contrary to the supposition of Roscoe, that this was no mere pantomimic display, but a dramatic pageant with written dialogue. To the same period belongs Albertino Mussato, (1261–1330) who, for his Latin prose and verse, received the poetic laurel crown, and has left a history of the Emperor Henry VII., several epistles and elegies, besides two tragedies, both with chorus, and on the model of Seneca—« Achilleis »

(whose chief interlocutors are Paris and Hecuba), and « *Eccerinis* », on the story of the infamous tyrant, Ezzelino Romano, lord of Verona and Padua—sombre and rugged, though indeed vigorous compositions, in which there is no real *action*—only dialogue, metrical declamation, and narrative. The former winds up, after propounding sceptical and materialistic theories put into the mouth of Helen's lover, with this profession of absolute fatality, in the lyric form unchangeably preserved by the Chorus:

Non ipse Deos mutare potest
Quidquid fatis nequitur altis.

But more curious and striking is the « *Eccerinis* », like the former in five acts, though extending over not more than sixteen folio pages (1). Scarcely less inadmissible, on grounds of delicacy, than the « *Mysterious Mother* » by Horace Walpole, this grim tragedy opens with a scene of ghastly confidences between Adhelais, the Countess, and her sons Ezzelinus and Albericus, the import of her disclosures leading them to the conclusion that they are offspring of a Deity greater than the father of Romulus and Remus. Without apology or preamble, the author then lays aside the tragic buskin to assume the style of narrative in verse; but then follows the finest, indeed a thrillingly awful scene (*described*, not declaimed), when Ezzelino, in a dark chamber of the Romano castle, declares his denial of Christ, his hatred of the Cross, invokes Lucifer, his father, Proserpine, the Furies, and adjures (like Lady-Macbeth) all the infernal spirits to come and fill his soul with wrath and hatred, that he may prove the scourge of mankind:

Annue, Satan ! et filium talem proba !

The best scene, after the dramatic action is resumed, is that confronting the tyrant with a friar, Lucas, in effective opposition

(1) In the old edition at the Marucelli Library, Florence.

of the theologic piety of the age with this abstract of monstrous wickedness; and most singular is the totally new aspect here given to Ezzelino, not through force of compunction or conscience-stricken fears, but through his acquiescence with the conclusions of the friar, admitting the religious view of his own deserts and destinies, and backing by citations from the Old Testament the theory of his vocation, appointed by Heaven, like Saul, Nebuchadnezzar, Pharaoh, for the punishment of the world, as was also Nero « of happy memory ». But far more popular than any such dramatised horrors in imitation of the antique, was the Mystery, or Morality, no longer in the dead, but in living languages, acted in churches, cemeteries, or the chief piazzas of cities, and in some instances with costliness far beyond the spectacles of any modern stage. At Palermo about 12,000 ducats were spent for every performance of the « *Atto della Pinta* », so called from the church, now destroyed, *S. Maria Depicta*, in which it took place—« *Atto* » having here the same application as in the « *Autos Sacramentales* » of Calderon. This spectacular piece comprised the entire story of the Creation, of Adam and Eve in Paradise, and other principal events from the Canonical books, down to the Incarnation, also included. A still grander Sicilian performance was the « *Mortorio di Cristo* », which, on reduced scale, Giudici tells us he has seen in provincial towns of that island during Lent; supplying another report of its modern revival in a letter from Signor Vigo, a learned citizen of Catania, who, in 1820, himself figured on the scene in the part of Pontius Pilate when this drama was acted at Aci Reale, in which pretty town on the eastern coast its production in earlier ages used to attract such crowds that all Sicily might be said to form the audience! the stage being a lofty platform, 200 palms square, on the piazza before the Cathedral, so disposed that that church and the Senate-house (or municipal palace) served the purpose of decoration, and from their portals issued the numerous processions to fill the swelling scene. The dread consummation of the story was represented, with reverential reserve, simply by display of the dead figure on the cross, with-

but attempting the dialogue of the awful hours preceding; but one can scarcely read without a shock the *dramatis personæ*, so strangely mixing sacred with profane, —the twelve Apostles, a male and she-ass, the Virgin Mary, the Devil, Faith, Hope, Repentance, besides another name one may best omit in such association. Later, and nearer approximating to modern style, is the Drama in Italian octave stanzas, of which several specimens are extant, but none, it seems, more ancient, where authorship is ascertainable, than the fifteenth century, the language of many beautiful and finished, with little in treatment of holy subjects that could offend the sentiment of our own times. Of these, several are given at full in the appendix to his work by Giudici, who, with judicious deference to the interest of his theme, here drops the author to become simply editor. One with the edifying preamble, « Here beginneth a Miracle of Our Lady: that is to say, the Representation of Stella », is a long, eventful, and affecting story of injured innocence calumniated and suffering, till finally brought triumphant through all disasters to the happy issue required by poetic justice. Another, of similar calibre and moral, « Santa Uliva », has the same subject as a well-known French mystery, « Un Miracle de Notre Dame », following out the wonderful adventures of a saintly princess, who cuts off her hands to escape from the impious suit of her father, the Emperor, infatuatedly bent on marrying his own daughter: *twice* exposed to perish in a forest, *twice* thrown, shut up in a chest, into the sea, she is at last restored to dignities, peace, and honours, reunited to her unjustly-jealous husband, the King of Spain, and reconciled to her repentant father at Rome, whither the family group have been mysteriously attracted. « Abraham and Isaac », an affecting and natural treatment of the story in the same rhyming octaves, is by Fea Belcari, a Florentine noble (deceased 1484); by whom also is the « Annunciation », superior perhaps to all the rest in pathos and poetic finish, introducing prophets and sibyls beside the Holy Family, and winding up with a hymn to the Virgin, in *terzines*, worthy almost any Italian poet of the best epoch. « Santi Giovanni e Paolo » is by

Lorenzo de' Medici, in that coldly polished style peculiar to his other compositions, and presenting the story of the brother martyrs, who suffered under Julian the Apostate, the death of that emperor being (to accord with the early church-legend) caused by a celestial dart from the clouds, shot, in this version of the story, by the beatified warrior, St. Mercurius; and the last words in his mouth are: « Galilean, thou hast conquered! » « S. Giovanni Gualberto », once very popular at Florence, dramatises not inaptly the story of the Vallombrosan founder, and his conversion after pardoning his brother's murderer, doomed by his vow to vengeance, but spared in reverence for the solemn commemoration of the day, Good Friday, when the injurer falls into the power of the injured, « The Seven Sleepers », beginning in the reign of Decius and ending in that of Theodosius, displays skill in the management of a mystical story, which may be considered allegoric of the rapid growth of Christianity and its transforming virtues towards the social state in those primitive ages. And the « Nativity », one of the longest and most varied in grouping, is noticeable for the blending, quite on Shakespearian principle, of the low comic with the lofty-serious, the prattle of the simple shepherds and their goodwives contrasted with the sublime utterances of Scriptural characters. Arriving at the period of the *Renaissance*, when the Pagan in taste begins to affect all things, and naïve characteristics vanish with the inartificial piety that inspired the works they distinguish, we come at last to the incipient efforts of the modern Italian drama—first, in fact, nothing else than what would now be considered opera, with choruses, sung to accompaniment: the earliest example of which is the « Orfeo », written by Poliziano, 1483, at the request of Cardinal Francesco Gonzaga, and actually completed in two days, to be performed at the court of Mantua—the plot scanty, the dialogue moulded upon the *Bucolics* of Virgil, and with graces of style, that might have pleaded against the purpose, at one time entertained by its author, of consigning it to the flames. Lyric metre and rhyme are preserved almost throughout, and occasionally is put a Latin couplet into the mouth of Orpheus, not-

withstanding which affectation there is a charm, like that of some classic relief, in the whole. Turning to Giudici's other work, on Italian literature, I find he does not there give this precedence, as usually allowed, to the « Orfeo », but shows that its production was preceded, in the theatre of the Estense Court, by that of the « Timone Misanthropo » by Boiardo, the « Filostrata e Panfila » of Antonio da Pistoia, the « Cefalo » of Niccola da Correggio. On the other hand, Tiraboschi and Cesare Cantù (« Storia Universale ») both consider the melodrama by Poliziano as the first representation, strictly speaking theatrical (according to modern phraseology), written and adapted for a regular stage.

The able work by Giudici leaves its subject on the threshold of the period when the Middle Ages begin to merge into the modern, the ancient Mysteries and Moralities gradually to give place to the profane and more splendidly produced drama, and the historic or melodramatic stage, according to modern principles, to become first the entertainment of courts, finally that of the public in general, with a degree of pomp and ingenious mechanism compared to which the English theatre Shakespeare then lived to tread must have seemed barbaric and infantile. Yet still did the sacred keep its place beside the profane, conformably to the religious temper of the people and of the Church in Italy. The « Resurrection » was produced as a spectacle (perhaps not strictly dramatic) by the Franciscan Friars, in 1475, before about 80,000 spectators; and in 1571 the performance of « Saul » extended over four days, with 600 persons, though by far the greater part males, on the stage; whilst at Rome, early as the time of Sixtus IV, (1471-84), the comedies of Terence and Plautus were acted under direction of Pomponio Leto to court-audiences, and the « Calandra » of Bibbiena entertained Leo X., who used to summon annually, for theatricals at the Vatican, the Academics dei Razzi, a company formed in that century, at Siena, with a view to dramatic performances, soon noted for the magnificence of their *mise-en-scène*. The « Calandra » is indeed a strange production from the pen of a Cardinal; and if its picture of manners

truly reflect the Rome of that day (where the scene is laid) then must the Eternal City, under Leo, have little improved on her precedents under Tiberius. In tragedy we find the antique form still strictly preserved by Trissino in his « Sofonisba », which, though inflated and declamatory, has passages of beauty, and majestic lines pronounced by a Chorus in rhymed lyric metre, as is also used occasionally by the Heroine, no division into scenes or acts being here admitted. By the time of the Medici Popes the national theatre had developed into the system and constructive forms of the present day; and items of cost, still extant, give some idea of the munificence lavished upon it. A single performance of the above-named « Sofonisba », ordered by the Cardinal d'Este, consumed 10,000 ducats; and expressly for producing the « Antigone », by Delmonte, Palladio received commission from one of the « societies of representation », originating in the fifteenth century at Venice, for a theatre constructed in wood, in the atrium of a monastery at Vicenza, where the twelve scenes required for this single performance were painted by F. Zuccaro. But especially on the lyric stage were the appliances of pomp and contrivances of ingenuity notable, so that, even in the infancy of both (as till the present day), the opera threw into shade the national drama of Italy. Marked among performances approaching the character now understood in the term *operatic*, was the « Orbecche », by Cintio Giraldi, represented in the author's house at Ferrara, before the Duke Ercole d'Este II., with music by Alfonso di Viola, in 1541; and the « Sacrificio » of Beccari, the « Aretusa » of Lollo, were harmonised by the same composer, the first celebrated for, and probably first to imagine, the union of song with declamation. The « Orfeo » of Poliziano was performed with the greatest attainable variety of instrumental accompaniment—harps, clarrions, violins, viols, contrabassi, sackbuts, flutes, pipes, organs, in adaptation of each to the character, grave or tender, terrible or pathetic, of the personages and passages in its *libretto*. As to morals, the transition was indeed boldly and rapidly effected from the religious to the licentious; and if in tragedy

was maintained a measured and solemn decorum, in comedy one need only glance at such scenes as came from the pen of Machiavelli, to behold the defiance of decency, the cynical disregard of virtuous reserves, not much more considered by Firenzuolo, though a monk, than by the author of the « Principe ». Descending the stream of years, we find an activity quite astonishing in this province of Italian letters; but scarce any equal sustaining of power to secure, in a solidly-founded permanent drama, the genuine expression of national life. And hence the rarity at the present day of these plays, long banished from the stage, no collection of which, even in fragmentary beauties, has effected for the early Italian the service rendered by Charles Lamb to the early English drama; (1) and the modern editions of this Theatre, for the most part, comprise only pieces of modern origin. About four thousand tragedies and comedies, all belonging to the same century, were comprised in the library bequeathed, 1750, to the Dominicans at Venice, by Apostolo Zeno, who preceded Metastasio in giving dignity and poetic finish to the lyric theatre, but whose once popular melodramas (some on Biblical subjects, « Daniel », « Ezechia », « Joseph », « Sisera ») are now scarce remembered even by name; a fate shared alike by those of Carlo Gozzi, whom Baretti had the ludicrous bardhood to extol as « the most wonderful genius manifested in any age or country since Shakespeare ! » This is not the place to follow out the phases of the Italian theatre in past centuries; till the end of the seventeenth they may be examined in the pages of Tiraboschi; and for the eighteenth we may refer to the same Baretti's entertaining picture of life in this country, « Gli Italiani », originally written in English, and afterwards in his own language; or with still more confidence to the letters and essays of Gasparo Gozzi, interspersed with full and lively details respecting the theatricals of his time in northern Italy, particularly Venice; while, for the modes and exhibi-

(1) Maffei's « Teatro Italiano » (Verona, 1723) does indeed supply much towards this object.

tions of the public stage in chief cities, may be consulted Lalande's anonymous « Voyage d'un François en Italie » (1763, 6), where we have curious reminiscences of the eight theatres then in activity at Rome—e. g. the ticket-receiver at the entrances, always masked, in order to observe and interfere with any disputes about places, protected by this incognito from private resentments—striking comment on the local morals of the day! and the general practice at the Opera, if not on other stages, of female parts being sustained by males, with voices of similar quality, produced by the same degrading means, as at this day in the Papal chapel. « Il en est de même des danses (adds the philosophic tourist); elles sont exécutées par des jeunes acteurs déguisés en femmes ou habillés en hommes. » During that century reigned supreme the *Commedia dell'Arte*, said to be derived from the Roman *Atellana*, and centering its groups round typical personages whose humorous sallies were in great part left to the spontaneous wit of the actor, and each of whom stood for a particular province or class—thus *Pantalone* was the Venetian merchant; *Dottore*, the Bolognese physician; *Gelsomino*, the Roman fop; *Spaviento*, the Neapolitan bully; *Pollicinello*, the Apulian jester; *Giangurlo*, the Calabrian peasant; *Beltrame*, the Milanese simpleton; *Brighella*, the Ferrarese busy-body; *Arlecchino*, the Bergamasque servant; and we still see at Rome the *Cassandra*, a priggish gentleman of the old school; elsewhere the *Gianduja*, a Piedmontese oddity; and throughout Italy, but most conspicuous at Naples, the indispensable *Polcinello*. Before leaving this period our regards might linger on another scene, in the Eternal City, and we might long to enjoy, by retrospective glimpse into the drawingroom of the Spanish Ambassador, one night in November, 1782, the « *Antigone* » of Alfieri, with the part of *Creonte* impersonated by the author, *Emone* by the Duke Odescalchi, *Cere* by his Duchess, and the heroine herself by Ottavia Odescalchi, whom Alfieri compliments as the « majestic Duchess of Zagarolo. » By no means has the Church in Italy frowned upon the stage, or adopted the stern denouncements common to her ancient Fathers, Latin and

Greek. On the other hand, ecclesiastics largely contributed, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to the drama of this language; and in Sicily almost all the more popular legends and stories of saintly patrons to localities have been dramatised, many by clergymen, as Scamacca, a Jesuit, who produced altogether fifty tragedies, sacred and profane in subject. To about the end of the seventeenth century pertain the tragedies composed (I believe not all published) by two Cardinals, Sforza Pallavicino and Delfino, the Patriarch of Aquileja. The « Adamo, » by Andreini, an actor, produced on the Milanese stage, and witnessed by Milton, is said, perhaps with little truth, to have left impressions that entered suggestively into the conception of the « Paradise Lost ».

In 1853 the Papal Government appointed a committee for examining and adjudging prizes to original dramatic compositions recommended by moral and literary merits, in this following the example more energetically carried out at Turin. What the effects on the subsequent interests or character of the theatre in Rome it is difficult to say, as really *nothing* has been manifest; whilst in the northern capital the *premiati* pieces are frequently appearing, at once to take their place in the recognised national, if not truly classic drama, to which, indeed, many deserve being assigned. 3000 francs are annually reserved from the fund thus appropriated, in Piedmont, for premiation of three original dramas, after the test of production with successful results on the stage at Turin, where, in 1854, the Society of Dramatic Authors resolved to nominate and send delegates into the several Italian states and chief provinces, for the Roman appointing the Marquis Gioacchino Pepoli, for the Genovesato, Signor Chiossone, a well-known writer for the stage; and at the same sessionw as determined the establishment of a journal, the plan and prospectus of which were entrusted to Brofferio, La Farina, Sabbatini—all popular literati. The government of liberated Tuscany, in July '60, created a committee of four, including Dall'Ongaro, and others of well-known name, for similar interests, with right to dispose of 2000 francs

annually in premiation of dramas, and 1000 francs for the best piece brought out every year, not on a public stage, but at the little theatre of the *Accademia*, for encouragement of histrionic art, whose performances, by very young aspirants, are given on Sunday mornings, in daylight, before audiences of the invited.

With the strongly-marked changes in the physiognomy of Italian literature generally, those of the drama have been such, in recent years, as to escape no attentive observer; and we might date the rise of this completely new school within the period of great political events, between 1830-48, taking into account the influences of reawakened nationality in aim and feeling, emancipation from censorial restraints, and another cause (of some effect unquestionably), in the increasing appreciation of northern works, the more extended acquaintance with the German and English. Within late seasons we have seen Shakespeare become a favourite on the Italian scene, in the versions of Carcano, correct beyond expectation, though indeed modified by the contrasted genius of the theatre and idiom thus familiarised with a stranger; and after seeing the *Hamlet* and *Othello* of Tommaso Salvini, the *Macbeth* of Ernesto Rossi, I cannot but class those performances among the most deeply impressive within my recollections of any stage. The foreign triumphs of Adelaide Ristori have certainly awakened a feeling of more stimulated interest in national tragedy, and admiration, not indeed new, but far from being so emphatically or generally manifest towards this great actress before her ultramontane successes. To this we owe various efforts by writers of abilities, who have produced scenes of high pathetic interest, suited to excite the terror or pity so powerfully commanded by her talents, with express view to her impersonations—as the « *Giuditta* » of Giacometti, the « *Camma* » of Montanelli, the « *Cassandra* » of Somma—the two former among the most effective and highly wrought Italian tragedies; the last a feeble and confused treatment of its subject, in which we may wonder at such mistakes respecting antique usages as the cinerary urn of Iphigenia placed in the temple of Apollo, the lights perpetually burning on a

Pagan altar ! less surprising indeed than other historic licences too frequent on this scene—as the transformation of David Rizzio (in an otherwise praiseworthy tragedy by Count Amato da Brenna) into a prime minister and invincible knight at arms ; or that of the Prince , nephew to our Henry III , who was murdered at Viterbo, 1270 , into a reigning King of England, in the « Guido di Montfort » of Sestini ! Into the merits of that tragedy by Montanelli, I need not enter, its success having been decisive in Europe's first cities ; but may record my impression , after seeing this great actress in almost every character made peculiarly her own, that, in its finest scenes, *Camma* affords occasion for more concentrated power and passion than is displayed by her in any other part, except the *Mirra*. Scarcely could tragic performance reveal more terribly the tempests of the soul , the dread realities of an inner life struck by lightnings , than the transitions by which the tenderly loving woman is here transformed into an avenging Nemesis. I have seen enough of Ristori, through many years, to be satisfied that now—and indeed only since her ultra-montane success—has her genius passed into its highest phase, anterior to which we had but glimpses of its capacities ;—and that the tempests of passion , the conflicts and tumults of the soul, not calmer pathos or mere tenderness (as in the favourite parts of her earlier career) are distinctives of the sphere in which her potent skill can assert itself. The « Duchessa di San Giuliano », also written for and dedicated to Ristori, by G. Pieri , who has won celebrity by political songs and ballads, is the dramatisation of a reality in the year 1637—the story of Veronica Cybo, married into the Salviati family, who, discovering the affection of her husband for a woman of low station, ordered the murder of her rival, after many struggles and pangs, here depicted with pathos. The decline of the pseudo-classic has been slowly but surely accomplishing in this theatre, though its forms and precepts were maintained , by accredited authorities, long after the ascendancy of Alfieri had ceased ; and little sign of coming innovation appears in the scenes of Pellico, or even the earlier tragedies of Niccolini ; while Marengo proposed to unite the clas-

sic and historic, but only secured permanent favour for his « *Pia de' Tolommei* », and that mainly through the acting of Ristori, just as the « *Medea* » of Della Valle, alike on the olden model, has owed its popularity in great part to Carolina Santoni—now chief auxilliary in the corps collected round herself by the former lady. To that company is regularly attached Signor Giacometti, first in successes and prolific power among writers of the day for this stage, in tragedy, comedy, serious domestic drama, in metrical and prose dialogue, always evincing ready abilities, versatility, and thorough knowledge of the scene. Such liberties as he takes with history in his « *Elizabeth Queen of England* » may be demurred to; but in this respect other Italian dramatists allow themselves still more startling latitude. The « *Abimelech* », by Ippolito d'Asti, is one of the last instances of a biblical subject dramatised, and with pathos that secured its success when acted in Rome, by a stretch of toleration rather singular, in '59. With pleasure may be hailed the partial restoration of the Chorus, an element so grandly conspicuous in the tragedies of Manzoni, in the *Arnaldo* of Niccolini, not indeed generally adopted by living dramatists, but in its lyric form imitated with fine effect in some scenes of Giacometti's *Giuditta*. Without the lyric, indeed, the full capacities of this language, for power and beauty, in dramatic creation, can scarce be manifested. Gherardo del Testa is another fertile and very popular dramatist, familiar to the stage of every Italian metropolis, not inferior in domestic pathos to Giacometti, nor less sprightly and refined in the humorous than any comic writer of this language. Dall'Ongaro, celebrated for his lyrics, has written a tragedy from Venetian life, « *Il Fornaretto* », of admirably sustained and thrilling interest. Meucci's « *Caterina de' Medici* » is one of the best specimens of the historic tragedy in prose, and used to be triumphant on the scene when acted by Carolina Internari, Ristori's instructress Chiossone and Leone Fortis stand in the foremost rank for versatility, and successes realised far and wide. In a series of cheap form, « *Italia Drammatica* », commenced at Turin, 1851, the selection of the modern acted drama opens with « *Camoens* », a

a Poet and a Minister », by Fortis, in prose, belonging to the romantic and serio-comic class, with a fullness of grouping scarce attempted till of late on this stage. From the same pen we have promise of a drama on the subject, « Georgio Byron ». In comedy, where French influences are often apparent, also in the serious prose drama, honourable mention is due to Brofferio, Vollo, Battaglia, Cosenza, Bon, Gualtieri, Gattinelli, and Rossi (the last two both actors and authors). Ferrari has attempted a kind of dramatic biography of genius in his « Parini and Satire », his « Goldoni and his sixteen Comedies », but never been so fervently applauded as for his « Prosa », one of the best examples of the wider social scope and healthfully moral purpose of the new Italian school; beside which, as an admirable comedy of modern life, may be placed « I Giornali », by Vollo, premiated at Turin—a brilliant and worthily-aimed satire on the dishonesties of the political press. Powerful effect is produced in this piece by the struggle of a better nature in the hero, who has fully discovered the depth of the abyss into which he has fallen, entrapped by offers of rescue, for a loving wife as well as himself, from the extreme of misery; and his retaliation by exposure of the malpractices of the clique, after fairly emancipating himself, forms an interesting finale. *Suor Teresa*, another novelty first produced at Turin, with great success, by Camoletti, is a serious drama with startling innovations against hitherto observed proprieties of the Italian stage—and, indeed, opposed to the letter of the law—the story that of an abbess and a novice—the former driven into the cloister, for refuge from wrong and destitution, in early life, without vocation; the latter about to be sacrificed to family intrigue, while her affections are set on an earthly object. In this destined victim the unhappy abbess discovers her own child, in time, by a bold stroke (under the circumstances impossible), to save her from a life of regrets, and shame the unworthy father into compliance with his daughter's interests as guided by the vocation of the heart. The appearance of a cloistral sisterhood, and, in profile view, even the ceremony of taking the veil—with details almost too sacred

to be admissible in any Catholic, scarcely in any Protestant city, on the stage—had an effect on the audience singularly manifest, but finally venting itself in marked applause. In one scene the abbess reappears for an hour, glittering, and seemingly of the glittering world, to confront, in the father of her protected novice, her own betrayer—to admonish, overwhelm; and constrain him, in the dust at her feet, to atone in some measure for the past by promoting the true happiness of his child; and in the finale she dies in presence of the father and daughter, amid the astonished circle of her veiled sisterhood. Such a performance, and its reception, certainly implied demonstration against the cloistral system about as plain as possible; but surely more suitable province might have been chosen for such moral protest than the stage.

The preference for the nationally historic distinguishes, and worthily, the school of recent birth in this Drama. Foscolo, together with Manzoni, contributed to giving that bias, and his *« Ricciarda »* has in this respect higher value than his *« Ajace »*, or *« Tieste »*. A lurid grandeur, analogous to that of the fatalist German school, distinguishes the *« Baccanali »* of Pindemonte, quite unlike the worn-out antique Roman subjects, as produced in so many other Italian scenes. In the last century, indeed, a new epoch was formed by the tragedies of Antonio Conti, who, following the suggestions of Gravina's *« Ragione Poetica »*, ventured to introduce the public life of ancient Rome in his scenes. That example was imitated in the *« Cajo Gracco »* of Monte; but never with such bold originality as by Revere, in his prose tragedies on Italian historic themes.

The popularity of Nota's Comedies might entitle him to be considered successor to Goldoni in the present century; but he does not combine pathos with humour like Gherardi del Testa (see, for instance, the *« Suonatrice dell'Arpa »* and *« Fioraja »* by the latter) We may expect the suffrages of posterity will accord in assigning to Niccolini the highest place among Italian tragic dramatists next to Alfieri, if many will not agree

in preferring him to that creator of the modern classic school: he is more natural, and has a moral scope of wider range, while an elevation of aim is corresponded to by dignity of diction in all his tragedies. Those from the sphere of Greek classics, *Medea*, *Edipo* ec. are less impressive than the others from mediæval story. « Arnaldo da Brescia », in many respects the finest, is a grandly significant picture of an epoch momentous to the claims of the two great mediæval potencies, the Papal and Imperial. « Giovanni da Procida » treats the story of the Sicilian Vespers not as Amari has elucidated its facts, but with vigour and a stern solemnity of effect. « Ludovico il Moro » presents in vivid scenes the point of transition between the ancient independance and modern subjection of Italy after the invasion by Charles VIII. « Filippo Strozzi » is the striking portraiture of a marked individuality surrounded by an historic tapestry that represents republican freedom at its last struggle against the Medici in Florence. « Antonio Foscarini » impresses with a terrific sense of the dark realities in oligarchic Venice. « Nabucco », one of the earliest, is a boldly conceived allegory representing characters of modern history in antique garb—the Assyrian King (as we are informed at the outset) standing for the first Napoleon; the two princesses for Madame Letitia and Maria Louisa; the High Priest, a captive exile, for Pius VII. That tragedy is inferior to others by the same pen; in the last scene, however, the moral of the Conqueror's career is summed up in lines pregnant with truth; and there is a sublimity in the suicide, when, falling on his sword, Nabucco desires Arsace (Carnot) to throw his body into the Euphrates, that the nations may remain ignorant of his death, and their kings tremble in expectation of his return—a finely tragic allegory on the banishment of Elba and the Hundred Days! Naturally was excited unusual interest, when, between two and three years ago, appeared a new drama with the name of Niccolini—« Mario e i Cimbri », which, journalists hastened to announce, had a directly political bearing, *Marius* to figure the King looked up to as the destined deliverer of Italy, under

his uniting sceptre; and the Cimbrians, of course, Austrian invaders. Such conception may be objected to as inconsistent with just theories of high ideal aims in Art; and perhaps this subserviency accounts for the coldness and want of reality felt throughout the scenes of this last tragedy, which fail to interest either by character or situation. The dialogue is sterile and prosaic; even the poetic element of the Chorus, assigned to Roman and Cimbrian soldiers, feeble and hard compared with that so finely effective and important to the historic completeness of the « Arnaldo » (1). A stern power of indignant utterance many passages in the *Mario* indeed display, but the *Filippo Strozzi*, which had preceded it (1847), was a gift of genius that more worthily closed the series sent forth in an illustrious career.

Most unfair would it be to take the *Mario*, given to publicity, it is said, without even the finishing touches requisite from the creating mind and hand, as true test of the abiding power retained by a great genius in its declining phase. With more pleasure may be recalled one of the ovations offered to Niccolini that expressed at once the general esteem for him, and the public feeling responding to the views conveyed in one of his finest dramas. It was on the 3rd. February, 1860, that the house for regular Drama in Florence reopened under its new name, *Teatro Niccolini*, substituted for the senseless one, *Cocomero*; by the good taste of the Academy « degli Infaocati » to whom it pertains. That night was prepared a characteristic triumph for the veteran Poet, fortunately able to attend, to witness the inauguration of his bust on the principal landing place of the stairs; and listen to the recitation of several patriotic sonnets from his pen, interspersed with musical performances, followed by a rarer theatric treat in the acting of two scenes from his « Arnaldo da Brescia »—the interview, so pregnant with meaning, between the Pope and the Reformer, and the final soliloquy of the latter, whose part Ernesto Rossi sus-

(1) A Chorus is also introduced with effect in one act of « Giovanni da Procida ».

trained with highest ability. Every denunciation against priestly ambition and the secular spirit in the Papacy, drew down tumultuous applause, so that, under existing circumstances, the performance with its reception might be considered an anti-ecclesiastic demonstration. Creditably, however, to that sense of decorum for which Florence enjoys repute, one restraint was enforced in respect to costume, Adrian IV. and Arnaldo both appearing in plain evening dress, so that, in outward show, it seemed rather the declaiming than the personifying of their parts in which the actors were engaged; nor has this tragedy ever yet been produced in its totality on the stage. Other adaptations of subject to the feeling and even events of the time, have been within late years carried to an extent rendering the Italian Theatre more and more the arena for political demonstration.

The open-air performances, usually drawing crowds in these cities, and suited to this climate, have been especially directed in this channel for the sake of successes almost invariably secured to the contemporary-historic drama, latest offspring of the Italian Muse. « Silvio Pellico and the Carbonari of 1820 », also the Brothers Bandiera and their attempt against the Kingdom of Naples, have been dramatised with sufficient skill for the purpose; and « Troppo Tardi », a piece of little intrinsic merit, had a run of triumphant nights at Florence shortly after the late vicissitudes it presented in a sort of allegoric treatment, reduced to the proportions of a domestic story. « Beatrice Cenci » appeared at the Mausoleum of Augustus in Rome under the Republic of '48—but few even of Alfieri's tragedies are now tolerated by the censorship of that city's stage. The story of Galileo I have seen acted in a diurnal theatre at Livorno, with immense applause from a public of the artisan-class; and a moiety of fiction to a basement of fact had ingeniously dressed up this theme for the purpose of throwing odium on the priesthood. Ugo Bassi, the priest who was put to death by a sentence cruel and unjustifiable, when taken by the Austrians on his flight from Rome, at Bologna, in '49, has been brought

upon the scene with successes I have witnessed in another diurnal theatre, at Genoa, when the denunciation against the Pope, pronounced by an actor in clerical costume, elicited the distinctest signs of public acquiescence; and more recently, « *La Famiglia Ebraica* », has brought on the stage the famous « *Mortara case* », with just a veil of fiction thrown over fact, and a catastrophe introducing the triumph of the national cause at Bologna, the expulsion of the Austrians, and deposition of a Pontifical Commissary, who does duty for the Cardinal Legate.

At Rome the Theatre remains under a censorship from the platitudes of which might be culled a rich selection. There such subjects as the Sicilian Vespers and the murder of Gustavus III. have been travestied quite beyond recognition. « *Lucrezia Borgia* » becomes *Elena Fosca*; and the libretto of one of Verdi's operas had to substitute *luogo abbominevole* for *luogo scellerato*, in reference to eternal punishment; *Demonio* instead of *Satanasso*; whilst *O Dio* had to be softened into *O Cielo*, and this for the benefit of a public in whose city the broadest blasphemy constantly meets our ears! But this system condemns itself by often, while it strains at the gnat, swallowing the camel, one instance of which I might cite in a certain scene of comedy where matrimonial infidelity is treated as a joke—and thus acted! nor could better comment be supplied than another elicited within my hearing: in a declamation from Dante by Gustavo Modena, the Ugolino episode being introduced, as usual, by the great actor, the line

Questi l'Arcivescovo Ruggiero—

was changed into—

Questi Ruggiero degli Ubaldini—

and, seated near the centre of the pit, I could hear the general murmur that passed through its ranks with the *real words* of the passage quoted in correction!

That the Italian stage should at last have turned the tables against Despotism, and from a slave become an assailant, from an appeal to piety an agent of attack against the Clergy, is not surprising. Once, under the direction of this country's oppressors, it was the instrument of the degradation that brought its natural consequences, reaction, the assertion of right, the hatred of wrong-doers. Under the detested Alessandro de' Medici were selected a particular set of comedies for performance, by the Gonfaloniere Salviati, with the express object of corrupting public manners in Florence to the degree desirable for that Prince's rule: the *Mandragola* of Machiavelli, the *Assiolo* of Cecchi, the *Cortigiana* of Aretino, the *Alidosio* of Pier Francesco de' Medici figuring on the list still extant, though perhaps but a few from the aggregate that might have been provided to serve such purpose.

The earliest Italian writer to mention theatricals as a profane amusement, apart from their once assumed sacred character, is Petrarch (1), whose disparaging notice seems to place the actor on about a level with the mountebank or court-buffoon—such the repute of the profession in the XIV. century. At a general retrospect this national Theatre may be considered an institution modified by the religious or moral ideas, and peculiarly marked by the character of the successive epochs it has passed through. First the Miracle Drama, imaginative and expansive, rising to life in the XI. century, and probably at its culminating point of magnificence when, in the year 1471, were performed Mysteries at Florence, among other splendid entertainments in honour of the visit of Giangaleazzo Visconti—the Annunciation in the church of St. Felice, the Ascension at the Carmine, the Pentecost at St. Spirito, which church, taking fire from the flames used to represent the descent of the Holy Ghost, was on that occasion entirely destroyed:

(1) *Pestis divitum pervetusta quæ ab Etruscis orta Romæ crevit—una est histrionum atque parasitorum lex, utrique blanditis armati, post fortunam eunt. (De Remed. utriusq. Fortunæ. Lib. I, Dial. xxviii).*

Once emancipated from ecclesiastical dependance, and casting off the devotional garb, this Drama divided itself into two classes (that is, in its serious and poetic walks), the Tragedy moulded on the antique, and the lyric Pastoral for music, all productions, except the broadly comic and the extravaganza, continuing long to be absorbed into one or other of these spheres. The true revival of classic Tragedy from the Greek must in fact be exclusively claimed for the Italian scene, many generations before Corneille and Racine attempted that pseudo-revival on the French; for the earliest examples of Italian vernacular Tragedy follow that model in construction, conduct of plot, and above all in the prominence given to the Chorus, a feature of such distinguishing beauty that we may regret its subsequent banishment from this Drama.

The imitation of Seneca is only found in the Latin of Masetto. Subsequently appeared the « Sofonisba » of Trissino, and the « Oreste » of Rucellai (written about 1525), to be classed with the former as a close copy of the Greek, severe and stately, for the most part in lyric metre without rhyme, with Chorus conspicuous both in dialogue and declamation, and no division into acts—its subject the same episode in the story, and with the same situations as the *Iphigenia* of Goethe—the German treatment indeed more nobly imagined, not but that there is much to admire in Rucellai's highly finished drama. In subsequent productions of this century, the Chorus still continues, like the Greek, not only to close each act by its strophes, but take prominent part in the dialogue—example of which we find in the « Edipo » of Anguillara (published 1565), and the « Astianatte » of Gratarolo (1580); but it finally becomes an element exclusively lyric, limited to strains of moral reflection or comment on events, evolved in stately numbers that terminate each act, sometimes in a form resembling the canzone—as in the « Orbecche » (1583), and the « Semiramide » of Manfredi (1593), both written with power and finished diction, but betraying a taste for horrors beyond anything the moral sense of our times could endure, or any censorship permit. The *Semiramis*, a shame-

less *Fury*, insists on marrying the young Ninus whilst knowing him to be her son! but, frustrated in this purpose, with her own hand murders his children and the wife whose clandestine marriage is discovered, to wind up the character to its maximum of ferocity. Giraldi's *Orbecca*, daughter of a Persian King, is desired by her father to draw aside the veil covering the mangled bodies of her two sons, the severed head and hands of her husband, thus butchered by the King's own hand to punish another clandestine union! after brief dissimulation, she stabs that father whilst he embraces her, and in like manner mangles his body (this upon the stage!) then, after a speech of some length exulting in her vengeance, finishes her achievements by suicide! Notwithstanding such excesses in the horrible, the tragedies of this period are more or less interwoven with moral reflections, and sentiments, usually assigned to the Chorus, of Christian spirit in expression often beautiful.—

Ma vincer se medesimo, e temprar l'ira,
 E dar perdono a chi merita pena,
 E nell'ira medesima ch'è nemica
 A la prudentia, e al consiglio altrui
 Mostrare senno, valor, pietà, clementia,
 Non pur opera estimo di Re invitto,
 Ma d'huomo ch'assomigliar si possa a Dio.
 Questo sol è, sol questa è la vittoria
 Vera nel mondo.— (« Orbecche »).

Manfredi prefaces his subject by two successive soliloquies from Ghosts; and Giraldi adds, after his grim catastrophe, a long epilogue in blank verse justifying his preference for the modern to the earlier classics, for Bembo, Trissino, Alamanni, in Italian poetry.

The « *Torrismondo* » of Tasso exhibits the most elaborate poetic finish, and in its Chorus all that power of lyric composition to be expected from such a master; but the style throughout is declamatory and ornate to excess; the speeches weary

by their length; and the whole five acts seem one wail of remorse and sorrow, little vivified by the tints of Nature—in the subject also offensive to moral taste. Among other fine passages of this Chorus, the strophe concluding has a dirge-like melody that lingers on the ear:

Ahi lagrime ! Ahi dolore !

Che più si spera, o che s'attende omai ?
 Dopo trionfi e palma,
 Sol qui restano a l'alma
 Lutto, e lamenti, e lagrimosi lai.
 Che più giova amicizia, o giova amore ?
 Ahi lagrime ! Ahi dolore !

Some have assumed that not Poliziano, but Rinuccini first brought the musical drama upon this stage, with his *Dafne*, *Euridice*, *Arianna*, all performed in Florence before the end of this century (1). He uses a form exclusively lyric, which in the *Dafne* has a melodious sweetness, though not equal to the versification of Poliziano's *Orfeo*. The « *Sacrificio* » of Beccari was the first example of the pastoral Fable brought on the stage, in northern Italy at least (at Ferrara), as we are informed by its prologue:

Ch'altra qui non fu mai forse udita
 Di questa sorta recitarsi in scena.

Alternating the long and lyric metres, blank verse and rhyme, it never rises above the character of the playfully idyllic; and the « *Sacrifice* » is nothing more than the unbloody offering of simple shepherds to Pan.

(4) The first essay of the musical drama here was in 1589, at the theatre constructed by Buontalenti, four years previously, on the highest storey of the *Uffizi*, and this was the first permanent theatre Italy possessed.

Alike fashioned on ancient models, the earliest comedies remind of Terence and Plautus; and in the « Flora » of Alamanni, which is metrical, intrigue and style are so like the antique Roman, that we are startled when a person talks about going to Mass. As was natural, the modern Opera at last drove off the stage the Pastoral with its Arcadian simplicities and Virgilian reminiscences. The « Azione cantata », distinct from this, and dedicated to serious, or even sacred arguments, without any save the lyric form of verse, was developed into higher character by Apostolo Zeno (1668–1730), who had lived 30 years before the birth of Metastasio, a competitor certainly superior to him, more artistic and affecting, in the same walk. Zeno left sixteen dramas for music on sacred themes, three from the New Testament, all performed at Venice early in the last century; distinct from the mediæval Mystery in that they admit no miraculous agency or superhuman personages, but possessing few merits beyond elegance and harmony, they never rise to the height of their subjects by majesty in tone or solemnity in feeling. Observing, in the Venetian edition of 1735, the *imprimatur* of an Inquisitor, we are the more surprised at the state of the religious mind—was it *naïveté* or indifferentism?—that could endure a performance on the stage like the « Gesù presentato nel Tempio », and greet the prima donna before the foot-lights, with a doll in her arms to represent the Divine Infant, quavering her *aria* with its *ritornello* :

Pura sono innanzi a Dio,
Offro a morte il Figlio mio !

Metastasio had finer taste and deeper feeling: his eight sacred Dramas, in the same lyric form interspersed with rhyming stanzas, contain exquisite passages, and touches of true pathos (particularly the « Morte d'Abel »); the « Santo Natale » is merely a dialogue between the theological Virtues; in the « Passione di Gesù Cristo » the interlocutors are Apostles and the Magdalene, with no appearance, even in distance, of a more

sacred Personage; but the awful grandeur of such themes is beyond the genius even of this Poet, and the mind remains less satisfied with these than with his dramatisation of other historic subjects. The « *Betulia liberata* », his own favourite, in tragic depth and gravity indeed stands more boldly relieved among the rest. « *Didone abbandonata* » was one of his great triumphs on the stage; and the « *Clemenza di Tito* » was pronounced by Voltaire to be worthy of Corneille when not declamatory, of Racine when not feeble. The Abate Conti's tragedies from Roman history open a school whose severer style and free expression of patriotic sentiment allow us to consider it the precursor of Alfieri's, though he still admits the Chorus as an essential accessory with much prominence and variety of form, *versi sciolti* and different metres, even, in one instance, a declamation resembling the canzone, assigned to a single speaker. His « *Giulio Cesare* » has been much admired, but seems feeble at the close, the assassination-scene being introduced merely in narration. The « *Druso* » has impassioned passages, but with little adherence to historic truth; and the character of Tiberius is weakly drawn, deficient in the terrific traits required for fidelity to its sombre original. Altogether, the dignity of the Italian Drama was certainly promoted, and its future attainment prepared for by this writer, as well as by the single tragedy of Maffei, the « *Merope* », represented in 1715, and ever since esteemed a model. Martelli (1665-1725) made an infelicitous attempt to naturalize in Italy the French school with its rhyming heroics, followed by no imitators; and his name left to this species of verse, (*versi martelliani*), alone saves the innovation from oblivion.

The *Commedia d'Arte* and Extravaganza must be associated with the name of their greatest champion and supporter, Carlo Gozzi of brilliant but ephemeral triumphs (†). His now unique *Plata* at least serve to illustrate, by the retrospect of their successes, one truth—how willingly the mind may be induced to

(†) Editions of his works have become rarities, and that of 1774, Venice, in 5 volumes, is the latest I have met with.

linger in the charmed sphere of all-fascinating Fiction, even amid its dream-creations the most remote from the real or possible. The several prefaces to these pieces afford curious glimpses into the literary quarrels and rivalries in the Venice of the last century, with avowals still more amusing of the author's self-satisfaction, and theories boldly, if not convincingly, advanced in opposition to canons long in credit. « A triviality brought upon the stage (he says), developed in its true aspects, that causes tumult and attracts crowds, is no more a triviality, but a stroke of invention delightful and useful; » and elsewhere he speaks, no doubt pronouncing his own claims, through the mouth of the « Blue Monster, » one of his creations monstrous as its name implies :

« Alte dottrine , allegorie che un giorno
Molto avean pregio , or disprezzate sono ,
Da' moderni scrittor , nè recar neja
Dessi a svelarle ».

In the argument of « L'Amore delle tre Melarancie », we have one of the few extant records of that strangely travestied Comedy that limited the author to a mere sketch in outline, for filling up by the actor at his pleasure, by dint of improvising capacities; this drama, as written, consisting of nothing more than a series of hints, stage directions that omit neither dress nor attitude, ejaculations, and a few epigrammatic sallies aimed against the author's rivals by name. « The hostilities (we are told) between the Fata Morgana and the Magician Celio figure allegorically the theatrical battles then being carried on by the two Signor poets, Goldoni and Chiari; and in the persons of the Fata and Magician are figured for caricature the same two poets ». The « Amour of the Three Oranges » triumphed beyond expectation; it was as if the tragic and comic Muses had been driven off by Jack the Giant-Killer; after distressing adventures we are quite relieved when the prince cuts open the orange whence the princess emerges, to win his heart and cure his mad-

ness. Several of these *Fiabe* had runs of 14 to 16 nights on the Venetian stage, a fact that presupposes an apparatus of mechanism quite wonderful, seeing by what portents and metamorphoses we have to be entertained. Strange it is, that true humour and feeling can nevertheless be audible at times, like Reason's voice in the midst of madness, within this wierd circle of phantasm and illusion! One might hear narrated the mere incident in « *Il Corvo* », where a prince is gradually turned into a marble statue in presence of his horror-stricken and remorseful brother, who has just condemned him to death, ignorant of his voluntary self-sacrifice to save that brother from the avenging magician—and we might scarce believe that such extraganza could possibly be worked up, as the scene really is, with an intensity and power absolutely harrowing. But the farcical ever stands beside the serious and tragi-comic, the typical characters, *maschere*, being introduced in all these *Fiabe*, under the same names—*Pantalone*, *Truffaldino*, *Brighella*, *Smeraldina*—always speaking the broadest patois. In the high comedy that admits analysis of passion this writer's capabilities unquestionably assert themselves when, for once, he confines himself to the regular and rational drama, in « *La Principessa Filosofa* », founded on the Spanish, *El Desden con el Desden*, of Moreto; in this is a love-situation, similar though more perplexed than that of Benedict and Beatrix, wrought up with knowledge of the heart and skill in the portrayal of gradually overmastering passion, that may increase our regrets for the throwing away of such high abilities on nonsense, as we see in Carlo Gozzi's case. Whilst he is almost forgotten, the rival he so petulantly assailed, Goldoni (1707-93) has a world-wide reputation resting on the merits of 150 dramas, his collective produce, in prose and verse, sixteen of which were brought out, in fulfilment of promise to the public, within one year! Voltaire remarks that his advent for this theatre might be called, like Trissino's Epic, *Italia liberata dai Goti*; and great indeed were his services to the cause, on one hand throwing down the bizzare fabric of the *commedie dell'Arte* with its array of caricature, on the other resuscitating (for this language

indeed creating) the modern Comedy that presents a mirror of life and social realities. Yet Goldoni himself found the necessity, for a time, of yielding to Fashion's sway over corrupted taste, and his « Uomo di Mondo » was written, he tells us, without any dialogue, but the sole character of the protagonist filled up, the rest left to the actors' wits. In the object of selecting the choicer flowers out of his garden, for the appreciation of the « Italian Molière », it may be not undesirable to have a few among these exemplifying his manner, out of his hundred-and-fifty, recommended to the reader—as the *Locandiera*, the *Bottega del Caffè*, *La Buona Famiglia*, *Il Ventaglio*, *I Quattro Rustici*, *Il Cavalier Giocondo*, *La Smania della Villeggiatura*; but for fuller acquaintance with this fertile genius, his « Memoirs » (originally in French) are more to the purpose, and more entertaining than his comedies. There is perhaps no work that gives such vivid and familiar pictures of Italian life in the last century, while for the story of the national Theatre, this autobiography is invaluable (1) Spite of all Goldoni wrote and achieved, the veritable tradition of the *Commedia d'arte* is to this day maintained at the favourite little S. Carlino house, in Naples, whose applauded performances are from a repertory never made public by the press, in fact only just sketched by the « poet of the company », otherwise left to the impromptu of the actors. And the Comedy in local dialect, which Goldoni supported, is still in high favour, especially at Rome, where a tiny theatre persists in its impudent travesties of classic tragedy with dialogue in broad Trasteverine.

Last among living competitors in the historic walk appeared Ricciardi, a distinguished Napolitan long in exile, whose tragedies (Paris 1855) are on themes of high patriotic interest—the Lombardi League, the Vespers, Masaniello, the expulsion of the Austrians from Genoa in 1746. Few modern productions so

(1) It confirms the report that in the Roman States, the Legations excepted, during this period, no women were allowed to appear on the stage, and female parts sustained by boys. . .

strikingly display the new impulses and scope given to this Drama by the school still in its youth. Ricciardi's must be welcomed not only for high intrinsic merits, but as the earnest of progress in the pathway of Nature and Truth. Their pathetic scenes have a power deep and often thrilling, while those of humbler life bring the people before us, at Palermo, Naples, Genoa, with a simplicity and distinctness hitherto seldom attempted in the Italian: their grouping varied, their movement bold and rapid, and characters in strong relief, these tragedies might well be promised the successes of the stage not yet (I believe) secured to them. « Stamira, or the Rout of the Army of Barbarossa before Ancona », is another late dramatisation from national annals, by Borioni, with some spirited scenes, though altogether too diffuse.

With much to be admired, and in its present phase exhibiting a reawakened energy that enlists all sympathies, we may yet consider this national Drama in a transitionary state; compared with the native wealth of suggestions, yet little enriched by illustration of the fatherland or its past destinies; and boasting of but few productions to be called *monumental*, except indeed Manzoni's, and the noblest by Niccolini, which truly belong to this sublime historic class (1). The more deeply thought-

(4) « Bianca Cappello », lately published, by Dall'Ongaro, should be added to the catalogue of the best poetic tragedies in the new phase of this literature; and is one of those where moral portraiture, not mere plot or situation, is the source of interest. A heroine surrounded by that doubtful reputation admitting the idea of charms and superiority together with imputable, though not certified guilt, is precisely the subject for tragic art; and all advantages consistent with history are here taken of the attractiveness naturally attaching to destinies and deserts still wrapt in mystery. Late researches into her life, published with some inedited letters of Bianca, by Federico Odorici, have been turned to account in presenting the brightest aspect of the character and the possibility is felt that the enchantress *may* have been, spite of presumptive evidence against her, neither abandoned in morals nor stained by murderous crime. The mixture of the Syren and the Fur

out tragedy, in which the sources of interest derive from the inner life, and the mysteries of human fate are referred to their solution in moral causes, still appears the property of the Northern rather than the Southern stage; but is nevertheless among high attainments to be fairly expected from the promise already given by Italy.

elsewhere introduced under this name, is altogether opposite to the impassioned, but essentially pure and highminded creature who is here recommended to our sympathies and compassion, endangered, blinded indeed, but not corrupted by the brilliant temptations surrounding her. Otherwise, this tragedy and all its characters, except the Dominican Alchemist, confidant of the Medici, are historic; the unravelling of the plot natural, and the terrific catastrophe sufficiently idealised by poetic treatment. Such an actress as Ristori might realise one of her triumphs in the impersonation of its heroine.

THE LITERATURE OF SICILY

Long-sustained oppressions and withering wrongs; met by a continually self-renewing spirit of resistance and endurance unto martyrdom in the struggle for sacred right, have thrown a halo of glory around Sicily, and elevated to a place, second at present to few on earth in the sympathies of generous minds, this beautiful and heroic land, marked out to be so sternly tried, and at last—Heaven grant it may be for permanent results!—so brightly victorious. With such titles to compassion and respect, may we not find interest in all the intellectual produce of Sicily, apart from any other recommendation than that of representing faithfully, at its several stages, the growth of mind in a vigorous fiery-tempered people? As might be expected from her history, she is struck most of all, in the annals of her literature, by the records of learning and genius doomed to pass away almost without any, or at least with very inadequate, fruit for posterity, under the pressure of persecution, political or religious, the discouragement of neglect, the absence of healthful stimulant. The literary destinies of this island, from the time of the Spanish Viceroy, afford constantly recurring instances of toil and talent whose produce has remained limited to the benefit of small circles; or, if commanding abilities won success more widely extended, sufficient to defy untoward circumstance, the offspring we

find, for the most part, fated rapidly to disappear, or sink into the class only to be met with among the curious antiques of public libraries, though many such productions possess merits entitling them to higher places in the esteem of modern times; and even the gleanings of Sicilian literature (I have reason to believe) might, by research and discriminating selection, be made to yield a harvest by no means contemptible.

The Abate Mongitore, in his carefully-compiled « *Bibliotheca Sicula* », published early in the last century, had the merit of preserving to his country the biographies of all her writers, with at least the titles and leading characteristics of their works, whether printed or only preserved in MS., from the period of Greek domination to his own day; but we have to regret that this learned ecclesiastic transmitted no specimens, either in prose or verse, of the hundreds of authors, many scarcely known or named beyond their native *Trinacria*, whom his diligently worked-up pages record. Amazing is the number of writers, particularly of the seventeenth century, whom we become acquainted with in this *Biblioteca*, many for a time popular in high degree, lauded as the pride of their country, yet now almost forgotten even on the southern side of the Alps, and rarely even to be appreciated from such fragments as are included in selections from Italian classics, or « specimens » philosophic and poetic.

Chiarenza, a doctor of laws, left at his death, 1672, numerous poems, amorous, heroic, allegoric—the « *Judgment of Paris* » and the « *Eruption of Etna* » most ambitious and finished among these—all in MSS., that have not yet (that I can ascertain) ever seen the light in print. La Farina, of the baronial family Aspromonte, left many writings, prose and verse, treating a great variety of subjects, philosophic, political, etc., in the same condition; and alike useless to the public have remained, in a conventual library at Palermo, twenty-one MS. volumes by Andrea Carino, of the order of Regular Clerics, deceased 1664, whose career of wonderful activity, embracing in its aims such varied subjects, treated in Latin and Italian, as Egyptian Antiquities,

general Archæology, Medicine, Hunting, Fishing, the Apocalypse, Spiritual Meditations, and Platonic Philosophy! Most of all perhaps is there cause to regret the loss, through indifference, of an unfinished work, interrupted by the premature death of another noble author (1665), the Marquis de Geraci, who had undertaken the history of all Sicilian poets down to his own time; but the material thus prepared was in part made use of by Allocci, for a less comprehensive publication on the antique poets of this Island. Another instance of reprehensible carelessness was the dispersion of the great MS. compilation, for illustrating by documents the sacred and political annals of Sicily, by the Canon Amico, royal historiographer, some of whose volumes were carried away by the Archbishop of Palermo (Palafox), others fated to remain stowed out of sight in the library of the Madonia family (for which facts see the « Summary » of Sicilian history by Palmeri). Following in Amico's steps, Rocco Pirro compiled, with judicious collation of authorities, the « Sicilia Sacra, or Notices of Sicilian Churches » (1783), a Latin work of rather ponderous reading, but useful and complete in its kind.

The two highest authorities in Italian Poetry—Dante and Petrarch—testify that Sicily was the cradle alike of their language and its letters. The former says, in his *De Vulgare Eloquentia*, l. 1. c. xiii: « When we contemplate the fame bestowed upon this land of Sicily, we must blush for our princes, who, leaving the track of heroes, follow in the footsteps of the ordinary rabble; but Frederick II. and his son, Manfredi, gave proofs of their nobleness and superiority of mind. Men of high aspirations endeavoured to follow the example of the majesty of such great princes; whence it followed that all Italian compositions of any merit in that country emanated from the court of those exalted monarchs; and, as the seat of their royalty was in Sicily, whatever our ancestors composed was styled Sicilian, which denomination is retained even now ». Petrarch affirms that the good vernacular, « il buon volgare », was first spoken in Sicily, and at the court of Frederick II. Thus, in fact, this Island became the birthplace of the classic Italian; and her Poets

the true founders of that literature destined to attain a rank so magnificent. Under the reign of Frederick reputation was won by Ciullo d'Alcamo, the first on record in this galaxy, who wrote a poem in Sicilian dialect, about 1193, the only composition by him still extant, consisting of an amorous dialogue, and deemed the earliest specimen of Italian verse. Frederick himself, and his son Manfred were inspired by the tender passion to frame rhymes in the same vernacular, still preserved. Contemporary with Ciullo flourished other poets, as Odo delle Colonne and Arrigo Testa, all, however, surpassed by a relative of the former, Guido delle Colonne, author of a history of the Trojan war in Latin prose, (about the year 1276), and metrical writings of such merit that Muratori styles him the first poet of his age. Tiraboschi cites an English Monk of the XIV century for the story that Edward I., when he visited Sicily in 1273, on his return from the Holy Land, made acquaintance with this same Guido, and persuaded him to accompany him to England, so impressed was the King by the wisdom and genius of the Poet; but this Tiraboschi himself considers doubtful. In the same period we read also of the honours awarded to a Sicilian Poetess, named Nina, to whom Dante di Majano (a writer of no inferior repute in the XIII. century) addressed an epistle in verse, expressing high admiration, which led to a correspondence, maintained for some time through the same poetic medium, in a strain of sentiment half amorous, half Platonic.

The first developments of the Sicilian literature to be styled modern appeared in connection with the *Accademie*, about the same period that those associations were beginning to rise into prominence in the neighbouring peninsula. That of the *Accessi*, founded at Palermo 1568, and holding its assemblies in an ancient chapel of the Dominican convent, was the first to lead the way, followed by several others, of which Messina became, in the next century, the principal seat, with their usual fantastic names (the *Fucina*, the *Abbarbicati*, etc.) and pedantic procedure. Among these was the *Clizia*, doomed, with all the rest, and even the University at Messina, to suppression by the blind and

stupid vengeance of her Spanish rulers after the heartless abandonment of that city by Louis XIV. (1678), thus to punish her infidelity to the Spaniard and voluntary subjection to the French Crown; but early in the eighteenth century the Clizia Academy rose again into life, under the auspices of several *savans*, who for some years rendered it a centre of learning in that ill-fated city. Neapolitan rule has crushed, within recent years, many similar *réunions* for scientific or literary objects; and, as if the ferocious massacre and pillage of Catania, in 1848, had seemed little to the vindictive spirit of the « bombarding » King (*par excellence*), the learned Academies in that place celebrated were, excepting the *Gioenia*, (of scientific renown), sentenced to suppression under the military rule following. Among the few names that rose, under the auspices of the *Accesi*, in the sixteenth century, to any eminence they have continued to shine from till modern years, was Antonio Alfano (deceased 1578), whose « Rime », justly esteemed for gracefulness and taste, appeared in the publications of that body, brought out (as far as recorded) only in three issues during the first years after its creation. A higher flight was tried by the same writer in two poems aspiring to epic character, the « Victory of the Marchese di Pescara », and the « Celestial Combat between St. Michael and Lucifer ». We have thenceforth to observe the decided predilection for the heroic epos in the Sicilian poetry of more recent ages, with a singularly bold choice of subjects, for the most part from native history, political or religious, considerably coloured by a taste for the supernatural and a fervid devotional feeling; which last is indeed the *animus* and main source of inspiration in the great majority of poetic produce yielded by this Island. Piety, and a faith soaring boldly on the wings of imagination, have not failed to characterise mind and literature here throughout periods of struggle and vengeance against despotism, and notwithstanding the hostilities, the support of her oppressors, the damaging interference with her internal interests, for which Sicily has had, during disastrous ages, to thank the Popes, long her worst enemies. In the last instance, this religious epos attested the

bias of Sicilian genius so recently as 1815, when appeared the « *Sicilia liberata* », by Giuseppe Vitale, a blind poet, whose argument (sustained with more than ordinary powers, if scarce equal to the ambitious conception) is the deliverance of his country from the Saracen by her Norman invaders. Returning to the earlier attempts in this difficult form, we find perhaps the most successful epic of the XVII. century in the « *Catania Liberata* », ten cantos, by Francesco Murabito, published at that city (1667), and embodying the legend of her deliverance from a tremendous eruption of Etna through the intercession of St. Agatha. Scarcely suited to interest much those who have not visited the sites described—the burning mountain, the lava-blighted regions round that beautiful but desolate city, the Greek amphitheatre, the Temple of Ceres, and that great Benedictine monastery still flourishing in regal state within Catania's walls—this poem has much picturesque description, much finely-introduced grouping, that might win admiration if separated from matter rather too much spun out to please the readers of other lands. Processions of monks, canons, magistrates and friars, with the relics of St. Agatha (her veil and bust) and the *Sacro Chiodo*, (revered as one of the nails of the Crucifixion), and various solemn ceremonies, are the means had recourse to for deprecating the Divine wrath, and the peril of nature's dread throes, which (strangely enough in a country where science has effected so much to explain and illustrate local phenomena) are throughout ascribed to the immediate agency of demons! Want of personal portraiture and individuality is the defect that gives a pallor and coldness to this poem; and our interest even in the sainted heroine is confused by the manner she is introduced, sometimes as a beatified spirit, sometimes as simply represented by her relics enshrined at the cathedral—these revered objects being indeed so often produced with triumphant success, averting every lava-current sent from the volcano towards the city, that it seems inconsequent the eruption should be allowed to continue, spite of these repeated checks from a higher agency: inconsistencies into which the exaggerations of saint-worship not

unnaturally led this accomplished author, who has not, however, failed, true to the spirit of his age, to supply due admixture of Pagan mythology and startling juxtapositions of the Heathen and Christian—Neptune, Vulcan, Encelades, Othos and Ephialtes, associating strangely with saints invoked by the Church; and a much graver offence against taste and feeling, with the presumption exemplified in many Italian poems of this century, is the introducing of the Supreme Being as an interlocutor! But, though epics were the most ambitious and not rarest produce of Sicilian poetry at this period, the writer generally esteemed first among her poets of the seventeenth century was Antonio Veneziano, of Monreale, who attempted nothing in this walk, yet enjoyed high popularity for lighter effusions, canzoni, idylls, sonnets, lyrics of every description, and especially for his brilliant and audacious lampoons, that frequently brought him into troubles and imprisonment, as might be expected under the jealous sway of the Viceroy. It was during one of these captivities that this favourite poet of the day, the Gladi of Sicily, was overtaken, still in the vigour of life and genius, by tragic disaster fatal to his existence—the explosion of a powder magazine in the Castellamare fortress, his prison, at Palermo; and when the Viceroy, who had not scrupled to punish his freedom of pen, learnt that Veneziano had thus met with his death, he exclaimed that the glory of Sicily had passed away with that poet. Another writer of this period may be associated with him from similarity of fate (though belonging to quite a different class); Barone, author of the « *De Magistratu Panormitano* », one of many valued works on Palermo's antiquities (1680)—who died in the prison of the Inquisition, to which tribunal he had been cited for the liberal opinions charged against him, as certain passages were interpreted in his works. Lyric poetry was cultivated in Sicily, and the idiom peculiar to these islanders, as well as the pure Italian, frequently used to give characteristic nationality to its forms, during past centuries, especially the seventeenth, though we find no genies comparable to Meli's, no verse whose fascinations could retain permanent hold over

the popular mind, like the charming idylls couched in a dialect of such rich Doric sweetness by that gifted writer—the « modern Anacreon », of Sicily. Salvi, an ecclesiastic, was great also in the canzone and idyll, both sacred and burlesque; and Alessandro Burgos, who took vows as a Franciscan friar at the age of 17, not only poured forth a profusion of sonnets, of the sylvan and marine (so-called) class, but gained higher honours by sacred elegies, attributed, like Ovid's « *Heroides* », to the personages whose feelings they intend to express: the « *Arrows of Divine Love* », from the lips of sainted virgins; the « *Tears of Penitence* », from those of other female saints, who, after being great sinners, had become examples of holiness. With these two poets belonged also to the seventeenth century a knight of Jerusalem, Andrea Miquelò, distinguished by valour at the siege of Candia, 1692, who left discourses, alternating prose with verse, on mystic and devotional arguments—as their titles, « *Wisdom Crowned* », the « *Ladder of Paradise* », etc. imply—besides comedies, one for music, of such love-adventurous style and intrigue as to remind us of Lope di Vega.

A breeze from the mountains, a smile from the valleys of Sicily greet us in the pages of her immortal Poet, the first of modern, if not of any time, among all who have won laurels in this land. Giovanni Meli, born and deceased at Palermo (1740-1815), after completing his first studies under the Jesuits, applied himself to medicine and graduated in that science, by the practice of which he gained himself an independance in a village named Cinesi, not far from Palermo; but from this period, it seems, poetry rather than his profession occupied his thoughts till the end of life. At the age of 17 he astonished his countrymen by a production in eight cantos and octave stanzas, « *La Fata Galante* », in the native dialect; he ever afterwards used, for the poems in various forms and metres, of which three complete editions have appeared at Palermo. The Royal Family being resident in that city, the merits of Meli were so successfully urged on the regards of King Ferdinand as to obtain for him, in 1798, a pension of 300 ducats, and the honour of a medal

coined in his name by the Prince of Salerno's order, with the epigraph « Anacreonti Sicule ». Before this date he had laid aside his character of village-doctor, called to fill the chair of chemistry in the Lyceum at Palermo; and genius, triumphant even in spheres not of its own predilection, enabled him to master in incredibly short time that science he was the first in this island to expound, and on which he published several treatises. We learn, among the few recorded events of his life, that in childhood the reading of Ariosto had revealed to his mind the fact that he also was born a poet; also that the City of Palermo decreed the erection of a bust to him shortly before his death, but too late for him to witness the accomplishment of that purpose. The term « abate » seems in his case to have been applied simply as equivalent to « professor » or « doctor ». Among his several « burlesque » poems, the one first produced is perhaps first in merits, original in idea, subtle in humour, and, for the age at which it was written, certainly one of Gentius's most extraordinary achievements. A kind Fairy, in gratitude for his saving her life when disguised in the form of a toad, takes him under her protection and escort, on a journey first directed to the Kingdom of Falsehood and City of Deceit, where he becomes acquainted with vast variety of characters and professions; the phantom-representatives of things on earth. Their visits include the court and all public institutions :

Elsewhere we saw a spacious library,
 Whose shelves for the most part the Poets cumber,
 Romances, books on physiognomy,
 On plants, gems, secret virtues without number;
 No end to volumes on Astrology,
 Facetious Apologues, and learned lumber.
 High in the midst Delusion held her sway,
 Confounding all things, leading all astray.

At the palace they ascend to upper apartments,—

Where sat in gala-robes Politic Science,
 And by her side a courtier high in favour,
 False Machiavelli, whose insidious wiles,
 And villanies, excited but my smiles—

which disrespect for a great celebrity might draw down indignant reprisals from graver Italian *litterati*. Among other episodes, in their continued journey, is introduced with happy effect the story of the Rape of Proserpine; and the Poet communes with Leibnitz, who expounds metaphysical theories to him. At last, he is informed by the *Fata* that she is nothing else than the personification of his own fantasy, and her toad-metamorphosis his own gloom, or fit of vapours, which his wiser nature now counsels to chase away—admirable moral for a fairy-tale!

The « Origin of the World » is another *bernesque* of mythologic treatment, to satirize the philosophic theories of Cosmogony, all which, from Orpheus to Spinoza, are made to pass in review at the banquet-table of Olympus in course of discussion on the best means for producing a universe, gods and goddesses being here introduced in very domestic, not at all heroic aspects. In his « Visions » the Poet is visited by the shade of Sancho Panza, and informed that the fate of Don Quixotte in another life is to spend half the year on the task of imprisoning the winds in a net; the other half, as reward for his generous intentions, in Elysium. The above-named heroes Meli has more especially appropriated in his longest poem, a mock-heroic in octave cantos, called by their names. To reproduce the Knight and his adventures in verse would have been a less difficult task than that here undertaken of presenting the same personages central to a different tissue of incidents and scenes, alike serving to develop the idiosyncracies of both Knight and Squire. The finishing touches to the principal character Meli has applied with delicacy and effect scarcely inferior to Cervantes. After « moving accidents by flood and field », comes a finale in no way borrowed from the Spanish: the Don's submission, in remorse for a moment's infidelity, of thought and

word only, toward his Dulcinea, to penance imposed *ad libitum* by the Squire,—no other than the abandoning knight-errantry for the humble toils of agriculture. But Don Quixotte, thus transformed into a plodding husbandman, has his mind still bent on setting the world to rights, still filled with hopes for the restoration of a Golden Age; contented and subdued nevertheless, he toils on till a fatal suggestion from Sancho, to begin the attempt of making the crooked straight, not on the world but on a tree, in which vain effort he meets his death. We have here a moral hinted rather than developed, on the healthful virtues, the dignity of labour, which is in fact far more suggestive than the moral in large letters, formally drawn up at the end—namely, that good sense and fortune cannot go together; but he who honourably maintains himself will enjoy peace sufficient to mitigate every ill; and though he may never have riches at his disposal, the virtuous man will be content with little. The tone of levity in which the death-scene and funeral are narrated is a Memish exposing the “Don Quixotte and Sancho Panza” to serious objections; otherwise, nothing could be more healthful and pure than the whole tenor of Meli’s writings. Subtlety of wit, facility, erudition are most striking in the humorous; but for feeling, enthusiasm, and all the imagery that carries us to his own delightful land—the soul in his song that won for him the title of “modern Theocritus”—we must study his Idylls, and Eclogues. No poetry is more coloured and imbued by impressions of the natural world; and though it is a joyous, careless spirit, inclined to the brightest views, genial even to playfulness, whose changeful moods are here reflected, we yet recognise the sense of that higher presence, that power in “the mighty Mother” to chasten and purify, and silently triumph over evil, the Divine in the visible. The rich softness, the expressive simplicity remind us of, but often rise higher than, the flight of the Bucolic Muse in Sicily’s Greek classics. Translation into any other idiom (except the Italian) must be very inadequate in comparison to such originals.—

Silent shades, and sunny verdure,
 Vale and mountain, field and grove,
 Ye hath Nature fair created
 Only for the hearts that love.
 Every whisper of the forest,
 Every murmur of the stream,
 Air, and echo that soft answers,
 All invite to feel and dream.

Bird and insect gaily floating,
 Flocks and herds that roam apart,
 Innocence with smile enchanting,
 All have language to the heart.
 E'en this breeze of balmy coolness
 Laden with delight is nigh;
 Every gentle soul caressing—
 Calls from each a thought, a sigh.

Ope to joy the Spirit's portal;
 Welcome glad to genial guest!
 He alone the blessing misses
 Who to Love hath closed his breast.
 Dark and sullen his that feels not
 Nature's beauty spread around;
 But the breast to Love a stranger
 Hath in guilt its anguish found (1).

One may regret that the writer of these Pastorals should have so often followed other paths; and in the « Origin of the World » might look for a nobler tone than the satirical, however ingeniously directed. Excellent, but inferior in poetic character and aim are his « Cagliostro », a *novella*, « Sarudda », a dithyrambic, and various Fables. Other effusions, as « Moral and

(4)

Sti silenzi, sta verdura
 Sti muntagni, sti vallati,
 L'ha criate la Natura
 Pri li cori innamorati etc.

DAMETA, *Idyll 4.*

political Counsels », might be styled the poetry of common sense; and the « Villeggiatura » is a satire on modern fashionable life similar in aim to Goldoni's comedies on the same subject. As in the Italian mock-heroic Epics, all serious thought, all contemplation of life's sad realities or sublime destinies, is eliminated, so also in the humorous and more elaborate poems, but not so in the exquisite minor pieces by Meli; throughout whose volumes, however, we find no direct allusion to Christian belief or observances. For readers who have not studied the Sicilian dialect, a version of these poems in pure Italian (*Nova Biblioteca Popolare*, Turin) by Gazzino, professor of Literature at Genoa, suffices in order to the general appreciating of their merits, if somewhat of their inimitable originality must be lost even in this idiom, and with all the power of construction this translator has tastefully exerted.

At Catania appeared, in 1814, three volumes of selections from the numerous poems of Domenico Tempio, a self-educated citizen of that place, displaying much humour, quickness of fancy, and satiric point, but by no means free from defects that betray want of familiarity with good models. The same year died at Palermo a Nun of the Carmelite Order, Anna Li Gnastelle, who in her youth had published two poems aspiring to the epic character, one on the story of St. Rosalia, the other entitled, « Palermo delivered from the plague in the year 1625, through the invocation and triumphs of St. Rosalia ». Another Sicilian lady, who died at Rome in 1770, Pallegra Buongiovanni, of Palermo, imitated Petrarch, both in cadence and phraseology, with much success, in a series of poetic « Answers in the name of Madonna Laura » to the sonnets and canzoni of the laurel-crowned Lover. Giuseppina Turrisi Colonna, who died, still young, in 1848, was esteemed the first Sicilian Poetess of her day; and indeed in her lyrics displays gifts far above the ordinary: graceful and harmonious, with refinement and elevation of feeling, drawing her inspirations mostly from religion and patriotism, though at times indulging in a morbid melancholy that seems fostered and self-commended by her fervent

admiration for Byron, (to whom many of her lines refer), her compositions may class among the best, in the walks of occasional verse, recently produced.

Modern Italian philosophy, generally speaking, inclined to no partisanship, nor hanging on the *ipse dixit* of any infallible leader; of healthful moral tendencies, free from perplexing transcendentalism in theory as from mystifications in language, has usually (what indeed may be considered a condition of its very existence) arrived at conclusions in accordance with the precepts of Christianity. The great Coryphaei of Metaphysics in this country, belonging to our times, Gioberti and Rosmini, were religious in the largest sense and noblest spirit; and not less distinguished for the orthodox character of his theories was the most celebrated philosophic writer of the age in the Neapolitan kingdom,—Galuppi, deceased within recent years. Vico, Genovesi, Tamburini, Mamiani, all the great Italians of the same class in modern times, have this distinction, that Christian morality and convictions are apparent in all they have written.

Sicilian literature in this walk has the same characteristic; and its present most esteemed representative, the Theatine Father, Ventura, has a name revered wherever he is known either by his voluminous writings, or by his fervid and impressive oratory. The resuscitator of Scholasticism, he has engrafted a system of Philosophy on Revelation alone, denying the capacities of Reason for discovering, unassisted, any fundamental truth of Religion. The advocate of liberal principles in the political order—Ventura is one of those few Catholic theologians who have kept pace and sympathized with the late Italian movements towards civil reform, and eloquently succeeded in reconciling them, abstractedly considered, with the high interests of Faith, with the truly sacred claims of the Hierarchy. When this boldly original orator preached the Lenten course at St Peter's, in 1847, he used language long unheard within those or any walls of Roman churches, vindicating the indissoluble alliance between Religion and Liberty, the natural connexion of Catholicism with Civilization; and when in Rome during the

siege in '49, Ventura is reported to have maintained theories acceptable even to those then in temporary power—that the Clergy should be ready to abandon all participation in temporal government, to confine themselves to the teaching of Truth, and be satisfied with the sublime office of illustrating and exemplifying Christian virtue (see Ranalli, *Istorie Italiane*, l. XXIV). Another metaphysical writer, locally celebrated, though of no reputation to be compared with that of Ventura, was formerly a inmate of the Jesuits' College at Palermo, Padre Romano, whose principal work, *L'Uomo Interiore*, (or « Man in his relations with Nature and with God »), setting out with the definition of Reason as the faculty by which we tend to perfection in knowledge and action, adopts, as point of departure, the Cartesian axiom, *Cogito, ergo sum*; and quotes, with assent, Pope's « proper study of mankind is man », treating in one section the « Origin and Progress of Scepticism », (properly, indeed, a sketch of the History of Philosophy in its opposition to revealed Religion), with great ability. Like Vico, he assumes that the Romans had a philosophy of their own, anterior to the introduction of any systems from Greece. Referring to the period of the *renaissance*, in a lively narrative of those intellectual revolutions, he recognises the revival of Platonism in Marsilio Ficino and Pico della Mirandola; of Pythagoreanism, in Giordano Bruno; of the Aristotelian and Pantheistic schools, in Pomponazzo and Vanini; and Democritus he considers to have been represented by Talesio and Campanella. Coming down to the present century, he applauds Dugald Stewart and Reid as « the philosophers of common sense »; Gerbet and Lamennais (of course referring only to the earlier career of this latter) as champions of Revelation, who have evinced its necessity to the well-being and dignity of man. He especially welcomes, as distinguished by justness of views and positivity of principle, the historic school lately sprung up in Catholic Germany, represented by Voigt, Moehler, and Hurter. The system of Descartes (though having adopted its first symbol) he pronounces false, as far as the necessity of beginning with universal doubt is

concerned, but just in its psychologic principle. All radical errors respecting the nature and attributes of Deity he derives from Pantheism; and declares his eclectic bias in a finely-argued defence of the principle that the adherence to a new system of philosophy ought not to be, nor can consist in, the renunciation of all preceding, or the pretention to build all anew, but in uniting under a more elevated point of view all doctrines previously recognised as just.

In a chapter on « Revelation and Philosophy », he shows, with finely sustained power of reasoning, that all true philosophy, and the solution of all great questions in history, are concentrated and meet in the Gospel of the Redeemer. Jesuit as he is, this reverend metaphysician introduces Christianity, on the page of speculative reasoning, purely with reference to its great broad tenets, as a field of sublime principles, where all who admit its very first postulates may meet in confessing a common salvation.

One of the most extraordinary philosophical works, considering the circumstances under which it was produced, is the treatise « On the Human Soul », by Tedeschi, the blind Professor at Catania; and when we reflect upon the other misfortunes, besides that which has attended him from birth, of this distinguished man, we may hesitate how to measure the guilt of a Government under which such wrongs could be inflicted, unpunished, and unatoned for.

On the taking of Catania in 1849, the mother, son, and two daughters of Tedeschi retired for refuge to a small villa they owned in a suburb, on the opposite side to that it was supposed the Neapolitans would choose for their march upon the city. They were mistaken—through this very suburb the victorious forces carried their track of desolation and blood. The helpless family, assembled in an upper room before an image of the Virgin with her divine Child, awaited in prayer the issue of their fate, uncertain what sufferings might be at hand. The troops entered that house, where no resistance whatever had been attempted, and deliberately murdered the aged mother, the

son, and one daughter of the blind professor; another daughter, who concealed herself under a bed, being wounded by a bayonet, though not with fatal result. It may give the reader an idea of the state of this country to be informed that such atrocity as this—I need not qualify it—passed unnoticed by the press or by the Government; and perhaps the most damning accusation possible against the Neapolitan rule in Sicily was implied in the fact that this bereaved son and father, a man occupying a chair in the first university of the land, did not (as far as is known) even reclaim to a single authority for indemnification or judgment of his unspeakable wrongs! Such the story believed and repeated to me at Catania within a period not very distant from the event; and if exaggerated in detail, can it be supposed that its leading facts were gratuitously invented for narration to foreigners?

That under such circumstances historical literature should have found little encouragement in this country, is easily intelligible. The Sicilian historian beyond all comparison greatest in this walk among his co-nationals of the age, was obliged to save himself by flight and exile almost from the first moment he obtained eminence. The escape of Amari has been narrated in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, with details not precisely correct: shortly after the publication of his admirable work on the « Vespers », Amari received an invitation from the court, in flattering terms, to repair to Naples, as the King desired to know personally, perhaps destining extraordinary honours for, one of such shining talents! but at the same time intimation from friendly quarters warned him that a snare was intended, and that he might be deprived of liberty for ever, if once within the clutches of his royal entertainer.—Many of his friends at Palermo advised him to escape by whatever means, whilst others (among whom was our Consul) thought that even Ferdinand II. could not be capable of a treachery so odious, and that his best course would be fearlessly to present himself before Majesty. He accepted, but in the intent of evading, the royal invitation; and if it be true, as asserted, that till his departure he had found himself con-

tinually watched by spies, assuredly his suspicions were not ill-founded. The insidious summons had been backed by the offer of a free passage on a government steamer, and on this he embarked, but not before having previously arranged, with the assistance of Mr. Goodwin, (our Consul), to be received in a French merchant-ship then about to sail for Marseilles. Therefore, having caused himself to be rowed to the steamer and passed a few minutes on board, he feigned having forgotten a part of his effects, and desired the use of a boat to return to shore for them; but, once out of sight, ordered the sailors to row to the French vessel, from which no attempt was made to withdraw him. When the revolution of 1848 had reached a phase of success in Sicily, Amari returned to become a deputy in the chambers, and discharge important political duties; he of course was under the necessity of a second flight on the suppression of the Sicilian movement, and returned to Paris, where he had already begun the work that has greatly added to his reputation—a history of the Saracen domination in Sicily. I question whether any translation could enable fully to appreciate Amari's merits, the object of whose assiduous studies was to form a style on that of Tacitus; and if in condensed pregnancy of expression he cannot be allowed to equal his Latin prototype, the merit undoubtedly belongs to him of creating an era in the historic literature of his country. His "Vespers" though to be found in public libraries, was not allowed to be publicly exposed for sale at Palermo under the Bourbonic government—but this need not have surprised.

That distinguished man himself contributed to confirm the reputation of a countryman and competitor in the same historic walk—Nicolo Palmeri, to whose *Essay on the Constitutional History of Sicily*, after the author's decease, he published a preface, with a biographic notice. That writer, born in 1778, of noble family, especially dedicated himself to the study of Sicilian history and jurisprudence; sat in the Parliament of 1812, and in the two Parliaments that followed the dissolution of the former, always contending for the principles of constitutionalism.

When the revolution broke out in 1821, he declared himself opposed to that movement, because solely proceeding from the people, and democratic; even wrote energetically against the Neapolitan Parliament, then brought into brief existence, for having annihilated the accord stipulated by General Pepe at Palermo; he also attacked Lord Castlereagh, and expressed reprobation of that minister's policy. In 1826 he published an *Essay on the Causes and Remedies of Agrarian Difficulties in Sicily*; and in 1832 finally retouched and perfected the other *Essay* above named, adding an appendix on the events of 1821. After this he began his principal work, *Summary of the History of Sicily*, from the earliest times to the accession of the Bourbons, in five volumes, the last three of which appeared posthumously in 1839, '40, and '41, the lamented author having died of cholera during the visitation of that pestilence at Palermo, in 1837. Born to wealth, he died poor, owing to the vicissitudes of agricultural interests, and still more so to his always having refused public employment under a Government whose favours he abhorred, because considering it fraudulent, false, and, as far as Sicily was concerned, usurping.

The *Summary* of Palmeri is accurate, impartial, and interesting, sometimes too rapid for meditation on passing events, and blamed by native critics for a style obscured by phrases rather antiquate. Amari pronounces it to be « a good work of the school of Hume ». The *Essay on Constitutional History* is, on the other hand, accused of being written in a jargon of Gallicism; for, till his later years, the author is said to have habitually studied nothing but French and English. His picture of the court of Ferdinand I. and his haughty Queen, whilst resident at Palermo during the French dominion at Naples, is most curious, having much of the interest proper to romance, and that of the darkest aspect,—corrupt, intriguing, treacherous, deficient in political dignity and good faith as was that circle of exiled royalty. This work is dedicated to the English Parliament (September 1821), whose proceedings and speeches regarding Sicily the author protests against; as to our constitu-

tion observing, « it is likely to prove the truth of Montaigne's prophecy, that it will perish when the legislative power shall have become more corrupt than the executive. » he desires, with severe reference to the then ascendant parties in England, to have the consolation of applying to himself the line :

Parsque mihi saevi vultum nudasse tyranni.

Among the writers regularly employed at the Vatican Library, was the Abate Matranga, an amiable and estimable Sicilian *savant*, who, some years ago, was often to be met, and generally a favourite, in English society at Rome. His contributions to archaeologic literature were many and valuable; and in the course of his researches he drew from obscurity in that mysterious library a MS. throwing additional light on the great massacre of Palermo in 1282. This document, occupying twelve sheets of parchment in 8vo., with double-column pages, is classed in the catalogue among the Codes of Latin Miscellanies, No. 5256, though not really in the Latin but the vernacular Italian, and of phraseology strictly correct, even according to tests of modern purism, notwithstanding many obsolete quaintnesses, and general characteristics justifying the conclusion that the writer was contemporary with the events narrated. The very first page, indeed, which the Abate obligingly allowed me to read, in his unpublished transcript, struck me as marked with the graphic simplicity natural to one writing of things witnessed, or at least recent and familiarly known. The chief value of this discovery was that it claimed the principal credit, and inspiration of the movement for Procida, contrary to the view supported by Amari, and now perhaps generally received on authority of a work so successful as his « History ». That brilliant writer's sympathies may have biased him in the acceptance of a theory ascribing the *animus* of the Palermitan insurrection much more to a patriotic principle diffused over the popular mind than to any individual conspirator. At all events, Amari was informed of this additional testimony supplied to his subject, Matranga having communicated to him the discovery, and pointed out the discrepancies between this MS. and his (Amari's) conclusions.

The Abate availed himself of the privilege to publish the document, with the idea of farther using it as nucleus to a work of extent, a « History of the Vespers », based on this with other ancient authorities. Such a publication, though to appear in Rome, he did not wish to produce without explaining its purport to the King of Naples,—likely to be propitiated rather than otherwise by the exposition of a sanguinary movement against the throne he filled, in a sense proving individual, rather than the more formidable working of popular agency, as having originated, or at least mainly directed it. Matranga's discovery was consigned to fame in a compilation of Latin and Italian documents illustrative of the university and antiquities of Salerno—*Collectio Salernitana*, edited by De Renzi, long in progress at Naples; but the sudden death of the accomplished Abate prevented the execution of this, as, probably, of many other literary projects.

One of Sicily's most voluminous writers is La Farina (author of the Italian History above named) whom Monnier calls « the creator of an entire library, historic and political ». His « Studies on the XIII. Century » are penned with more graphic power than that popular « History », and present a complete picture of that romantically eventful epoch, prefaced by a retrospective review of the European constitution under the Western Empire and the origin of the struggle between Papal and Imperial ascendancy. Extensive research and vividness in description render this work both entertaining and valuable to the student. Placed beside that of Cibrario on the Middle Ages, the aggregate forms well-condensed but pregnant illustration of an attractive subject, creditable to the philosophic spirit of Italian History, not kindled by the enthusiasm or poetic glow of the *Mores Catholici*, but more impartial and calmly appreciative, ready to admit the condemning with the favouring evidence, to see the darkest and the brightest realities. One additional instance is seen in La Farina of the fact that Sicily's greatest intellects have, almost without exception, co-operated in the noble cause of her deliverance from a hated oppression.

The first production that placed Domenico Scinà (1765–1837) among celebrities of Sicily in the past and present century, was a course of Physics, *Elementi di Fisica Generale*, in which the learning of the age, and the principal discoveries of the intellect in this science, from its earliest cultivation, were condensed, and given in their results, with much intelligence. The « Topography of Palermo », treatises on volcanic and other phenomena followed to sustain the reputation won by that more voluminous publication. Biographies of Empedocles, Archimedes, and Macrobius, appearing in different forms, heralded his most generally interesting work, the *Literary History of Sicily in the Eighteenth Century*, which comprises notices of all writers in the Latin and vulgar tongue, as well as of the scientific and other associations founded within that period; and has been reduced to more condensed form, with an appendix on the literature of the nineteenth century, by Pompeo Inzenga (Palermo, 1836). Previously to this work, the only attempts at a general history of literature in Sicily had been in Latin, namely, *Siciliæ Bibliotheca Vetus*, by Ragusa, a Jesuit, published at Rome in 1700; and the more valuable *Bibliotheca Sicula*, by Mongitore (Palermo, 1708). The last work undertaken by Scinà promised to be still more interesting and extensive, a *History of Universal Sicilian Literature*, to be carried down to and include the seventeenth century, at that point to meet his literary annals of the eighteenth. The first section, comprising the epoch of the Greek domination, was nearly finished; when its author was cut off, in 1837, by death at the age of 73.

The tendency of Sicilian genius has been, of late years, rather to the positive than ideal, and works of science have been issuing from the press in far greater proportion than those of imagination. For this scientific direction in recent literature credit has been mainly given to Catania, as the centre whence the influence has proceeded determining that bias; and the epoch when the « Gioenia Academy » was founded there, 1824, may be considered that of new impulses to the spirit of philosophic observation. In the acts of this academy are published

all the memoirs (if approved) which members of the first class are required to present biennially.

One of the most noted contributors to that compilation has been the Professor of Geology at Catania, Carlo Gemellaro, whose talents have earned more than local reputation, whom philosophic Societies in various countries have invited to their congresses, who has travelled, for the cause of science, in Italy, France, and England. One of his earliest works was a memoir on the granites of Etna; to this followed—another on the geology of the lower regions and vicinity of the great volcano, in which he shows that the district amid which stands Catania is formed of five different soils, referable to as many distinct epochs—the *Physical Topography of Etna*; descriptions of the extinct volcanoes in the Val di Neto, of the maritime confines of Etna, of the volcanic island of Pantellaria—the *Physiognomy of the Mountains of Sicily*—Prolections on the origin and progress of Natural Sciences in Sicily. Besides the above-named, Gemellaro has brought out various minor treatises, and a translation from Herschel on the *Astronomic Causes influencing Geologic Phenomena*. Having had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, I found in this learned Professor an affable, unpretending gentleman, of elderly years and plain exterior, ready to oblige and give information on all subjects within the extensive province of his acquirements. At his house, in Catania, he received me in a quaintly furnished apartment, with somewhat of that gloomy aspect common to Sicilian *ménages*, few superfluous refinements, but an overflowing abundance of books, mostly old editions, and in a great variety of languages. His knowledge of English scientific literature I found to be extensive; his correspondence with our country to include, amongst others of noted name, Basil Hall and Lyell, from the latter of whom he showed me his last communication.

Another zealous promoter of the « Gioenia Academy », when first established, was the Benedictine Father, Bernabo La Via, who has dedicated his life to the studies of Mineralogy and Agriculture, and was for some years professor of the latter

science at the Catanese University, near which he resides at the chief institution of the Benedictines in Sicily, one of the largest and most magnificent monasteries on earth.

Another learned Benedictine in this establishment, who still held an academic position at the time I visited it, as Professor of Botany, is Tornabene, author of an *Historic Picture* (Quadro Storico) of the Sicilian « *Botanica* »; the *History of Typography in Sicily from 1472 to 1536*; and various minor treatises on his favourite science—recently augmented by a learned report on the late eruption of Etna. Ferrara, also professor at this University, was another ecclesiastic of Catania among the first in his country's scientific literature, author of the *History of Etna*, the *History, Monuments, and Literature of Catania*, a translation from Bonnet on the *Contemplation of Nature*, etc., the *Natural History of Sicily*, and the « *Campi Flegrei* », or report on all the volcanic phenomena and formations of the Island. In him we see extensive learning stimulated and lit up by enthusiasm; together with the laborious self-dedication of the experienced practical professor, living in and for his Science, nor wanting the soul and sensibilities of a Poet. We travel, in his pages, over this marvellous land, and have our attention directed to every feature peculiar in its distinguishing beauty, our curiosity informed on every fact and appearance announcing the more extraordinary operations or bounteous agency of mysterious Nature. Erudition does not fatigue or repulse, and picturesque description is so vivid and frequent in these volumes that it is probable every class of readers would be fascinated, more or less, by their contents; while to the intelligent traveller in Sicily acquaintance with them is indispensable if his object be to study, as well as enjoy, the magnificent inanimate world around him.

In the same university-city was founded an association, styled « *Società Economica* », in 1831, divided into two classes, for Rural and Civil Economy, and composed of ordinary, honorary, and corresponding members, each having to communicate a memoir on some apposite subject triennially; the public reunions being twice annually, when premiums were distributed

to such agriculturists as had distinguished themselves in any branch of rural industry; prizes for successful competition in arts and manufactures being also awarded triennially. This association, as all similarly organised in Sicily, except the « Gioenia », was suppressed after the revolution of '48. More enduring existence was happily allowed to the « Sicilian Athenaeum » (*Ateneo Siculo*), a public library and reading-room, established in Catania by private gentlemen, containing 2500 volumes and various journals; but, during my visit to that city, only *Italian* publications of that ephemeral class were admitted by the systematized jealousies of an ever-prying police. Strangers, *en passant*, were at that time most politely received, and allowed to spend their evenings in these rooms, without subscription.

The literature relating to the history of letters themselves within Sicilian limits, received its last addition in this island from the Baron Vincenzo Mortillaro (editor of the *Journal of Sciences, Letters, and Arts for Sicily*), who published at Palermo, in 1838, a *prospetto* of the *Literary History of Sicily in the Nineteenth Century*, comprising biographic and critical notices, diligently compiled, giving rather too much prominence—at least for the general reader—to the agricultural and agronomic class of works (of which the catalogue swells to surprising extent); but, on the whole, a valuable assistance to the student. The *History of Italian Literature* by Emiliani-Giudici (author of the work on the Drama above-mentioned) is a first-class production, which, without aiming to be encyclopediac like Tiraboschi, or minutely biographic like Corniani, illustrates the several phases of letters in their relation to the progress of the human mind, to society and institutions. The popular work by Maffei, found in every library and on every book-stall in Italy, though deserving of its repute, treats what may be considered the outward aspects of this subject, the history of works and literary schools; there is an *inner* life of which the rest is but the expression and formula, and whose vicissitudes proceed from deeply-lying causes; and this aspect of Literature, inseparable from the story of Humanity, is the aim kept in view throughout Giudici's work. Its

original scale has been reduced within the limits of a compendium, retaining all essential to its usefulness.

In archaeology, the works of Serradifalco on Sicilian Antiquities, both Pagan and Christian, have gained reputation surpassing that of any competitor among his countrymen. His splendid volumes on Greco-siculan Antiquities have been flatteringly noticed by the University of Oxford; and not only erudite, but entertaining and attractive, thanks to a graceful style and happy facility of description, is this valuable compilation, which combines the history with report on the actual state of monuments—the past and present of each classical site in this island. Not a remnant of classic antiquity in his native land has escaped the attention of this learned patrician, who long shared the fate almost universally awarded to genius, intelligence, and self sacrificing patriotism in this ill-governed country—exile. Enjoying, prior to the revolution, the highest favour and confidence, he held the office, for which none could be better qualified, of President to the Commission for Public Antiquarian Works. Led into the revolutionary cause rather in obedience to a sense of duty than from motives of ambition, he consented to and recognised the provisional government. On the restoration of Bourbonic sway, not attempting to fly, he remained long unmolested; but an order was finally issued for his arrest, and myrmidons of authority arrived at his palace, whom he calmly requested to wait a few moments whilst he prepared to resign himself into their hands—then withdrawing, re-appeared in the uniform of a Russian General, that rank conferred upon him by the Emperor Nicholas when at Palermo, and asked the gendarmes if they dared to outrage, in his person, the dignity of General in the armies of the Czar? The expedient proved efficacious, and Serradifalco was left at liberty, but subsequently retired into voluntary exile—such at least the story of the circumstances that led to his taking that step, as I heard reported. The *Description of Ancient Palermo*, by the Abate Morso, is one of the most learned works yet produced on this subject, especially valuable for the light it throws on the times

of Saracenic domination. Its author, an Arabic scholar, by his interpretation of epigraphs exposed the fallacy of theories advanced by local historians, and adopted by Brydone, respecting the origin of Palermo, the foundation and even ancient name of which, « Panormos », had been referred to no less venerable antiquity than the days of « Isaac, the son of Abraham », and to a colony of Hebrews, mixed with Phenicians and citizens of Damascus !

But far more interesting than produce of the archaeologic class, in the recent literary offspring of this country, are the testimonies that assist us in appreciating the causes and characteristics of recent events, so momentous to her destinies.

The first narrative of the Sicilian movements in '48, supplied by a native pen, came from a writer simply announcing himself as « Anonymous »,—« Palermo and the royal Army, or the Twenty-four Days of Combat from the 13th January to the 4th February, 1848 » ; but subsequently has been secured, for attesting this story's realities to future ages, detailed evidence from persons themselves prominent actors in its events. La Masa and La Farina, both public characters, who may be said to belong to history, writing from different points of view, may be alike accepted as trustworthy witnesses to what they saw and took part in ; the former an instigator and vigorous leader in that righteous revolution, the latter first a representative and secretary in the Palermitan parliament, who afterwards rose to be minister of Instruction and Public Works, and Minister of War, in that one eventful year. Belonging to the party of ultra-revolutionists, strongly opposed to the moderate liberals in Sicily as in Italy, and recognising in Mazzini the true representative of their principles, La Masa published, in 1850, the « Documents of the Sicilian Revolution illustrated », a work containing more than its modest title promises, but not free from egotism or superfluous declamation, deeply coloured by the feelings and prejudices of the writer (or editor), and altogether wanting in consecutiveness, so that we may hesitate whether to call it a history, a running comment, or a political pamphlet swollen

out by official papers; notwithstanding which defects, it conveys a full, though unsystematic narration. Among its copious quotations from official sources, are many exhibiting in clearest light the cruel and treacherous character of Neapolitan government, and elucidating not only events in Sicily, but the conflict which led to the absolutist reaction at Naples, on the 15th May '48; and the tone of passionate emotion, inconsistent with the serenity required in the regular historian, may be excused in La Masa, when we remember what the national wrongs in resistance to which he was actively engaged, both as the politician and soldier. The more complete work by La Farina, published previously to the « Illustrated Documents », is written from the point of view of the constitutional and moderate party, whose aim was to place Sicily under the elected sovereignty offered to the Duke of Genoa; and is consequently opposed to the subversive principles which, according to La Masa's expression, aimed at « defending the liberties of Sicily by revolutionary and military, rather than diplomatic ideas ». In literary merits far superior, La Farina's « Istoria documentata della Rivoluzione Siciliana », traces the great struggle from its earliest provoking causes through all phases, till those disastrous results of the year '49 that would leave impressions the most melancholy from the spectacle of high efforts baffled and betrayed, but for the light reflected from what has happened since, the glorious rewards so rapidly secured after long agonies of fruitless suffering. The testimony of La Farina is more affecting because calmly given, and his indignant but temperate protest against his country's wrongs leaves, rather than any other writings on this subject, the confirmed sense of abhorrence in his readers against Bourbonic perfidy and misrule. His « conclusion » gives a general review of Italy and her prospects under absolutist reaction, arraiging before opinion's judgment-seat those crowned-ones mainly responsible in the dark transaction, with eloquence that seems traced in words of fire. La Masa replies in several pages of rather angry comment to that portion of La Farina's narrative that concerns himself, and the course pur-

sued by him at different stages of this revolution; and whilst pointing out incorrectnesses of which he accuses his competitor, makes a promise, not, it is believed, yet fulfilled, of supplying a general comment on all the accounts published of that Sicilian movement, the best mode of examining which by the light of testimony from eye-witnesses would be, perhaps, to take the works of La Farina and La Masa as corrective and confirmative, with whatever minor difference, one towards the other. But, on the other hand, such able Italian historians as Farini, Ranalli, Gualterio, may be confidently consulted, in respect to the whole course of the struggle in 1848-9, both as to the events of the Island and Peninsula. The more recent and wonderful vicissitudes of Sicily have not yet (though several Italian pens have been occupied in tracing them), received any full illustration in this Island's native literature, though such aids to their appreciation may be expected.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE COLOSSEUM

MONUMENTS AND SANCTUARIES

One beautiful afternoon, on the last day of February, I found myself in the Colosseum alone, for it being Carnival time, other attractions were now drawing pleasure-seekers in other directions. The mildness and brilliancy of the air and sunshine seemed to announce an early Spring. Luxuriant plants and flowers clothed the projecting masses and crumbling vaults, while a sky of lapis-lazuli tint filled the crevices and apertures in the upper stories and terraces of the vast ruin. I ascended to the various corridors and highest points accessible by the staircase near the chapel, formed in a cavernous recess of the arcade, *S. Maria della Pietà*, a modest monument to Christianity amidst those proud relics of Paganism. It is impossible to form any just idea of this edifice before making that ascent, during which, like some huge mountain, it seems to develope into nobler proportions, till the effect secured at the highest level overawes by the majestic beauty of decay. From that terrace the views towards the Lateran, the Baths of Titus, the Capitol, the Avenue, the Campagna, are most impressive; and from no other point can be seen so perfectly the remains of the Golden House, over which Titus raised his baths. One cannot but admire the completeness of the restorations in the Colosseum during the present century; but where such works have not been required,

where the adornment of Nature's growth has been left to spread in all its rich profusion, the aspects of the great pile are far more picturesque. Wild flowers, violets, and a plant of dark green feathery foliage, contrasting with the bright tints of the other creepers, now bloomed, luxuriant accessories to these untouched ruins. The flora of the Colosseum has been made the subject of a work (by Dr. Deakin) deserving place among the best literary illustrations of the spot: and there we learn that within these walls flourish 420 species of plants, including 253 genera, with specimens of 66 in the natural order of vegetable classifications, and 41 of the pea-tribe among these kinds. Within the enclosed space of six acres (not including the walls and masonry) are great varieties of soil and temperature: on the lower and northern side, dampness prevails; on the upper walls, where are accumulations of mould, warmth and dryness; on the south side a still milder and truly southern temperature. As I looked down on the arena, the devotion of the *Via Crucis*, held twice a week during all seasons, and daily during Carnival, was collecting a company of worshippers before the shrines around the cross in its centre; and slowly, with low mournful chant and muttered prayer, passed from station to station that procession headed by the confraternity in the dark grey habit entirely covering the head, so as to leave the eyes only visible, followed by several females in black, a plain wooden cross, between two lanterns on poles, the only symbol displayed, as all knelt at the shrines; and many others, gradually assembling, knelt also bareheaded on the turf to join in those devotions. The contrast to the scene of carnivalesque frolics I had just left on the Corso was, indeed, striking; perhaps the most admirable expression of Christianity, adapted to such locality and such associations, that could be devised, for the connecting link between the Pagan and Christian remembrances of the Colosseum is thus perfectly supplied to the heart and imagination.

A tradition states that the architect of this amphitheatre was one Gaudentius, a Christian, who suffered martyrdom with-

in these walls ; but the inscription on which this is founded (now in the subterranean church of S. Martino, on the Forum) does not represent Gaudentius as the actual architect, though employed in this construction under Vespasian (1). After that emperor, Titus and Domitian carried on this work, till completed to the height where a cornice, adorned by the shield-like ornaments called *clypea*, surrounded the whole ellipse. It is said that the labourers engaged under Vespasian were 12,000 Jews, made slaves and prisoners in war, and that 10,000,000 Roman scudi were spent on the undertaking within five years. Barthelmy and others calculate that the external walls alone would cost 17,000,000 francs. Perhaps the most graphic picture of this amphitheatre, in all the pomp of its antique integrity, is that in the seventh Eclogue of Calpurnius, a poet who flourished under Diocletian. Two simple rustics are introduced, conversing after the return of one from the great city to his native fields: asked what had detained him so long, he enters into a description of the marvellous things that had fascinated him, particularly the spectacles in this arena. The whole splendid scene arises before us in his words: the *podium* and other parts encrusted with marble; the net-work of gilt bronze, with stakes and wheels of ivory, to protect against any attempt of the wild beasts to leap upon the lower terrace, so called; the *balteus* (or cincture of

(4) Such at least the inference from the affecting terms used in this epigraph, which was found in the catacombs of St. Agnes:

Sic premia servas Vespasiane dire
 Premiatus es morte Gaudenti letare
 Civitas ubi glorie tue auctori
 Promisit iste Kristus omnia tibi
 Qui alium paravit theatru in celo.

Marangoni (*Memorie sacre e profane dell'Anfiteatro Flavio*) concludes that he was, in the strict sense, architect of this building, but left unhonoured out of hatred against his faith.

walls) dividing the podium from the terrace above (1), its surface glittering with mosaics and gems; the portico carried round the entire upper story, with gilded columns and vaults; the statues between the outer arcades; the marble tripods for burning precious perfumes; the fountains of fragrant waters that gushed to descend in sprinkling showers upon the spectators; the awnings of silk that extended from the highest cornice, throwing all into shadow except the central arena. Martial also (« De Spectac., l. I. ») celebrates this edifice as the greatest wonder of the world, surpassing all known to antiquity. We are assisted, by these and other Latin writers, in forming a tolerably accurate picture of the whole vast original (2). The capabilities of the building, often greatly over-estimated, were sufficient for at least 80,000 spectators, and this, indeed, at the lowest computation, some archæologists raising it to 100,000, others taking a medium at 87,000. When Addison, therefore, celebrates :

« The amphitheatre's amazing height »,
which ,

« On its public shows unpeopled Rome ,
And held , uncrowded , nations in its womb » ,

the exaggeration is not less absurd than the language is commonplace.

At the spectacles of republican Rome , all ranks , and both sexes, used to sit together promiscuously ; but under Augustus it was ordered that senators should sit nearest the arena , on the podium , or first range ; above these , knights and tribunes ; the common people , who were again subdivided by order of the emperor , higher still—the soldiers, the married and unmarried men having separate places ; and the women , out of motives of delicacy , farthest from the arena .

(1) *Baltei* or *præcinctiones*, the names given to all these divisions between the terraces of seats.

(2) See also « *Roma Illustrata* », abridged from Lipsius.

The edifice and its spectacles were originally dedicated to the Scythian Diana, supposed to delight in human sacrifices, also to the Latian Jupiter; and the allusion of Prudentius:—

• *Hæ sunt deliciæ Jovis infernalis, in istis
Arbiter obscuri placitus requiescit Averni* —

is to the altar of Dis in this arena indicating the same intention to place all here under the protection of the infernal powers. Hence Tertullian's remark, that the amphitheatre was consecrated to the sternest deities, —was the temple of all demons. But Lipsius mentions only one altar (to Jupiter) on this spot, for the sacrifice of animals devoted to those deities, severally, in whose honour the spectacles were given.

At the dedication by Titus, the various shows and games lasted a hundred days, during which were killed nine thousand wild beasts, « a slaughter [says Dion] in which women, though not any of distinction, lent their aid ». Adrian gave a series of entertainments in honour of his birthday, with the slaughter of a thousand beasts, including a hundred lions and as many lionesses. Nero exhibited on one occasion a series of spectacles yet novel: first, the *Venationes*; then (the arena being flooded) a sea fight; after this, a combat of gladiators; and lastly, a banquet. The ship that emperor formed to be the instrument of his mother's death was taken from the model of one of those introduced into the amphitheatre. Dio says of its extraordinary mechanism, that it was contrived so as suddenly to fall to pieces, when seven hundred animals of different kinds leapt from its bulk; after which, reuniting, the whole structure assumed its original form. One of the most magical scenes must have been the representation of forests, when the whole arena became planted with living trees, shrubs, and flowers; to complete which illusion the ground was made to open, and send forth wild animals from yawning clefts, instantly re-covered with bushes.—

Another most ingenious contrivance of pageantry was the *pegmata*—machines in different stories, made to open and close, increase and diminish in altitude, their exterior either painted or plated with silver and gold, their recesses sometimes filled with victims condemned to death, who, when the structure gave way beneath them, were precipitated into the arena to become the immediate prey of wild beasts. Under Diocletian these machines were exhibited in a blaze of fire, innocuous to their material. At times, like fortresses, they were defended and assaulted, for a show of military operations.

The first public slaughter of exotic animals in Rome was in the year of the city 502, at the shows given by the Pro-consul Metellus after his victory over the Carthaginians. He had brought a hundred and forty-two elephants taken in battle, all of which were exhibited in the Circus Maximus, and slain with arrows in one day. An appetite for similar amusements being thus created, it was administered to by the adoption of a practice from the Carthaginians, of exposing common criminals or rebels to be devoured by beasts, which, it is supposed, the Carthaginians had derived from Asiatic usage, the most ancient instance of which on record is the story of Daniel in the lions' den.

The first public spectacle of combat between athletes and beasts was in the year of Rome 568, at the magnificent games given by Marcus Fulvius, conformably to a vow he made in the war against the *Ætolians* (Liv., lib. xxxix., c. 22). Deserters from the army were thus exposed to be crushed to death by elephants in the spectacles given by Scipio Africanus (Valer. Max., lib. ii., c. 7). Sylla, in the year 660, first exhibited lions in the arena, to be shot by archers brought expressly from Africa; and five hundred of those animals were slain in five days, during the festivals at the dedication of Pompey's Theatre, when were also slaughtered eighteen elephants, but not before those beasts, in rage and terror, had well nigh succeeded in their attempt to burst through all impeding barriers, and rush upon the spectators. Cicero's tone of disapproval shows how more refined spirits were

revolled by such spectacles: « *Magnificas nemo negat; sed quæ potest homini esse polito delectatio quam aut homo imbecillus a violentissima bestia læniatur, aut præclara bestia veribus transverberatur?* » The insufficiency of theatres for exhibitions of such scale and nature, suggested the idea of more suitable structures; hence originated the amphitheatre, of which the first example was the extraordinary wooden fabric, like two theatres; placed back to back, and turning by machinery, so as to form an ellipse, prepared for the magnificent celebrations given by Caius Curio, A. U. C. 695, for the funeral of his father. This triumph of ingenuity was achieved on two occasions, both sections of the fabric being filled with spectators, who remained at their seats during the process! But no permanent edifice of this design existed, either in Rome or any part of the world, prior to the dictatorship of Cæsar. The slaughter of wild beasts, and *venationes*, were gradually superseded by more brutalising amusements, as luxury increased, till, in the year of Rome 490, gladiatorial combats were first exhibited by Marcus and Decimus Brutus at the funeral games in honour of their father (Val. Max., lib. ii., 4). These bloody shows, until the time of Augustus, took place in the several fora, where they became so familiarly admitted, that Vitruvius lays it down among rules for the architectural plan of the Italian forum, that it should not be a square like the Grecian, but an oblong, adapted for the gladiatorial combats within its limits: « *Quod in majoribus consuetudo tradita est gladiatoria munera in Foro dari* ». Such funereal combats had origin from a belief that souls removed by death delighted in offerings of blood. Borrowed by the Romans from the Etruscans; this idea was common to many races in antiquity, and is traced in the Scandinavian as well as Italian mythologies. Sanguinary honours to the departed were often ordered in the testaments of wealthy Romans, and even the funerals of women were celebrated with like bloodshed. It was a severe reprisal and reproof against the cruel sacrifices of pleasure that Spartacus gave to Rome when, on the death of his brother, during [the servile war, he compelled 300 pairs of her citizens, his prisoners, to

fight and slay each other like hirelings of the arena. After the building of the Flavian amphitheatre, gladiatorial shows were given by pretors, consuls, questors, pontiffs, etc., to celebrate their entrance into office; by emperors on their birthdays, on every fifth and tenth anniversary of their accession; on occasion of festivals, victories, and triumphs. Doubtless those in high places had often their purposes to serve in averting the attention of the people from their conduct or policy, as Julius Cæsar, who, whilst Edile, gave entertainments, in which 320 pairs contended, and would have engaged a larger number, but that the senate had decreed this should be the maximum.

One may imagine the frantic excess to which this taste had been carried in Rome from the preventive law of Augustus, that gladiators should no more combat without permission of the Senate; that pretors should not give these spectacles more than twice a year; that more than sixty couples should not engage at the same time; and that neither knights nor senators should ever contend in the arena. Still more relevant is the fact, that, some years after, the same Emperor had to repeal this last enactment. Even the public shows of this vastest amphitheatre did not suffice; and luxury, not content with exotic viands, music, perfumes, garlands, and dancing at the feast, introduced before the very banquet tables the performances of those hirelings, whose numbers and seditions at times perilled the safety of the State; and who, in their vanity, adopted a sanguinary modishness, classifying their ranks according to the national manner of fighting they imitated.

Thus were distinguished the Gothic, Dacian, Thracian, and Samnite (1) combatants; the *Retiarii*, who entangled their opponents in nets thrown with the left hand, defending themselves with tridents in the right; the *Secutores*, whose special skill was in pursuit; the *Laqueatores*, who threw slings against

(1) The *Samnites* were those engaged to entertain at banquets, but not generally by bloodshed, rather by feats of dexterity; despised by the other gladiators.

their adversaries ; the *Dimachæ*, armed with a short sword in each hand ; the *Hoplomachi*, armed at all points ; the *Myrmiliones*, so called from the figure of a fish at the crest of the Gallic helmet they wore ; the *Bustuarii*, who fought at funeral games ; the *Bestiarii*, who only assailed beasts ; other classes who fought on horseback, called *Andabates*, and those combating in chariots drawn by two horses, *Essedarii*. Gladiators were originally slaves, or prisoners of war ; but the armies who contended on the Roman arena in later epochs, were divided into compulsory and voluntary combatants, the former alone composed of slaves, or condemned criminals. The latter went through a laborious education in their art, supported at the public cost, and instructed by masters called *Lanistæ*, resident in colleges, *Ludi*, where they lived well, but are said to have been remarkably temperate. To the eternal disgrace of the morals of Imperial Rome, it is recorded that women sometimes fought in the arena, with no other dress than that worn by Gladiators. The exhibition of himself in this character by Commodus, was a degradation of the imperial dignity, perhaps more infamous, according to ancient Roman notions, than the theatrical performances or disguises of Nero.

With regard to the architectural story of the Colosseum, it is sufficiently familiar to tourists ; but deeper interests are associated with this wonderful building, besides the art, the pomps, the manners and tastes of Paganism in Rome.

Christianity had long been not only practised, but publicly recognized at the seat of empire, before gladiatorial shows were finally abolished (1).

(4) Salvian reprobates the extravagant passion for them even on the part of a Christian public in the V. century, and the eagerness with which every entertainment at the theatre or circus was thronged to, long after the downfall of Paganism : the church would be deserted for the attractions of the stage ; let the congregation at worship be informed of any new spectacle or performance at theatres, and instantly the house of God would be abandoned, the very act of adoration interrupted for amusement's sake ! such the manners of the early Christians described by this writer, *De Gubernat. Dei*.

The first edict against them was passed by Constantine (A. D. 325), addressed from Berytus to the Roman Prefect, forbidding both the combats and the exposure of convicts to die in the arena, and commuting the punishment of the latter to labour in the mines. But the popular avidity for bloodshed not being easily repressed, this law was perhaps never fully applied in the western provinces, and certainly had become a dead letter at Rome before A. D. 357, when it was revived by Constans and Julian, but again to be set aside till another re-enactment by Arcadius and Honorius, A. D. 397. In 386 Theodosius had prohibited all public spectacles on Sundays; but it was not till 425 they were forbidden, by Theodosius the Younger, on all festivals and throughout Lent. The continuance of the bloody shows in the Flavian amphitheatre is attested by S. Augustine in his « Confessions », and by Prudentius, *Contra Symmacum*, who thus denounces them in the latter years of the fourth century:—

« *Respici terrifici scelerata sacraria Ditis :*

Cui cadit infausta fusus gladiator arenâ

Heu, male lustratæ phlegetontia victima Romæ !

Namquid vesani sibi vult ars impia ludi ?

Quid mortes juvenum, quid sanguine pasta voluptas,

Quid pulvis cavæ semper funebris et illa

Amphitheatralis spectacula tristia pompæ ? »

At the end of which poem the Emperor Honorius is appealed to thus humanely :—

« *In mortes miserorum hominum prohibeto litari,*

Nullus in urbe cadat cujus sit pæna voluptas,

Nulla cruentatis homicidia ludata in armis ».

But the abolition was not final till an event occurred, A. D. 403, which at once made the profoundest moral impression, and afforded occasion for more rigorous enactments. An Oriental monk, named Telemachus, made a pilgrimage from the East to Rome, expressly for an object attended with the almost certain

condition of martyrdom. During one of the sanguinary shows in the Colosseum, he rushed into the midst, between the combatants, and, falling on his knees, entreated the spectators to have mercy on these victims, to renounce for ever these cruel spectacles. Overwhelmed by a shower of stones, he fell a martyr on the spot, but not shedding his blood in vain; for to this obscure sufferer humanity is indebted for the final suppression of the most odious, because purely voluptuous, outrage against her sacred laws. Such the consequence of his self-sacrifice!

On the 1st February the Church celebrates another martyrdom which took place here, that of him said by tradition to have been the favoured being who, when a child, was blessed by the Redeemer, and presented to His disciples as a model of humility,—Ignatius, the disciple of St. John and companion of St. Polycarp, elected Bishop of Antioch, the third after St. Peter. When Trajan was in that city, cited before him for refusing to worship the gods, to that charge he answered by eloquently exposing the follies of Paganism. In the fear that the death of one so revered in the capital where he held sacred office, might excite tumult, or reflect additional honour on the persecuted religion, he was ordered to be conducted to Rome, to suffer with malefactors in the amphitheatre. He heard that sentence with joy, assisted himself in sitting on his chains, and set out on foot for that long journey, like one travelling towards home.

Arrived here, he was consigned to the prefect of the city, and only respited till the recurrence of some festival, with the usual entertainments in the Amphitheatre. Brought into this arena, he knelt, and exclaimed, in a loud voice,—“ Romans who are present at this spectacle, know that I have not been brought to this place for any crime, but in order that by this means I may merit the fruition of the glory of God, for love of whom I have been made prisoner. I am the grain of His field, and must be ground by the teeth of the lions, that I may deserve to be converted into bread fit for His table.”

The lions were then let loose, and instantly devoured him, leaving nothing of his body but the larger bones, which the

Christians were able to collect during the night, for interment outside the city.

Shortly after this event, A. D. 109, Trajan revoked the edict of persecution, and allowed the Christians to remain unmolested, though prohibited from the public exercise of their worship.

Prior to this had occurred a most conspicuous example of Christian martyrdom in the Colosseum, under Claudius, when 270 persons, already condemned to labour in the sand-pits outside the Porta Salara, were put to death by the arrows of the pretorians in one day.

Placidus, a patrician, master of the horse, who on being converted took the name of Eustachius, was, with his wife, Theopista, and two sons, exposed on this arena to wild beasts; but all being left uninjured, for the animals would not attack them, they were afterwards shut up in a brazen bull, with a furnace lighted below, and thus suffered, under Adrian, A. D. 118.

In July, 253, Abdon and Sennen, two wealthy and distinguished citizens of Babylon, stood in this arena, naked and bleeding from the blows received for having spit in the face of an idol they had been forced to kneel before on their way to punishment. Then were let loose two lions and four bears; but the tradition is that the beasts abstained from injuring them, becoming tame and harmless; on which the gladiators speedily despatched them with their swords. These martyrs had persisted, spite of prohibitions, in giving burial to the Christians slain at Babylon, in the persecution under Decius.

Under Gallienus, A. D. 259, Sempronius, Olympius, Theodulus, and Exuperia, suffered for their persistence in the profession of Christianity, in fires kindled before the statue of the Sun, near the entrance to this Amphitheatre.

A. D. 272, Prisca, a noble Roman lady, was exposed here to a lion, but without being injured, for (as the legend narrates) the beast knelt at her feet, gentle as a lamb. Taken from the Amphitheatre, she was left three days without food in the common jail, then stretched on the rack to have her flesh torn by iron hooks; after this put into a fiery furnace, and having

survived all these torments, at last beheaded. Prisca, it seems, was not of Christian parents, but had early embraced the faith, and continually frequented the Oratories, where the faithful then worshipped, in one of which she was seized to be dragged before the emperor, Claudius II.

A. D. 277, Martina, a Roman lady of patrician birth, whose father had been consul, was exposed to the beasts here, but without receiving harm! and afterwards beheaded in the same arena. She had been left early an orphan, and bestowed all her wealth upon the poor. To the list of those enrolled in the "noble Army" suffering on this spot, must be added the names of St. Alexander, a Bishop, martyred under Antoninus; St. Potitus, about A. D. 168; St. Eleutherius, a Bishop of Illyria, under Adrian; St. Marinus, the son of a Senator, about 284; and, under Diocletian, Vitus, Modestus and Crescentia, the first of whom is said to have cast out a devil from the Emperor's daughter, A Virgin Saint, Daria, is recorded in a legend which states that she was exposed to outrage in one of the vaults round this arena, when a lion interposed for her protection, driving away her brutal persecutor! Marangoni supposes the first exposure of Christians to wild beasts in the Colosseum may have been, though not distinctly attested, under Domitian; but the martyrdom of St. Ignatius is the earliest of which we have historic evidence in detail. As we descend later, it is remarkable that the legendary and marvellous elements become more prevalent, in narrations whose leading facts are still unquestionable. The simple and sublime testimony to the fate and constancy of the earliest sufferers for truth, is more affecting; in later times the miraculous becomes too conspicuously frequent, and sometimes appears too uncertain for unhesitating acceptance. In the fifth century, and again early in the sixth (508), this amphitheatre was much injured by earthquakes, after which the Prefect of Rome restored the level of the arena, the podium, several portals and terraces. Subsequent to the cessation of gladiatorial combats, it was used, till the sixth century, for the chase of wild beasts from Africa, one magnificent entertainment

of which kind was given under Theodoric, 519, in honour of his son-in-law, Cillicus, on his being raised to the consulate. Similar spectacles were given, A. D. 527, by Anicius Maximus, Consul that year, and this was the last such entertainment within these walls. From the words cited as a traditional saying by the Venerable Bede, paraphrased by Byron,—

“ While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand ;
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall ; ”—

it appears the fabric was still preserved complete, as to all essential parts, in the eighth century; and here is given the first example of the new name since generally applied to the building, not suggested by the colossus of Nero (removed long before the time of Bede), but by the dimensions of this greatest among Roman monuments. Again was the fabric shattered by terrific earthquakes in the eighth century, after which it seems to have been no longer serviceable for any purposes, till the eleventh, when it shared the fate of other classic edifices in Rome, converted into a fortress, successively held and defended by different families among those powerful princes and barons long the scourge and terror of this city. The porticoes of the whole Southern side were destroyed in the conflagration caused by the troops of Robert Guiscard, 1085, if not indeed (as Marangoni concludes) previously dilapidated by Guiscard, in purpose to prevent their use by the Romans for a strong-hold to attack the Norman soldiery, quartered with their leader at the Lateran and the church of the *SS. Quattro*. This was the first shock that reduced the amphitheatre to a state of ruin. In 1330 it became the chief fortress of the Frangipani, and shortly afterwards the place of refuge to a persecuted pontiff, Innocent II, who, with his brothers, was protected here by that family against the powerfully-supported Antipope, Anacletus II. Later in the same century, Innocent III., his brothers and household, became guests of the Frangipani, partly in the Colosseum, partly in their other fortress, the Torre Cartularia, at the Arch of Titus,

whilst an Antipope, Paschal III., held possession of the Lateran, being almost absolute master of Rome. Not the least strange of the vicissitudes this amphitheatre has passed through was it to become the temporary seat of the state and procedure proper to a Papal court, the judgment of ecclesiastical causes, convening of consistories, passing of edicts, and lastly, the fulminating of excommunication against an Emperor, after which Innocent found it necessary to provide for his safety by flight from Rome, embarking with his attendants in armed galleys placed at his disposal by the King of Sicily. In the last year of his pontificate, that Pope's nephew, Pietro Annibaldi, desiring to depress the Frangipani, attempted to build a tower overlooking the Colosseum, from which to attack and expel them thence; but the opposition of that powerful family frustrated this project. Under the next pontiff, Gregory IX, the Annibaldi obtained a decree from Frederic II., requiring the Frangipani to make cession upon oath of half the Colosseum and their contiguous palace to the rival family, an arrangement which might have led to the total destruction of the classic ruins, but was happily rescinded by Innocent IV., from whom the Frangipani obtained the revocation of their engagements. The same pope finally preserved the Colosseum from risk of falling into the hands of any emperor, and becoming a strategic point to be used against the Roman government or people, by declaring it under the direct dominion of the Holy See. During its tenure by the Frangipani, it is supposed dilapidation was continually in progress; and to this period may be referred the removal of the numerous cramps of iron, lead, and bronze, so carefully drawn out from every part of its stonework—a process that would have required time and labour more than can be supposed possible amid the hurry and tumult of those barbarian pillages Rome had suffered in earlier ages. Marangoni notices, only to contradict, no fewer than seven theories to account for those cavities riddling the entire surface of the building, where least ruinous. From this time to the beginning of the fourteenth century, little is known of the vicissitudes to which its ruins were subjected. During

the disastrous period of Papal residence at Avignon, they passed into the hands of the Annibaldeschi (another form of name for the family above mentioned) till 1312, when, the Emperor Henry VII. having arrived in Rome to receive the crown from the Legate of Clement V., and the power of that family being considered dangerous, it was advised that steps should be taken for humbling them, and accordingly the Emperor obliged them to give up all their fortified residences. The Colosseum, among others lost by them, was subsequently placed under the jurisdiction of the municipality. Like the Mausoleum of Augustus, in later years, the ruins were appropriated to bull-fights, in which not mere hirelings, but persons of high degree sometimes engaged, not without danger; for the last and most celebrated of those shows terminated in a tragic catastrophe, 3rd September, 1332, a minute description of which has been preserved, illustrating well the manners of the day, by Muratori, from the Roman chronicles of Monaldeschi. The preparations for that fatal pageant evince how far the state of the building had become ruinous; the original seats of the *præcinctiones* being found no longer serviceable, wooden tribunes had to be erected for accommodating spectators, who were distributed, males and females, with regard for differences of rank such as might satisfy any chamberlain of modern courts. The noble matrons took their seats in tribunes hung with scarlet cloth. Opposite were the wives and daughters of artisans, but with arrangement allowing the several ladies of high degree to be attended by the humbler females of those quarters where their palaces were situated.

All the baronial families were represented by the noble youths this day in the arena; their bravery of costume, devices, colours, arms, and mottoes, adapted to some fantasy of love or adventurous daring. There was Cecco della Valle, dressed half in black and half in white, with the motto on his crest, « Io sono Enea per Lavinia »; Caffarello, a beardless youth, in garb like a lion's hide, with motto, « Chi più forte di me? » one of the Polenta-house from Rimini, in red and black, with the words « Se moro intriso nel sangue, deno è morte »; Savelli of

Anagni, all in yellow, with « Ognuno si guardi della pazzia di amore »; Janni Jacopo Capoccio, in ash-coloured garb, with « Sotto la cenere ardo »; and another of the same house in carnation, with « Io di Lucrezia Romana son lo Schiavo »; Cola della Colonna, son of the senator, in the colours of a leopard-skin, with « Malinconico ma forte »; besides other fantasies of chivalrous sentimentality. But sad was the contrast to all this pomp and bravado in the result; for, the number or fury of the bulls proving beyond the capacities of their assailants, eighteen gallant youths were stretched dead, and seven others left bleeding from serious wounds on the arena, besides another tragic incident illustrating the fierce spirit of the times, fatal to a youth of the Anguillara family, slain by a swordstroke on the head for the simple offence of throwing down, in the pressure of the throng, a little boy of the Cenci house, whose relative, Camillo Cenci, took this murderous vengeance, at which (the chronicler says) « Subito ne fecero un gran fracasso »,—« immediately arose great tumult »—but without informing us of any effort on the part of justice to investigate or punish! Great honours were paid on that day of *funeste* memory to the sufferers' remains, laid in state before their solemn funerals at S. Maria Maggiore and the Lateran. This appears to have been the last bull-fight in the Colosseum, after which is no mention of its ruins till 1349, when occurred the earthquake described as so terrible in one of Petrarch's letters, with effects to this building to be inferred from the application made by the Legate of Urban V., in a letter addressed to that Pope at Avignon, with complaints that no purchasers had been found for the stones of the Colosseum, offered for sale by his order, except the Frangipani family, who had bought a certain quantity for their palace. In another document, of about the same period, the heads of the turbulent families so long distracting Rome entered into compact to make these ruins their common property, as the quarry all might profit by for building! In 1381 the Senate ceded a portion of the arcades to the chapter of the Lateran, to be used as a ward in dependence on the hospital of St. John near that Basilica. Several

porticoes were now walled up to accommodate the patients of the hospital, but not before the chapter had to take means for expelling certain persons of evil life accustomed then, as subsequently, to make this spot their favourite haunt; and then were the arms of the « Sanctum sanctorum » chapter painted over an archway, on the western side, and their emblem, the head of the Saviour, between two candelabra, sculptured over other archways, where we still see them.

Poggio, describing his visit to Rome, about 1425, says that the Colosseum was, through the fault of the Romans, already partly levelled with the ground, « ob stultitiam Romanorum majori ex parte ad calcem deletum ». The spoliations of this and the next century, whilst these ruins continued still a mere stone-quarry for the palaces of the great—in 1471, for that of S. Marco (now Palazzo di Venezia) raised by Paul II.; in 1480 for the Cancellaria, by Cardinal Riario; later for the Farnese Palace, by Paul III., and for many other edifices down to the year 1530,—were outrages deservedly reprobated; but (if we may accept Gaetano Moroni's apologies, « Dizionario di Erudizione », vol. xv. page 22) only the material of porticoes or other portions already fallen was so applied. First produced by Flaminio Vacca was the story that Eugenius IV., in 1431, allowed the Olivetan Monks of *S. Maria Nuova* to include the whole mass of ruins within the boundary walls of their garden, in order to the expulsion of bad characters and bad practises from this much-abused edifice; but that, after that Pope's death, the people threw down the walls, determined to restore the monument they were proud of possessing, to publicity. No written proof of such a fact has been found; but Marangoni, who investigated, concludes the oral tradition may suffice, as many documents are wanting to the archives of that monastery still occupied by Olivetans on the Forum. In 1703, another earthquake having caused the destruction of an arcade on the second story, the travertine blocks were used to construct the port in the Via Ripetta.

One of the most extraordinary appropriations, continued till the sixteenth century, was the performance within these walls

of the Mystery, or Miracle Plays, that long survived the transition from Mediæval to modern manners.

The « Confraternity of the Gonfalone », instituted in Rome 1263 (under Urban IV.), first exhibited, and continued to produce here these sacred plays, whose performance, it seems, was restricted to the Good Friday of every year, and their invariable subject,—the Passion and Resurrection,—that which should have been permitted under such form, as an edifying spectacle in the capital of the Church, is indeed curiously illustrative of Mediæval feeling. The composition was in *ottava rima*, but its phraseology the rude popular dialect of the age, interspersed with lyrical pieces, probably sung. Some writers declare the audiences on such occasions were as great as at the entertainments of Pagan antiquity within these walls! but we may easily, by identifying the spot, assure ourselves how very small the number who could really have seen what passed in the vault of ruin used for a stage. The representation took place, not in the open air, but in one of the recesses of the arcade opening on the arena,—a locality that could not have allowed much space for scenery or grouping; and the last repetition was long after alarming novelties had given shock to the ancient system, in the year 1540, under Paul III.

Since that date the only other dramatic exhibition within these walls was one most contrasted as to actors and subject, Voltaire's « Mort de Cæsar », got up by French Republicans in the days of their military occupation, and with the scenic accessory of Pompey's statue transferred (in truly French taste) from the Spada Palace to this arena, that « great Cæsar » might fall, in mimicry as in reality, at the foot of his defeated rival's image. To the last century belongs the view, half picture, half map, of Jerusalem in the time of the Crucifixion, still extant within the arcade of the great entrance from the Forum. Sixtus V., among many other projects, desired to reduce the Colosseum to an asylum for paupers, attached to a great factory of wool (an industry then fallen into neglect) for employment of such inmates within these walls; but that pontiff's death prevented, after

had been accomplished the clearance and levelling of the soil around, the fulfilment of his purpose. Other appropriations for utilitarian purposes are narrated by guide-books, but not the most interesting among local remembrances. It was by a Carmelite friar,—the venerable Angelo Paoli,—that the first effort was made to reclaim from outrage, and consecrate, this scene of Pagan atrocities and Christian martyrdoms; and Clement XI. was the first pontiff who took steps, urged by that friar's persuasions, to effect this worthy object. Bernini having been consulted, it was resolved to restore the outer girdle of walls, consecrate the arena, and build a church, dedicated to the martyrs, in the centre. A small chapel, *S. Maria della Pietà*, consequently arose here, in the early years of the last century, and immediately under the platform on which the Mystery Play used to be exhibited, filling an archway where it still stands, though no longer used for worship. In 1741 a Hermit was appointed its guardian to reside on the spot; but the next year, one night in February, the first thus installed (a French religious) was assaulted by an assassin, and stabbed in seven places, though not fatally to life. This induced the Pope, Benedict XIV., to order sundry repairs and the closing of every ingress by locked and barred gates, to secure against repetition of such crimes, « and other abominable excesses. » So far from the idea of consecration for this edifice were the Roman authorities a century before this date, that, in 1671, concession was made to a company for exhibiting bull-fights in the arena, to be continued five years, on condition of free transit except at the hours of performance—but that privilege never secured to Rome's citizens such promised amusement. It is to be observed that no motive can be assigned for the sudden suppression of the Mystery performances here—deference to the modified opinion or feeling of the age perhaps least of all; and Marangoni supposes it was the falling of some portions of ruin near, that alone caused the interruption under Paul III.

Ancient pontiffs had prized the sanctity of associations here; and St. Gregory the Great, when asked by some ambassadors

for relics for their sovereign, took a handful of earth from this arena, and presented it to them, wrapped in a cloth, which, when they received it with surprise or contempt, the pontiff (adds the legend) pressed between his hands till blood was seen to flow from that soil!—St. Pius V. used to say that whoever desired relics in Rome, « should go and gather the earth in the Colosseum, all saturated with the blood of martyrs ». Benedict XIV., by an edict, 1744, rigorously prohibited the profanation of this spot, on account of the increasing reverence of the faithful towards it. At this period a friar of the Reformed Minorites, beatified as Leonardo da Porte Maurizio, used to draw immense congregations to his sermons; and among his hearers were several devout persons who co-operated with him in instituting the devotion of the Via Crucis, in the Colosseum, and founding a confraternity called « Amanti di Gesù e Maria ». That association was approved by Benedict XIV., and in 1749 the same Pope ordered the erection, at his private expense, of the fourteen ædiculæ for the stations of the Via Crucis, with their pictures of the Passion, and the central cross,—that simple but all-sufficient monument to Christianity—in the centre of this blood-stained arena. The last was erected on the 27th December that year, on which day cross and shrines, indeed the whole building, were solemnly blessed for the inaugural celebration of the Via Crucis, ever since held here on the afternoons of Friday and Sunday.

But it was not until later, 1756, that the character of sacred ground was more distinctly and solemnly bestowed on these ruins by the celebration of Mass, and a general communion at the hands of the Cardinal Vicar, attended by a multitude of worshippers, male and female—rites repeated here with still greater concourse and dignity under Clement XIII.

Recent hagiography has associated the name of another holy man, now honoured by the Church, with these ruins,—Benoit Joseph Labré,—beatified by Pius IX. with magnificent ceremonial on the 20th May, 1860: the poor pilgrim, of French birth, who died in Rome, 1783, at the age of 35, after spending the

last six years of his life in this city, and a much longer period in visiting, on foot and dependant on alms, all the principal sanctuaries of Europe. The Colosseum was one of the spots preferred for his fervent devotions, where he used frequently to take his humble place among the poor « dell'Opera Evangelica, » accustomed to receive charity on certain days, after prayer and preaching, within this arena. On the 15th April, 1861, a series of splendid celebrations in his honour was brought to a close at the church where his body lies, and that night, on the frontispiece of its brilliantly-illuminated façade, *S. Maria del Monte* displayed the transparent picture of the « Beato Giuseppe » worshipping, with a celestial vision above, in the centre of the Colosseum.

Excavations made in 1813 led to the discovery of subterranean penetrating far under the arena, with a system of chambers and passages like those more perfectly preserved in the amphitheatre of Capua; but we must regret the closing up of those compartments, no part of which remains visible except two ingresses, with steep ruinous stairs, and yawning cavities no longer explorable. The subterranean corridor formed by Commodus, in which an attempt was made against his life, is still open, but only to a slight extent, and filled with water, on the side nearest the Palatine. One interesting relic of past splendours, is the arabesque decoration of the stucco vaulting in the arcades of the imperial entrance near the Esquiline; fragments of fluted shafts lie near, and this entrance has been restored carefully, in marble, among other works carried out here under Pius IX.

The various ovations, democratic speeches, and illuminations in the Colosseum during the excitements and troubles of 1847-8, are within the recollection of many; and the Bengal lighting of these ruins, become a favourite spectacle of late years, with its magic alternations of colour, was on these occasions introduced in political reference,—its brilliant succession of red, yellow, and blue fires obviously appropriate.

Effective, wildly resplendent, and unique as is that display in its startling contrasts of lurid light and mysterious gloom

the illumination of nature's own providing leaves far more abiding impressions. The moon (in the beautiful expression of Madame de Staël) « is the true star of ruins ».

Interesting is it to trace the influence of impressions from these mighty ruins upon the literature of different ages.—In the lines of Pagan poets who celebrate them, we need not be surprised to find no thought or impression founded on moral sentiment; but strange is the silence of the Italian Muse! The greatest of this country's poets, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Alfieri, Monti, Pellico, Manzoni, must all have been familiar with this scene of majestic decay, yet have left us no record of emotions excited by the Colosseum. Luigi Biondi, a writer of our own time, has some pleasing *terze rime*, « La Via Crucis nel Colosseo: »

« Ne l'arena del Flavio anfiteatro
Ove ai feri spettacoli frequenti,
Correva un tempo il popolo idolatro.

Adunata vid'io turba dolente,
D'entrambi i sessi e di ciascuna etate, » ec.

winding up with an invocation,—

« Santa religion! gli aspri costumi,
Tu raddolcisti, e fai stille di pianto
Versar, dove corcean di sangue fiumi, » ec.

But we may observe, in this general neglect of the inspiring subject, one more proof that the genius of Italian song is much rather passionate and resplendent than romantic or meditative. It is the Northern mind, in fact, which has drawn the highest inspirations from this celebrated monument,—witness « Childe Harold » and « Manfred, » « Corinne, » Chateaubriand's « Martyrs, » the « Valerius » of Lockhart.

A recent poet—Sydney Dobell—has applied an original and striking comparison to the subject:—

. . . « When conquering suns
 Triumph'd in jubilant earth, it stood out dark
 With thoughts of ages; like some haughty captive
 Upon his death-bed in a Christian land,
 And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed,
 Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
 And on his lips strange gods » (1).

(4) The most marvellous experiences, those of Necromancy, within this ruin, have not yet been explained away on any rationalistic theory. We read in the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini his account, as an eye-witness, of two scenes of incantation and phantasm-appearances on successive nights in this arena, A. D. 1532, the officiating magician a Sicilian priest. In his unadorned style he tells us how, the first night, after adjurations in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, the tracing of a magic circle with many ceremonies, and the burning of rich perfumes, « there appeared several legions so that the Colosseum was quite full; » how, on the second night, the phantoms seemed to him one thousand times more numerous than before. At last the sorcerer, unable to lay the spirits he has summoned, becomes more terrified than all the others—his two assistants, Benvenuto, and the two friends the latter is allowed to bring: the matin bells are ringing as the apparitions begin rapidly to « fly after the night shades, » returning to their invisible world; in this instance with manifestation more *hors de doute* because alike impressing several spectators. But what was really seen? Nothing like defined description is supplied to gratify curiosity; and a little boy, present the second night, is the only spokesman whose part is to describe, telling, incoherently, „amidst paroxysms of terror, first of giants, then of conflagration, at last of the hurried trooping away. Neither voice nor any other sound is said to have been audible; yet the Magician assures that Benvenuto's demand, referring to one of his countless love-affairs, has, at last, been answered, and favourably! Without reflection or even conjecture all this is narrated; and, with his accustomed levity, all seems forgotten by the artist the moment his mind had fixed itself on other objects. Would modern theories of spiritualism here admit the genuine, or reject the deceptive—revere the priest as a « medium, » or denounce him as an impostor?

DISINTERRED BASILICAS.

The spot on the Nomentan Way, at the 7th mile from Rome, where were commenced, in the Winter of 1854, the excavations leading to the discovery of a Church and Catacombs dedicated to St. Alexander, has since been more visited than almost any other scene of antiquarian interest on the Roman Campagna. Alexander I., created Pope A. D. 109, at the age of thirty, or, as some historians state with less probability, only twenty years, had studied under Pliny the younger and Plutarch; and, from early youth, given signal proofs of piety and learning. During his Pontificate many reforms were introduced by him in discipline and ritual. Having converted to the faith a Prefect of Rome, named Hermes, with his whole family, persecution speedily marked him for its victim; arrest and imprisonment followed; but in his captivity the holy man had the consolation of converting two conspicuous persons, a tribune, Quirinus, and his daughter, the latter of whom he is said to have miraculously restored to health. In the year 118 he was put to death, under Trajan, and buried on the same spot where he had suffered, at the seventh mile from Rome. A pious matron, named Severina, carefully attended to his interment here; and after no very long period, it may be inferred, was raised over his tomb first an Oratory, and finally the church, which—with striking example

of the change effected on the surface of the Roman Campagna by the conflicts and devastations of ages—has been reduced to the subterranean state now seen, accessible after the excavations suggested by an antiquarian, Signor Guidi, who had been led by the records of St. Alexander's martyrdom to determine this precise spot for the research (1). The body of the Saint was removed to S. Sabina, on the Aventine, by Pope St. Celestinus, in the V. century: in which church may still be seen a large slab set within the wall, bearing an inscription to the effect that on this had been deposited the bodies of Alexander, Eventius, Sabina, with other martyrs, and that St. Dominic used to spend hours in prayer prostrate on the same hallowed stone. As to that of Alexander, however, French writers have mentioned its bestowal by Leo III, with other relics, on Charlemagne; and a curious controversy on the claim to its possession by various churches, even in Rome and its vicinity, is on record. The city of Capo d'Istria venerates him as its protector; and in Lucca, a temple was early dedicated to him, after some of his relics had been received there.

In their actual state, the ruins of this Basilica resemble an excavated area, surrounded with brick walls against the shelving banks of soil inclosing them, without any vestige of roof. Into this space descending by steep marble steps, one enters a parallelogram, consisting of nave and chancel, on an irregularly traced cruciform plan. Numerous marble fragments are strewn on this surface, among which alone stand erect two columns with high basements, shafts of grey and capitals of white marble, of a composite Corinthian, exhibiting the style of decadence in their rudely sculptured acanthus foliage. The sanctuary,

(1) « Via Numentana septimo de urbe lapide, » the words of Anastasius, are clear on the subject, and the historian tells us that, with those who suffered with him, Eventius and Theodulus, he was buried on the same spot where their martyrdom took place. This is not the only instance that the zeal and learning of signor Guidi have led to discoveries claiming the gratitude of archeologists.

divided off by a parapet wall of which much remains, together with the ambones, is at the south-west end; assumed to be the most ancient portion, the primitive oratory over the Martyr's shrine. Of the high altar are considerable remains, placed over the sepulchre of St. Alexander, as that in St. Peter's over the Apostle's, evidently of magnificent description, with alabaster incrustation, and colonnettes of *giallo antico* for supporting a baldacchino. A deep recess, with marble lining, opens beneath, and above, supported by lateral stonework, is still preserved the *mensa*, a large slab of fine porphyry, around which were strewn several fragments of marblegrating, (*transennae*) with interlaced open work, since erected in its place to form the altar-front on both sides, allowing the sepulchre to be seen underneath (1). Around the frame of this is part of the inscription, in excellent orthography, to Alexander, Eventius ad Theodolus, also interred here, though the name of Alexander only is read in the fragment as follows :

ET ALEXANDER DELICATUS VOTO POSUIT
DEDICANTE AEPISCOP. URS.

—but the two others may be inferred from the mention, in the Acts of the Martyrs, of the interment of both in this cemetery, by Severina. Delicatus is supposed to have been the priest established to officiate here by that pious matron, of whom the chronicle informs as—*ut in eodem loco rei suae ordinaretur episcopus qui omni die quas sunt sancta martyribus celebraret*—*locus ipse habuit proprium suum sacerdotem usque in hodiernum diem*,—the historic record of this cemetery and its martyr-dead thus exactly according with and explaining the remains brought to light. Beyond this altar is the apse with the episcopal throne of marble still preserved. In the lateral chapel (already mentioned) is a large sepulchral deposit under an archway, evidently

(1) Through these *transennae* used to be passed handkerchiefs etc. to touch the relics deposited, as in this instance, under altars.

one of these cubicula, the tomb and oratory dedicated to some martyr. Here appears to have been the richest decoration, walls partly encrusted with marble, partly painted. An epitaph to a youth named Apollo (deceased at the age of 14) implies, by the words *Votus Deo*, his dedication to the priesthood; and the single word *Martyri* of another inscription guided to the certainty that here must have been laid the remains of Theodulus, the deacon, deposited by Severina apart from the sepulchre of his companions, Alexander and Eventius. Close to the high altar are epitaphs, on the pavement, to two deacons, one perfectly distinct, the other almost illegible; elsewhere many other epitaphs, either in fragments or occupying their original places; their dates, in no instance, from the Christian era, but those of Consulates with ides and calends—a convincing proof of antiquity. The following, from the Consulate, is determined of the date A. D. 428—*Hic quiescit Appiani subdiaconus qui vixit ann. XXXII, dies XXVIII, D. III Idus. Apri. Con. Postumiani U. C.* Another is a nameless epitaph that seems the sigh over a long life of sorrow: *Post varias curas post longae monita vitae*; and a small figure of a female praying, with outstretched arms (the antique attitude of prayer), is rudely scratched upon one of these tablets. The pavement of the sanctuary is in fine marble of different colours, well preserved; that of the large lateral chapel still richer, adorned with wreaths and circlets, in inlaid work of porphyry, serpentine, and *giallo antico*. The catacombs, descended to from the chancel, are not among those of great extent or depth, consisting of one storey of corridors, lined with sepulchral deposits on the same plan as presented by all the Roman cemeteries, their deposits mostly opened, but many still covered with marble slabs. Two fragments of sculpture, found in the church, evidently belong to an epoch before the last decline of art, as their subjects are borrowed from Pagan, not Christian, ideas, forming the front of a sarcophagus, decorated with reliefs of figures, seminude or fully draped, and animals of the chase, the portions of which extant display no inferior artistic skill.

Great was the interest excited by the announcement of this discovery, and the Commission of sacred Archaeology (an excellent institution owing its existence to Pius IX.), with other events, hastened to visit the spot. Visconti, the Commissary of Roman Antiquities, presently produced a learned dissertation in proof that a Christian cemetery had existed here even in the first century, and been used for interment under Arcadius and Honorius, under one Consulate of the year 428, another of 457. A desire was expressed by the Archaeologic Committee that a church should be built above these ruins, to which the consent of Pius IX. was readily given; and Signor Guidi, who deserved so much gratitude, was entrusted with the farther direction of the works. On the 17th April 1855, that Pontiff, enthroned in the primitive sanctuary, over the tomb of his martyred predecessor, addressed a most interesting discourse to a company of Propaganda students, urging upon them the duty of imitating that zeal, in the discharge of missionary duties, so nobly displayed by the martyrs of persecuted Christianity, amidst whose impressive memorials they stood.

This he terminated by his benediction, and then passed to examine the Oratory of St. Theodulus, where several fragments of glass vases had been found, apparently placed for ornament. One of the students, a young Ethiopian, then, prostrating, invited him in a few Latin verses to visit the catacombs entered from this ancient church; and in these subterraneans Pius IX. was shown vases tinted by the blood of martyrs. In his presence was finally opened one of the sepulchral loculi, formed in the tufa soil, which still contained bones.

The Catacombs of St. Alexander, now excavated to their full extent, have not yielded treasures equalising them in interest to others in the neighbourhood of Rome—as those of S. Agnese, S. Calixtus, SS. Nereus and Achilleus. As far as accessible, it is remarkable that the corridors wind along the same surface with that of the church, making it evident that the latter was partially subterranean from its origin, so embedded as to require the descent by the stairs which, to this day, re-

main. These hypogees are generally low, (though in some places rising to considerable height), their ground very uneven, with abrupt acclivities and descents. Winding in various directions, they are, at many places, lighted from above by the clearance of soil, so that the visitor is seldom in total darkness; but the feeble gleam thus admitted only serves to make « darkness visible », revealing gloomy cavernous depths, receding vistas, and files of narrow sepulchres—a scene, truly, for meditation among the tombs. One of the first deposits reached is of unusual width (now grated over), containing bones, with several fragments of iron instruments assumed to have been used for torture. For torture also is believed to have served a long narrow iron ladle, with which was poured molten lead, as conjectured, down the victim's throat. Not far from this large deposit is a slab, with the inscription, partly in Greek letters—*Saviniane spiritus in bono*; and below, remains of painting, wreaths and foliage, much-obscured. The name *Sophia* (in Greek letters) is elsewhere seen on the shelving ledge of tufa. Not a few of the marble slabs, covering sepulchral niches yet unopened, have Pagan inscriptions of the best orthography (usually reversed), commencing with the initial formula, *D. M.* (*Dis Manibus*). Most of these *loculi*, which rise in several tiers, are covered with brick, and want inscriptions; while interesting objects are found, usually together, on the outside of several—terra cotta lamps and small glass vases, embedded in the soil at opposite extremities of the deposit (1). The dusky red stains on some of these broken vases have indeed the appearance of blood; which, confronted with the records of primitive Christianity, establishes these tombs, beyond doubt, to be resting places of martyrs,

(1) Vials of different material, terra cotta, glass, wood, ivory or lead; and of various forms, are frequently found in the Catacombs; their contents, ashes, earth (gathered from the spot of martyrdom) or blood—sometimes with the word *sanguis* cut on the outside. See the chapter on Catacombs in Gerbet's thoughtful and learned work, « Rome Chrétienne ».

above whose remains such objects used to be placed, the glorious tokens of their suffering for Truth who—

« in the hidden chambers of the dead
Our guiding lamp with fire immortal fed ».

At the end of one corridor is a chapel containing a single tomb, under an arched recess, evidently used as an altar, according to the primitive practice of celebrating over tombs, whence derives the Catholic prescription that relics should be inserted in every altar before its consecration. This (which I entered two days after its discovery) presents all the features of the most venerable among this species of altar-tombs in the Catacombs—a *mensa* of marble, a small lamp and vase, both of terra cotta, etc.

The 3rd May, the festival when the Church commemorates SS. Alexander, Eventus, Theodulus, and Sabina, has been desired by Pius IX. to be celebrated henceforth for ever by Mass in this unroofed temple over the tomb of the martyred Pontiff; and, after an interval of fourteen centuries, the majestic ceremonial of Catholicism is now again witnessed, with numerous worshippers, in this ruined sanctuary.

As to the projected restoration of this Basilica, in form of a modern church above the ancient, there is motive to regret (seeing what ecclesiastical architecture has become, during late years, in Rome) that any such idea should have been sanctioned. The new building would probably prove an eye-sore, jarring against all that now impresses in the solemn solitude and sacred associations of this spot. But when I visited it last (4th April '61,) I was relieved by hearing that for three months the works had been suspended; and their hitherto progress I perceived had gone no farther than to throw a few arches over the area and raise the brick piers supporting a roof that shelters the whole. We still descend into this area by the ancient staircase, which is of two different epochs, and at the right of which, near the foot, is the entrance into the separate com-

partment for females, always divided from the other sex in early worship, as to this day in many rural districts of Italy. The additional buildings now make more apparent one very singular feature in this Basilica, the non-conformity of the altar with the whole plan and architectural lines, which, as one stands before it looking towards the entrance at the other extremity, are seen greatly to deviate from the rectilinear. This, too obvious to be unintentional, is supposed to have been with a view to satisfying the faithful of the identity of the spot where the Martyrs lie, preventing any suspicion that the altar or primitive oratory could have been disturbed to enter into the plans of an artist for the more modern and larger construction.

On a fine windy days, in January, I set out to visit the ruins recently discovered (February, '86) on an estate of the Barberini family, about two miles from Romo, near the high-road to Albano. Most picturesque are the mountain-distances and foreground of Campagna in this direction. The arcades of ruined aqueducts stood this morning in clear relief against the Alban hills, now clothed in dusky purple tints, as frequently seen in the Winter landscape under these skies. To the right extend, at some distance, the vast shapeless piles of the Appian Sepulchres, here and there divided by a cluster of trees, or the fan-like foliage of a solitary pine. For about a mile after leaving the Porta S. Giovanni this region is not uninhabited, and one observes on the wayside a few old houses, where wine is, or was, sold, besides, at intervals, a newish villa, built close to the road, in the usual wretched taste of suburban residences here. Further on is reached one of the most desolate Campagna scenes, whose undulating surface looks as if a hot iron had been drawn over it, reducing soil and vegetation to one parched hue of withered aridity; but amid this melancholy solitude the majesty of Ruin, in aqueducts, mausolea, and feudal fortress-towers, rises more imposing from its appropriate domain than can be imagined with any other foreground. Shortly beyond the second milestone, on an eminence to the left, stands a group of ruins, the most remarkable of which is a quadran-

gular temple, or *sacellum*, in the best style of ancient Roman brickwork, with pilastres, whose capitals are Corinthian, and other ornamental details in terra cotta, these edifices marking the direction of the Latin Way. Approaching them, after leaving the modern road to ascend the acclivity, we presently perceive various architectural remains, lying heaped together at the centre of a plateau: amidst a wide extent of unenclosed and uncultured land, from which, on every side, are commanded views rich in striking features—immediately opposite, southwards, the vast arcades of the Claudian Aqueduct, receding far into the distance as the eye can follow, and nearly parallel to these, the less lofty structure of that still in use, built by Sixtus V.; a high isolated square tower rising, like a spectral guardian of the solitude, near these arches; beyond extend the gracefully swelling heights of the Alban Hills; the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and others on the Appian Way, stand distinct along a ridge to the west; while, northward, all we see of Rome is limited to the cupolas of St. Peter's and S. Maggiore Maggiore, the façade of the Lateran, and the towers of the embattled walls raised under Honorius. The accumulated fragments that first attract attention on this spot, consist of shafts and capitals in white marble, of the Corinthian order, many of the capitals in superior style, though others betray the rudeness of a declining period, early Christian rather than ancient Roman workmanship.

In these are recognised the remains of the villa of Marcus Silvius Silanus, representative of a family distinguished among patrician houses under the Emperors of the second century, two of whose members are named by Muratori, in the *Annali*, as consuls for the year 189, besides another, Duilius Silanus, consul for the second time in the year preceding. Perhaps nothing more can be ascertained respecting the *fasti* of this house; but, to judge from these remains left by their suburban residence, we may conclude that it ranked among the most splendid of Rome's aristocracy; probably among those families mentioned by Olympiodorus, whose incomes (before Alaric's invasion had given the first great shock to the colossal

empire) amounted to four millions in gold per annum, besides the value of about a million and a quarter contributed in kind—corn, wine, oil, &c.—by the tenants of their estates. Near the spot where the colonnades of their gorgeous villa lie strewn on this soil, were several pits, like treaches for the foundations of some building, in which this day I found labourers at work; and a labyrinth of mounds, formed by clay and rubble, extended around these excavations. One might pass by without suspecting anything more valuable than common stones and brick amidst these heaps; but on stooping to gather fragments, may discover specimens of the finest marbles, veined or tinted, such as, polished into lustre, now adorn the most superb churches and palaces of Rome. Oriental alabaster, *rosso antico*, and *giallo antico* are to be gathered here in profusion, though it is impossible to say what portions of building they may have belonged to. The last named, precious yellow marble of Numidia, was found forming the pavement, preserved in the entire material, though broken, of one among many chambers just uncovered. In several of these rooms are other marble pavements; fragments of mosaic in black and white, and brick walls perfectly preserved. Whilst, with my companions, I was examining these ruins, we were accosted by a person, plainly dressed, whom I at first took for a master-workman or overseer, but whose politeness and intelligent manner of explaining all discovered, soon sufficed to correct an error unjust as usually are judgments founded on externals; and when, on taking leave, he gave his card, I found our obliging *cicerone* no other than Signor Fortunati, the discoverer of these antiquities—a gentleman whose researches and cares for preserving the antique have long claimed the gratitude of the learned, and given his name a certain celebrity here, who undertook these excavations, and for some time carried them on, entirely at his own cost. By him we were conducted to the spot, a few hundred feet distant, where the discovery of a church, of the fifth century, has added interest of a different description to this site. Here we arrived suddenly before an excavated area entered by a shelving bank from the

level of soil above, and bounded by a semicircular wall, in well-preserved brickwork, supported from behind by the solid earth under which the remainder of this edifice then lay completely embedded. In such condition had been found the apse of the basilica identified as that dedicated to St. Stephen by Pope Leo I. That pontiff, it is recorded, shortly after the retreat of Genserik, and the sack of Rome by his Vandal hordes, at the desire, and with means supplied by a pious Roman lady, Demetria, erected a church to the proto-martyr on this spot in the midst of the devastation caused by those barbarian invaders around the imperial city. Baronius mentions that at the time he wrote there existed a few formless ruins belonging to the Basilica of St. Stephen; and Anastasius (life of St. Leo) establishes its origin clearly: *Demetria, ancilla Dei, fecit Basilicam Sancto Stephano via Latina, miliario quarto*. It is curious to observe how the Campagna must have risen, further to swallow up the works of antiquity, even since the period when that former ecclesiastical historian lived—strange transformations, caused by the march of ages, as well as devastating armies, over the Roman Campagna, that chosen theatre of dread events.

Several fragments in marble, inscriptions, and ornamental carvings were the objects first found among these ruins, some with reliefs appearing to have belonged to friezes or altar-screens. I observed, within a frame or border, a frieze of intertwisted bands resembling the ornamental device known as *Runic knots*; and several shafts and slabs of the beautiful Phrygian marble, white with purple veinings, attest the splendid character of decoration in this temple. For other objects here it would be difficult to assign the exact place, as those consisting of large marble masses, globular in the lower part, but rising above into a pointed form, each with a small Greek cross in relief between ornaments like festoons. These might have been placed round the enclosure of the high altar, or that of the Presbyterium, which, in the early basilicas, was thus completely separated from the nave and aisles. An imperfect tablet, with remains of moulding, contains an inscription in small rudely-formed characters, where

are read clearly the names of St. Stephen—« *Stephano primo martyri* »—and of Pope Sergius, with that of one *Lupus Gregorius*, who added to the church a belfry at his own expense, under the pontificate of the aforesaid Sergius—second of that name, elected to the Papacy 844. The first Leo, surnamed « the Great, » and classed not only among the saints, but also among doctors of the Latin Church, was elected in 440, and showed uncommon energies throughout a pontificate of twenty years. One naturally thinks of him in connection with that memorable event, and its magnificent illustration by Raffael in Art, by Werner in dramatic poetry—the meeting between Attila and this sainted pontiff, whose words and presence so awed the barbarian conqueror that, for a time at least, Rome and the empire were saved. His efforts to avert the tempest of the Vandal invasion were equally noble, but less successful. His voluminous writings, letters, and sermons throw important light on his times; and his life has been written repeatedly, once in conjunction with that of « Attila, the Scourge of God, » by Bertazzola (Mantua, 1614), and again by Maimbourg, « *Histoire du Pontificat de S. Léon le Grand*, » a work, strange to say, formally condemned by a brief of Innocent XI., 1687.

Some time after my first visit, were completely uncovered the ruins of the temple here erected by him, conformably to the wishes of Demetria, but (as supposed) after the death of that pious lady, who had escaped with her mother from Rome during the siege by Alaric, and passed into Africa (1). This Basilica was restored by Leo III. at the end of the VIII. or beginning of the IX. century: the prospect towards the East, the length, including the apse and portico, in French metres, 45» 34.

(1) She is one of the first females of whom is recorded the solemn dedication to a religious life by taking the veil with a ceremonial, and was thus consecrated by the Bishop of Carthage, confirmed in her resolution by the counsels of St. Augustine. A fragmentary inscription refers to her purpose of founding this Basilica in terms which led Father Garucci to conclude that it was not till after her death the erection commenced, under Pope Leo's orders.

As we now see it, though little that can be called an architectural elevation meets the eye, it forms one of those most precious monuments of the Christian antiquity, which it seems a part of the providential destinies marked out for Rome to preserve (more even than is intended or controlled) for the religious instruction of ages. We first notice, at the entrance, three parallel brick walls traversing the building's width, and showing that here stood the outer portico ascended by steps, of which traces remain, and the atrium, or pronaos within, bounded by the front-wall pierced with three portals for admission into nave and aisles. Right of those external stairs we see remains of the fountain (*cantherus*, or *phiala*) used for the washing of the hands, now reduced to the simple signing of the cross with holy water *after*, instead of *before*, entering within the sacred limits—a practice mentioned by St. Paulinus in the V. century. Passing into the area of ruins, one is struck by the peculiarity of a different, and lower, level in the nave from that both of the atrium and aisles, contrary to the example in other antique churches, where, if such difference appear, it is in the higher level given to the nave above other compartments—as in the primitive St. Peter's. Fragments still show that marble pavement once covered this surface; and the ambones are still, though but in remnants, to be recognised. Near the centre opens a tomb, evidently for some much-honoured person, like a quadrangular well, retaining portions of marble incrustation round its sides, and supposed the resting-place of Demetria, the pious foundress, till a later transfer of her remains to some more conspicuous or better guarded sepulture within the city—thus leaving vacant the deposit here, which was then filled up, in the state now seen.

Between the end of the nave and the high altar is the most singular and interesting feature of these ruins, an aedicula, or chapel, in two sections, the outer like a pronaos, the inner carved at the extremity like an apse, the whole thus presenting the semblance of a Basilica in miniature, its walls still retaining remnants of a stucco-coating painted red, and of a marble *zoccolo*,

or lining, round the lower part. Some have inferred this to be the sepulchral chapel of the Anician family, who succeeded to the Servilian in proprietorship of the great villa near this spot; or else an oratory dedicated to some Martyr whose remains were here laid; at all events, of not less antique origin than the IV. century, and one of the class called *cellae* or *Basilichellae* (see the Report by Canon Profili, secretary to the Committee of Sacred Archaeology). Its level, below that of the nave, and considerably lower than the aisles, must have been reached by stairs from the side of the altar; and thus reduced to a crypt, it can only have been lighted artificially. Two columns and a marble pavement have left their traces among the ornaments of its interior, no doubt frequented with much devotion by the faithful. Below the only altar the Basilica contains, opens a confessional, or shrine above a saintly tomb, encrusted with marble, and seen from above through a small recess (*fenestrella*) also lined with marble (in part preserved), hollowed in the midst of the solid block, accumulated stones, bricks, and marble fragments, in which that altar is formed. Into this confessional was a descent by steps; and before it extended towards the nave the *schola cantorum* (or choir), whose floor, now completely destroyed, would have roofed over the oratory of the IV. century, and whose lateral walls still in part remain, covered with coloured stucco. Another feature to be noticed is the Baptistry: a separate compartment entered from the end of the right aisle, quite distinct from the church, and still containing a peculiar shell-formed font evidently serving for administration of the rite by immersion. This Baptistry has four entrances, thus accessible from without on every side. Beyond, and surrounding the Basilica at this end, are the ruins of buildings that may have been residences of the clergy, or perhaps formed a *pagus* (village) that gradually clustered around the holy edifice. The two epochs in this building, those of Leo I. and Leo III., can be traced in the different material and construction—the earlier, in some remains of lithoïd walls in the nave, and in two masses of ruin, probably monuments, within the same area; the later in the

more prevalent style of brickwork known as *opera a scacco*, to the same period with which (the building of Leo III.) belongs the high altar in the irregular *opera a cortina*, and also the Baptistry. Within and around were discovered the bases of 40, the shafts of 22, and the capitals (in a style betraying decadence) of 30 columns, whose fragments have been restored to their places between nave and aisles, feebly to assist us in reconstructing for the mental eye the magnificent scene once presented by St. Stephen's Basilica.

These excavations, both of the basilica and the Roman villa, continued to be prosecuted with energy, twenty-six labourers daily employed, at the expense and under the direction of Fortunati, who received no assistance from Government for carrying his discovery to full results, though his merits, in this and other enterprises, have been rewarded by a gold medal from the Pope. He was led to undertake the researches here by observing the form of several mounds near the sepulchres on the now obliterated track of the Latin Way, which suggested the existence of antiquities buried beneath, as many other ruins have been found embedded in similar earth-heaps on the Campagna. Not long after the surface of these mounds had been broken open, were found portions of a leaden conduit for a bath, fragments of stucco coloured, with tints still perfectly fresh, ornaments in terra-cotta, mosaics in black and white marble, with the usual meandering device common among such ancient decorations, and several sculptures more or less fragmentary. In the Roman temple near these ruins of the Silanus villa, has been formed quite a lapidary museum, Fortunati having deposited here all the marble epigraphs found in this territory. These present a great variety of styles and allusions, several being records of the family bearing the names retained, it seems, through several generations, Marcus Silvius Silanus. One has the single name « Marcorum », in large well-formed letters; and a few are in Greek, though by far the greater number Latin. The epitaphs are both Christian and Pagan (the former, no doubt, from the catacombs, an entrance to which has been opened near), the

Pagan beginning with the usual initials, « D. M., » while the Christian have mostly the formula, « Requiescat in pace » in their first line, preceded by a small cross in the Greek form. One of these latter is in hexameters of some length, imperfectly preserved; and generally there is more correctness of language and orthography than is often found in the catacomb monuments; only in one instance did I notice a glaring mistake—« in pace aeternam », occurring in the last line of an epitaph. Among the Pagan tablets, one of the most interesting and best preserved is to a pro-consul, with the inscription, « Sex. Anicio Paulino, Procons. Africae bis Cos. Praef. Urb. ».

Outside the entrance to this temple I observed, on the day of my first visit, fragments of a large shaft, altogether seventeen palms high, in a marble not hitherto known, among all the specimens preserved from antiquity in Rome. Marchi, and other archæologists pronounced this to be the very rare marble called in Italian *Verde Ammanto*, a species of breccia. When polished it would be singularly beautiful, being of many hues, but with a vivid green predominating over the rest, relieved by paler streaks of pink and a warm yellowish brown, quite distinct from the other green, or partially green marbles, so many of which adorn churches and palaces in Rome—as the *Verd'antico* of Thessaly, the *Serpentino* from the banks of Taygetus, the Malachite from Asiatic Russia; and it did not surprise to find (as I was informed) that the value set by the official estimator on the entire shaft of this rare material was not less than 3000 scudi. No specimen of this exists in the collection of 600 at the museum of the Roman University, though that assortment is supposed to include all the species known among the remains of antiquity.

The catacombs, discovered in the same territory, at a short distance from the basilica of St. Stephen, and no doubt communicating with it, have not been penetrated so as to allow of exploring to any extent.

A few days after my visit to this spot, I entered the building where Fortunati had deposited all the sculptures hitherto

found here, a collection various and interesting, and furnishing comment on the morals of high life in Pagan Rome as telling as the pages of Juvenal.

After the excavations had proceeded some time were opened two sepulchral chambers of mausolea, whose higher storeys stood immediately upon the ancient Roman Way, now in part uncovered near the principal group of ruins. Descending a flight of stairs, we reach a kind of vestibule, open to the day, with which these chambers communicate—the larger by far the most interesting, on account of the exquisitely finished ornaments of its vaulted ceiling in stucco relief, miniature groups and arabesques, distributed over squares and circles, and all preserved so perfectly that in no portion does sharpness of touch or delicacy of execution appear impaired by the hand of time. In the circles are mythologic figures, some of Bacchanalian character, males and females engaged in the dance; other females seated in graceful attitudes on fabulous animals strangely fantastic—varieties of the nondescript class not yet known in antique representations. The floating grace of movement in some, the dignity of repose in other figures, the freedom of design in all, give to these stuccos a superiority over all similar classic decoration yet found in Rome, and assert a higher character than belongs to the decorative art, whether painting or sculpture, yet brought to light in Pompeii or Herculaneum. Remains of white marble pavement are in this chamber, and the walls were once encrusted with the same material, now torn off, apparently by violent hands. Three marble sarcophagi, all broken by the despoilers of past ages, were found in this tomb, with reliefs, still beautiful in their imperfect state. The opposite chamber contains another sarcophagus, in like manner injured by wanton spoliation. Fragments of coloured glass vases, gold rings, some in the Etruscan style and set with precious stones, attest the wealth of those for whose resting-place these vaults were prepared; and inscriptions on tiles enabled the date of their construction to be determined as 160 of the Christian era.

The ruins of the villa opened more and more extensively as the soil was cleared away, but in no part with any structure that could be said, in its present condition, to possess architectural characteristics, nothing, in fact, but a series of chambers, mostly small, many with remains of costly marble incrustation. More than five hundred medals and coins, mostly of the Antonines and some of Crispina, the wife of Commodus; inlaid marbles in the style called Pompeian, cornices of *giallo antico* and other precious materials, baths etc. in more or less preservation—bear witness to the wealth and luxury of the owners, who, it seems, were of various houses, the villa being shown by inscriptions to have passed into the hands of one patrician family after another: first, the Valerian, then the Servilian, and lastly the Anician, ancestors of Gregory the Great and several other distinguished Christians. Many busts, among the numbers found here, are evidently family portraits; one the Empress Crispina; and a beautiful torso is supposed to be Narcissus. The superiority of some of these sculptures led to the inference of a Greek origin; and particularly noticeable is one relief, on a sarcophagus, the triumph of Bacchus, where the god occupies a biga drawn by two elephants, and among other animals in the procession are lions, panthers, and a giraffe, the first representation of this last yet known in antique sculpture.

But all the treasures here are surpassed by those in other subterranean chambers of a mausoleum afterwards opened, evidently one of the most splendid on this Roman highway. In its upper storey are traces of two large chambers with pavement of black and white mosaic, in which the only figure is the Dolphin, symbolic of Elysian life. Descending, one looks with marvel at the exquisite decorations in stucco-relief and painting that cover the vault of the larger chamber: groups, single figures of deities, architecture in relief, and miniature landscape with architectural foregrounds or centres, ornamental borders and rosettes of most graceful character, showing to what fairy delicacy could be carried the decorative art of ancient Rome, and how suggestive was her Mythology in this fantastic class

of subjects. The reliefs on four sarcophagi, in another chamber, are, independently of their intrinsic merit, among the most interesting for illustration of fable and the deeper meanings attached to it by antiquity, in the stories of Diana and Endymion, of Meleager, of Bacchus and Ariadne, who are here meeting each other, in separate cars (instead of being, as usual, seated together in their triumph) each drawn by a centaur (1). The fact that such art-treasures have been found, and not till a recent day, but a few feet below the Campagna-surface, suggests the idea of what *might* be effected in and around Rome by a government of ampler means.

Leaving the Campagna to return within the City's walls, we may visit another recently discovered primitive church, alike

(4) All reference to the mysteries of Bacchus on sarcophagi—allowed to the initiated alone—implied belief in the doctrine of another life therein taught: as signified also in the figures of Bacchante dancing before the sacred vessels, and in Bacchus, when he appears, as common lord of the sensual and lower brought into the mystic service of the upper world—in his union with Ariadne, who, deserted by Theseus (the hero considered an emblem of the Sun), passes into the hands of the infernal Dionysos, that is, to a shadowy, if painless existence (for which interpretation see the work compiled by Bunsen on Rome). The gentle awakening of the soul from death is affectingly expressed in the groups of Bacchus approaching the sleeping Ariadne, and Diana visiting Endymion. Eros victorious over Anteros, leaning on the urn of Psyche and gazing on a mask, emblem of the mortal tene-ment, implies the triumph or bliss of the immortal nature. Griffins and Lions guarding the fire that represents the Sun, the Source and ultimate home (according to one theory) of the Spirit which had migrated through the stars till purified; Eros without wings, sporting amongst winged children, allusive also to the transmigration; the head of Medusa with Lions or Swans, to indicate the opposite paths of light and darkness; marine creatures or Dolphins symbolising the voyage to another world; the lifted torch implying the passage to the shades—are other deeply significant emblems in sepulchral sculpture. It may be questioned whether the stories of Alcestis and Laodamia were rather expressive of the grief of separation, or trust in an affection surviving it; but these pathetic subjects appear, appropriate certainly, on many sarcophagi.

disinterred, it may be said, though not by the same process as the Basilicas on the Nomentan and Latin ways. Among the Roman Basilicas one of the most beautiful, though comparatively small, and most perfectly retaining the early type, is that of St. Clement, the Pope and Martyr, which has been for two hundred years in the keeping of British subjects, the community of Irish Dominicans, to whose superior, the rev. Father Mullooly, we owe the valuable addition to the local range of Christian monuments that now invests this fine old church with new attractiveness and archaeologic interest. In 1847 was commenced the excavating for the discovery of that antique Basilica over which the present stands under direction of that Father Prior, who, after a profound study of the many devastations which this region of Rome has undergone, and by observing that the vaulting of one of the convent-cellars sprung from a Corinthian capital, whose pillar he discovered to have been immured within the structures beneath, had been led to conclude that such remains must exist. The resolution thus suggested had been formed some years before it could be carried into effect; and at last the excavations resulted in discoveries more than sufficient to recompense for anxiety and costs, revealing beneath the more modern temple the identical one raised above the house of St. Clement, and mentioned by writers in the IV. century, which was the scene of a Council, in the V. century, for condemning the doctrines of one Cælestius, the associate and disciple of the heretical Palagius (1). Opened as they now are, we descend into these subterraneans, dim though not in total darkness, by the modern stairs conveniently provided, and find ourselves at once in the eastern aisle of the primitive Basilica, the most ancient still preserved intact (at least so far as these remains exist) of all Roman churches, its direction cor-

(1) St. Jerome alludes to it as, in his time, perpetuating the memory of the holy Pontiff: *Nomini ejus memoriam usque hodie Romæ extructa ecclesia custodit*; and Pope Zosimus, A. D. 417, styles it a Basilica in his letter to the African Bishops respecting that Council.

responding with that of the edifice above, under which it extends from North to South. Along the western limit is a colonnade of seven pillars with capitals in good Corinthian, their shafts of different precious marbles, two *cipollino*, one *breccia di sette basi*, one African *verd'antico* remarkable for its stains of bright red on the green and white veined ground. Beyond these the ancient aisle has been built up; and above are constructive arches of brick, in the best masonry, serving to strengthen the wall added for support to the upper church. On the opposite wall are the remnants, much faded, of several fresco paintings in small groups, rude in execution, but not without a certain quaint originality, and evidently of a period when the classic traditions in Art had totally vanished. One group is the martyrdom of St. Catherine, who stands before the wheel, her figure denuded to the waist, her hands bound in front, between two executioners; at all events affording proof that the marvellous legend of the Alexandrine Virgin Martyr had become familiar in Europe much earlier than some writers assume. Mrs Jameson supposes it to have been brought from the East by Crusaders. Near this are nineteen heads, all with gaze fixed in the same direction, and in the midst a pair of scales, above which are painted vertically the words, *Stateram justam modium auget*; beyond, a group of thirty-two heads similar in type and expression, the eyes large and dark, the features regular and stern, those that are female with the hair simply braided. Other better preserved and superior paintings are within a deep niche that probably served for an altar: the head of the Saviour in a circle, and below, the Virgin and Child, the Mother both veiled and crowned, with a jewelled collar round her neck, the Child full-dressed, and apparently standing, not sitting, before her, the nimbus on both heads alike; the rather severe and solemn character reminding of the earliest mosaics in Rome and Ravenna; and we here observe, right of the Virgin's figure, the words horizontally scratched on the mortar: *Joan · Presb · Rosa · Biruticus · Salbius · Presb*. On the lateral walls of the niche are frescoes which, before being fully exposed, were considered by

archæologists to illustrate some event in the life of St. Paul, but afterwards discovered by Father Mullooly to represent the sacrifice of Abraham, in which opinion all must agree on observing their connected figures, the scene being divided into two groups, on one side the Patriarch with uplifted sword, on the other Isaac and the Angel. Competent judges have agreed that these paintings may be referred to the VI., or even the V. century, and such antiquity, I understand, it was the opinion of Mr Layard they might fairly claim—therefore the earliest, by many centuries, among all pictures to this day preserved in Roman churches. Near the extremity of the same side was afterwards brought to light a colossal headless figure of the Saviour, with the right hand raised to bless, while the left holds two volumes in rich binding, and the feet rest on an ornamented platform, the dress of the prescribed colours, red and blue, the drawing (particularly of extremities), very defective. Besides these figures are many remains of ornamental borders, that probably filled all the interstices, so as to present one coloured surface of walls in this whole interior. The apse of the church had been opened, but, soon afterwards rendered inaccessible by influx of water; and at a level considerably lower than this have been discovered other very interesting remains of high antiquity, quite distinct from the church. Traversing the front of that apse extends a narrow vaulted passage, cut off at one extremity by the foundation walls of the church, one side formed by compact brick-work in *opus lateritium* of about the best ancient style and the imperial period, the other by vulcanic tufo blocks of the kingly period, which are surmounted by immense blocks of travertine, varying from 12 to 14 palms in length, and supposed to be of the Republican period. These form, as it were, so many strata; and no where else in Rome are to be seen structures of more (if of equally) remote antiquity. We find these walls without cement, the courses of travertine blocks projecting so as slightly to overlap the tufo construction below. Under the floor of the church were opened several chambers descended into through their broken vaults, with walls of volca-

nic tufa in enormous masses, the floor flooded, but not so deeply as to prevent the inspection from the steps of a ladder, which I was enabled to make by the light of a taper held by a labourer, who stood in the water, thus to gratify my curiosity. The Chevalier di Rossi (a highly accredited judge) supposed that this might be referred to the later regal or earlier republican period; and the travertine structure seems to have much analogy with the Servian fortifications, in that interesting remnant discovered, a few years ago, below the garden of the *S. Sabina* Convent on the Aventine. In the southern aisle several fragments of paintings have been found, the most remarkable being the martyrdom of St. Peter, a figure of the Emperor Constantine crowned with a diadem, and that of an Archbishop with the nimbus, vested in pontifical robes, and wearing the Greek pallium.

After the excavations at *S. Clemente* had been carried to their most valuable results under the care of the reverend Prior, they were taken in hand by the Commission of Antiquities, which has subsequently made itself responsible. The very curious fresco of the Virgin and Child has been copied for the Christian Museum at the Lateran. But in historic value all the other paintings here are surpassed by those last discovered on the resuming of the excavations, after some months' suspense, in October '61. A pilaster covered with frescoes bearing characteristics of the V. or VI. century in Christian Art, now presented still more interesting subjects to archæologic study in the three compartments its groups are distributed over. The upper contains nine figures, the heads of which were, unfortunately, destroyed by the building above, the four first Popes being among these, with names inscribed beneath in the following order: *Linus*, *Scs Petrus*, *Scs Clemens PP.*, *Cletus*. St. Peter and St. Clement are on the same level, the former in act of placing the latter on the pontifical throne, and investing him with the pallium, symbol of universal jurisdiction; *Linus* and *Cletus* both on a lower level, vested sacerdotally, but without the pallium, nor distinguished by the « *Sanctus* » before their names. Of the other figures two are recognised as priests by their vestments;

and the whole composition leads to infer the purpose of representing St. Clement as immediate successor to the Apostle in the See of Rome. The central compartment represents a temple with colonnades illumined by pendant lamps, in the midst St. Clement pontifically vested, with the pallium, celebrating the Eucharistic Sacrifice, his uplifted arm seeming to bless the people. On the altar, besides the chalice and paten, is an open book displaying the words, *Dominus vobiscum—Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*; and above hangs one of those great many-lighted chandeliers, called, from its circular form, « *pharum cum corona* ». Near are three persons, one with the censer, the others, a male and female, holding tapers, and no doubt intended for the married pair named in an inscription below as *Beno* and *Maria uxor mea*; beyond, and higher placed, the Deacon and Subdeacon, both with the tonsure, and two Bishops with their croziers; to the left of the celebrant, fourteen other figures, two distinguished by the names written below, *Sisinius* and *Theodora*—individuals mentioned in the acts of St. Clement, as converted by him, and belonging to the household of the Emperor Nerva. The lowest compartment seems to represent the founding of this church by St. Clement, or the exile of that Saint to Pontus, condemned by Trajan, with other Christians, to penal labour there in the marble-quarries. Of four figures here introduced, one bears the same name, *Sisinius*, and is in act of commanding, whilst the others are engaged in raising a column. Six inscriptions are ranged vertically beside each other, consisting of names or incomplete sentences, except one which is distinctly read : *Saxa trahere meruisti*.

It is admitted by all Roman archæologists that no more important painting of its kind is extant in the Eternal City; and none yet brought to light has so satisfactorily illustrated (indeed decided) that knotty historic question, the order of succession of the first four Pontiffs.

THE SUPERGA

At the sanctuary of the Superga, rendered more celebrated since Charles Albert's remains have reposed there, the commemorative rites in honour of that patriotic King are among the most impressive of their description. Anxious to visit this Basilica on such an occasion, I walked thither—a distance of about five miles from Turin, with a steep ascent to the summit of the mountain on which it stands—the evening of the 28th July. The smiling beauties of the environs of Turin, studded with villas, groves, and vineyards, and the noble views of the Alps on that ascent, sufficiently beguile the fatigues of this pilgrimage. The Superga, commenced 1715 and consecrated in 1749, was raised by Victor Amadeus, first to rule over these states with the title of king, in accomplishment of a vow to erect a temple on the height where he stood, with Prince Eugene, the morning of September 7th, 1706, looking down on the beleaguer of his capital by the armies of Louis XIV. The condition and the fulfilment of this vow were permitted by Providence in deciding the fate of battle against the unjust invader, and after the peace of Utrecht, which conferred on him the royal title, Victor Amadeus hastened to the accomplishment of his religious engagement. A celebrated but most bizarre architect, Juvara, whom he had brought with him from Sicily, was commissioned to build the

ex-voto sanctuary, with an adjoining college and palace, the total expense of which magnificent work was estimated at upwards of three millions, some writers say fourteen millions of francs. The same prince instituted a chapter of twelve secular priests, all required to be Doctors of Theology and Canon Law, to inhabit the spacious residence adjoining this church, assigning for their support a revenue of 16,000 francs per annum; and the declared object of the foundation was to prepare a body of ecclesiastics, already distinguished, for becoming useful to religion and to the State, by dedicating themselves here, a certain number of years, to the walks of theological and philosophical study. The successor of Victor Amadeus conferred on all priests admitted to this college the title and office of royal chaplains; and for more than a century the Superga continued to supply to the Church illustrious ministers, noted for virtues and learning, between twenty and thirty having been raised to episcopal sees out of this congregation. In 1801 French authority pronounced the suppression of this college, after the Provisional Government, in 1799, had determined to convert the basilica into a temple dedicate « à la Reconnaissance Nationale », and to scatter to the winds all the ashes of kings and princes here reposing—a sacrilege happily averted by the fearless opposition of the then president, Avogadro, who continued for several years in solitude, all his companions being driven away, to discharge the duties of parochial priest at the Superga, now converted into a parish church. Victor Emmanuel I., on returning to his states and recovering his crown, in 1814, took measures for re-establishing the congregation here; and the institution was restored to its former footing thanks to the munificence and piety of that prince. Such continued to be the condition of the Superga till 1833, when Charles Albert substituted for the congregation a body styled the Royal Ecclesiastical Academy, composed of fifteen members, each chosen by the Bishop of a different diocese, so that the thirty dioceses of the Sardinian States on *terra firma* should be alternately represented here, the period of four years allowed for each nominee to remain. Their number was afterwards rais-

ed to eighteen, by extension of the privilege to three of the eleven Bishoprics in the Island of Sardinia; the same condition still required, by royal decree, that all admitted here should have previously received the laurel of Doctor in Theology and Canon Law at one of the National Universities.

But the institution so illustrious, the ecclesiastic body so signalised by merits, since attached, in its original phase, to this sanctuary, has not escaped the opposition of modern policy: proscription has been pronounced against the Superga, which is no more to be the retreat where, in their mountain solitude, a chosen company may dedicate themselves for a limited period to the highest walks of intellectual labour. The Piedmontese Ministry some years ago determined that the Ecclesiastical Academy must be suppressed, to give place to a species of asylum for superannuated and infirm priests, who may be thus provided for without additional expense. The Superga community, when I visited it, was reduced to only three, including the Vice-President. The Protector of the institution, by its statutes required to be an ecclesiastic of high dignity, in the last instance *was* the exiled Archbishop Franzoni; and the last President, who had occupied his post for twelve years, the Chevalier Andisio, author of several esteemed works, but since about the end of 1850, constrained to leave this kingdom, settled in Rome, where he is now a Canon of St. Peter's and Professor at the Sapienza University. Andisio was the founder of the « *Armonia*, » the principal organ of clerical interests in Piedmont, whose editor, at this period, was also an Academician of Superga. What, it may be asked, could fairly be urged against the continued existence of this collegiate body, connected with no powerful party in opposition to the present tendency of public affairs—no monastic Order having controul over its property or members—no political movement having ever originated among those here associated?

Formerly the King, Court and Ministers, annually visited the Superga for its peculiar festival—the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, such act of piety being considered obligatory in the ful-

filament of Victor Amadeus' vow; for it was on the vigil of that festival that he received Communion in a little chapel already standing on the height, looking down on the invading army from whence, he pledged himself to the magnificent tribute of gratitude, should Heaven grant him victory that day, embodied in the existence of this sanctuary.

The Basilica rises majestically, with its lofty cupola, white walls, and classic colonnades, at the summit of the forest-clothed mountain, visible from Turin and from all the surrounding country.

Arriving here in the evening, furnished with a letter to the Vice-President, I met with most hospitable reception from that amiable and cultivated ecclesiastic (a native of Savoy, named Truffet), and found every comfort the weary traveller could desire. I requested to be called next morning early enough to witness the arrival of the troops who were to set out from Turin shortly after midnight. Long before dawn I heard the distant rolling of drums, and the approaching sound of military movement with glad shouts that broke upon the stillness of the mountains with startling effect. Descending into the cloisters, I found there a species of bivouac rendered picturesque in the light of torches under the yet sunless sky of a cloudy morning. In one of the corridors a burst of radiance emanated from a low arched window, approaching which I beheld a spectacle not easily to be forgotten—the splendid sepulchral chapel of the Sardinian kings illuminated by a multitude of candelabra, in the centre before whose altar rose the tomb of Charles Albert, like a bier hung with costly draperies on a funeral couch, surrounded by martial and royal insignia, the whole, draperies, symbols, adornments, formed of many-tinted marbles. A full glare of light was concentrated on this regal tomb from surrounding tapers; and officers of the National Guard stood in motionless groups on each side, looking, with arms, helmets, and plumes, like military statues, fit accessories to the mournful pomp round the sepulchre of a war-like king. I was one of the few civilians privileged to enter this chapel, otherwise filled with troops; for the Mass celebra-

ted by the Vice-President, accompanied by the music of clarions and drums that swelled, mournful yet triumphant, into grand strains at the holiest passage in the rite. It was deeply affecting, and at such a moment the memory of Charles Albert (whatever his errors) presented itself as the personification of all that was just and noble in the struggle for national independence, so disastrous in the issues connected with the story of his abdication and defeat. About an hour after sunrise was another Mass in this chapel, during which music and poetry, expressly composed for the occasion, were performed and sung in superior style, application having been made to allow of this celebration in the basilica itself, but properly refused by the Vice-President, seeing that the effusion styled « Sorrows and prayers of the Subalpine people in the Basilica of Superga for the sixth anniversary of the death of the magnanimous king, » etc. was almost purely political in character, and if a hymn, one of patriotism, not devotion. The performance, nevertheless, had much solemnity, and the words were sung with feeling by a bass voice, solo, the adaptation following after every strophe on military instruments. Hardly to be contemplated without emotion was that accumulation of offerings, by an idolising enthusiasm, round the sepulchre of the late King—a crown of laurels wrought in silver, numerous wreaths of evergreen and flowers, streamers of silk inscribed in gold with the designations of military companies, marble tablets with epigraphs placed in the aggregate names of male and female citizens, a variety of poetic tributes on parchment or silk—one in the Portuguese language—and (last addition) two garlands of oak leaves and acorns imitated in silk; the offering of the King of Portugal and his brother, on their visit, within the fortnight previous, to this sanctuary. The subterranean chapel, where so many kings and princes of Piedmont are laid in sepulchral niches like those of the Roman Catacombs, though splendid, wants the character appropriate to its destination—neither twilight solemnity nor thought-inspiring gloom answering to that monumental purpose. Some tombs are adorned with sculptures of merit, and a costly variety of coloured marbles

distinguishes these, isolated from the rest, of Victor Amadeus II. and Charles Emmanuel III. Two lateral chapels are appropriated, one to the Carignano branch of the reigning family, the other to Princess cut off in childhood. In the former is a touching record of royal bereavements in tragic succession—three tablets, plain and with brief inscriptions, but surmounted by many garlands of beautifully-imitated flowers and evergreens, to the Queen Dowager, the Queen consort of Victor Emanuel, and the Duke of Genoa, his brother; all cut off within the period of a few weeks.

The Basilica is of octagonal plan, but rendered circular in the interior by the disposition of columns and projecting walls, its lofty cupola and lantern so placed as to be looked up into immediately on crossing the threshold—an architectural arrangement producing fine effect. A library of more than 20,000 volumes here is but the imperfect restoration of that ransacked and despoiled by French invaders; and a gallery, formed by three chambers, contains the entire series of portraits of the Popes, all which have been engraved for a history projected by the Canon Audisio. I should rather say this ought to be a perfect series, the likeness of Pius IX. having been added to the rest; but a disgraceful outrage has marred that completeness, for about eight years ago this last picture was so maltreated by some of the strangers, allowed access to the principal apartments here, that it was necessary to remove it out of sight! The prospect of the Alps from the summit of the cupola is beyond description sublime, bounded at the east and west by the peaks, covered with eternal snow, of two among the highest in Europe—Monte Viso, dividing the Ligurian from the Cottian chain; and Monte Rosa, only second, among monarch-monatains, to the supreme Mont Blanc.

Long before the present date (1861) the Chapter of the Superga has been finally suppressed; and I am informed that only two priests now remain here to officiate the church (1).

(1) By the act of 1855, suppressing not only Monastic Orders and ecclesiastical Congregations, but Chapters of Collegiate churches and simple benefices.

The celebration of this same anniversary at the Cathedral of Turin, the day previous, was also a grand occasion, dignified by all authoritative and official attendance. I found a great crowd assembled at the appointed hour, and battalions of the National Guard filing up the steps before that cathedral-facade. In the interior the scene was striking: sable draperies, the light of a profusion of tapers to the exclusion of that of day, giving majesty and awfulness to the aspect of a building not otherwise impressive or vast in proportions. A catafalque stood high in the nave, beautifully designed, representing a classic temple with open arcades, richly ornamented in relief, the whole fabric covered with gilding, a bier, hung with draperies and surmounted by the royal insignia, visible through the arches within. The Bishop of Susa celebrated, invited, as usual, by government, not by the Canons, who on principle refuse thus to summon another in place of their exiled Archbishop. The Ministers ranged on one side, and the grandees and officers of the court on the other, wore uniforms, the most remarkable that of the Order of the Annunciation, a costume Spanish in fashion, with long black robes, massive gold collar, and large hat overshadowed by sable plumes. The music of the royal chapel-choir, with different instruments, accompanied the « Dies iræ » in strains of thrilling solemnity. I admired the effect of a procession with torches descending the pillared staircase, of black marble, from the chapel of the « Sacro Sindone » into the chancel; and the soft subdued music of instruments at the Elevation was deeply devotional; but the whole ceremony would have been more affecting had piety been more manifest among the congregation.

The celebration of this same anniversary at the Cathedral in 1710, the day previous, was also a grand occasion, dignified by all authoritative and official attendance. I found a great guard assembled at the appointed hour, and battalions of the national guard filling up the steps before that cathedral-facade. The interior the scene was striking: sable draperies, the exclusion of light to the exclusion of that of day, giving majesty and solemnity to the aspect of a building not otherwise impressive or vast in proportions. A catalpa-wood stood high and gracefully designed, representing a classic temple open arches, richly ornamented in relief, the whole fabric covered with gilding, a pier, hung with draperies and surmounted by the royal insignia, visible through the arches within. Bishop of Seville celebrated, invited, as usual, by government, not by the Canons, who on principle refuse him to sum another in place of their exiled Archbishop. The Ministers stood on one side, and the grandees and officers of the court on the other, wore uniforms, the most remarkable that of the time of the Annunciation, a costume Spanish in fashion, with black robes, massive gold collar, and large hat overshadowed by the plumes. The music of the royal chapel-choir, with double instruments, accompanied the procession with a solemnity. I admired the effect of a procession with the descending the pillared staircase, of black marble, from the chapel of the Sacred Shroud into the chancel; and the subdued music of instruments at the elevation was deeply solemn; but the whole ceremony would have been more effectual had more been manifested among the congregation.

LORETO AND THE "SANTA CASA".

*Hic sancta Italiae decus, orbis
miraculum, nationum celebra-
tas, gentium gaudium, asylum,
expiatio peccatorum, peregrin-
antium requies, plebs deo-
deris, literarum et aspe-
ritas.*
Domine, Itebe Suave.

Arriving from either Macerata or Ancona, the traveller's first view of Loreto, whose cupola and campanile are described rising from the long ridge of a gently swelling acclivity, clothed with cultivation and woods, is attractive and most pleasing. This consecrated city overlooks a wide extent of plains and uplands, bounded by the Adriatic and the Apennines, frequent towns and villages, fertile fields, vineyards, groves of olive, a luxuriant vegetation giving the aspect of cheerfulness and prosperity to the whole region. It seems as if the Virgin's Shrine had spread blessings around, for (at the general view) all betokens civilization and rural industry, amid fairest scenes of Nature.

This city, with its territory, had, while under the Papal sovereignty, a separate government administered by a Prelate, *Commissario Apostolice*, whose income was 60 scudi per month with residence free. The Chapter of the Cathedral Basilica is formed by an Archdeacon, Archpriest, & *Primicerio*, a Treasurer, two Deans, eighteen Canons, twenty-three beneficed, and three parochial Priests; apart from which body is the Administration

of the Holy House, consisting of seven *employés*, all laics, with a certain number of subordinates. Public report makes the revenue of the Sanctuary 80,000 scudi per annum; but in Moroni's *Historico-Ecclesiastical Dictionary* I find it estimated at from 50 to 60,000 scudi, according to the more or less favourable circumstances affecting wealth derived, in part, from landed property, also from a multitude of legacies, donations, etc., with obligation of celebrating more than 20,000 Masses every year—an additional number about equal to which is offered on these altars annually for other intentions. The church has three *casse* or treasuries, one for the reception of offerings and the overplus of alms for extraordinary Masses, whose amount averages 2,000 scudi per annum, appropriated to the adornment of the Sanctuary, or other parts within the sacred building; and this *cassa* is opened in presence of the Commissary, the clergy, and magistracy. The ancient practice, once in use at the Papal Court, is still kept up here, of daily distributing rations of bread and wine to all the clergy and servants of the basilica, from highest to lowest, irrespective of their salaries and apart from regular meals.

The aspect of this little city is not without animation. Its principal street, running in a direct line from the fortified gate to the piazza in front of the basilica, resembles one long bazaar, with its display of articles almost exclusively devotional on stalls for nearly its whole extent. Here is carried on the commerce of the town, in the sale especially of rosaries, crucifixes, and medals, which it is usual to have blessed by the Clergy in the Holy House; but not unfrequently cotton, muslin, linen articles, even toys and trinkets are displayed beside sacred symbols or representations. In passing through this street, called *Det. Coronnari*—“of the Rosary makers”—the stranger is constantly invited to purchase, with an amusing pertinacity that may remind of London in the olden time, as described in the “*Fortunes of Nigel*.” An extensive suburb, along the Roman road, contains tolerably good houses, ascending an eminence that rises to a level where, immediately outside a gateway with bulwarks, a curtain of battlemented walls, and a most new encreached upon

by dwellings, is a picturesque little market-place with porticoes. Here, on fine evenings, is the great concourse; but the citizens' favourite place of recreation is a field not far off, whence is enjoyed the finest view of the town and its luxuriant lovely environs, the Apennines soaring in bold outlines, clothed with purple hues in the distance, and the deep blue Adriatic. Till a late hour in the summer-nights all remain abroad, either strolling about, chatting at tables in front of the *cafés*, or taking suppers at *osterie*, where jovial parties may be seen by the kitchen fire-light from without. Only one hotel is found within, and another without the walls; but many private houses receive and give board to strangers, at moderate terms. For intellectual nourishment, Lereto is supplied by a press mostly employed on publications relating to its « Santa Casa, » and by two or three booksellers, on whose shelves are seen not only detestable volumes, but Italian poets and novelists, some historians, the « Waverley Novels, » and « Paradise Lost, »—even (what I was surprised to find) the dramatic works of Voltaire. The habits of the *cafés* here had, at the time of my visit, very limited reading of journalism, *i.e.* the *Gazzetta di Bologna*, and a little paper ambitiously styled *Universale*, from Foligno, then alone admitted. For the most part, this population seems laborious and respectable, not wealthy; the class of artisans and bronze-visaged labourers in smock frocks most frequently seen, though often diversified by groups of tourists, or by the dignified figures of Canons in violet cassocks and mantles. On Sunday these streets are particularly animated, and thronged by peasantry in holiday costume—the women in a dress with bodice fastened under the shoulders by great profusion of gay ribbons, their heads covered with handkerchiefs of the brightest red, or other vivid dyes, their ears adorned by gold rings resembling the Etruscan, and sometimes large as the handles of bell-ropes. All these good people flock hither to attend the services in the basilica, where nearly the entire morning is spent by them. Altogether, this city, owing its existence to the Sanctuary of the Madonna, is by no means that specimen of misery

or social degradation, around the splendid ecclesiastic establishment forming its sole attraction, which certain tourists have been pleased to represent. Even public amusement is afforded by a neat little theatre, open for comic opera and drama at the season of my sojourn (coincidental with one of the greatest festivals), and during Carnival. But no dancing is allowed on this stage; nor has masquerading, among carnivalesque follies, ever been admitted within the walls of this consecrated city, except only under the Republican usurpation in '48. Fancy dresses, however, may appear outside the fortifications, considered still the proper boundary of Loreto. From 1488 had commenced the work of girding this place with walls, to defend it against the incursions of Saracens; and in 1518 these fortifications were completed, at expense divided between the Apostolic Treasury, the Basilica, and the Commune of Recanati.

This great church, commenced under Pius V., and terminated under Sixtus V., presents but too many characteristics of that renaissance, when least of religious feeling was displayed in Italian architecture. Its confused, redundant ornaments convey no lasting impression, excite no awe, or sense of consecrated antiquity. The bronze statue of Sixtus V., on the platform in front (by Calcagni, a pupil of Girolamo Lombardo), is nobly venerable; and the reliefs on the three portals of the same material, illustrating the Old and New Testament, by Lombardo himself, his four sons, and his two pupils, the above-named Calcagni, with Euberto Verzelli, are among the finest specimens of metallurgy. The first impression of the interior is, owing especially to its loftiness, more satisfying than that of the exterior; in the nave and aisles are pointed arches; but the Gothic type has been totally departed from in modern restorations; and the glare of day, the prevalence of whitewash, untempered by stained windows or any grave tints, are little in accordance with the associations of this Sanctuary. The octagonal cupola, on an arcade of immense proportions, is a much admired structure by Antonio Sangallo, accomplished under Clement VII., but has this unfortunate defect, that the cupola itself, which is lofty and expan-

sive, remains entirely invisible from the nave; and even the superb marble front of the *Santa Casa*, immediately under it, not is fully seen on entering. The sculptures on the edifice of white marble, in which the sacred dwelling is enclosed, are so admirable that many hours must be spent before they can be appreciated. This splendid incrustation, designed by Bramante, and executed by Sansovino, assisted by several collaborators, was partly prepared in 1510, under Julius II, the elevation commenced under Leo X, continued under Clement VII., and brought to completion under Paul III, when the wooden frames, behind which the work had been progressing, were removed, 1536, and the whole first exposed to view, only a few niches remaining yet to be filled by the statues raised under Gregory XIII. The architectonic details are classic, the four fronts divided by fluted Corinthian columns, the whole surrounded by a richly moulded base, of different coloured marbles; above by a frieze and cornice, with ornamental moulding, and a balustrade carried round the roof. The sculptures consist of reliefs, illustrating the story of the Blessed Virgin and the miraculous transit, statues of the ten Sibyls, and ten principal Prophets in niches, the latter colossal; as to merits, these works being unequal, but in many instances of the highest order yet attained by Christian sculpture. Their remarkable characteristic is—ideal originality, and the absence of analogy with Pagan art, evincing an order of ideas totally new, deriving from the fountains opened by Christianity. Among the reliefs, those most admirable for truthful simplicity and feeling, are by Contucci (called Sansovino)—the Annunciation (on which enthusiastic eulogium is passed by Vasari), the Birth and Espousals of the Virgin, the Nativity, with the Shepherds worshipping, and the Adoration of the Magi, two of which subjects the artist left to be completed by pupils. Among the statues of Prophets the finest are by the same Sansovino, Girolamo Lombardo, and Giambattista della Porta, by whom are also the two most nobly conceived figures of the Sibyls—the Delphic and Erithrean—grand and graceful forms, where some resemblance to classic types seems not inappropriate. The « Moses » by Della Porta

is, I think, the finest treatment of its subject yet produced by sculpture, more calmly elevated, and more true to the historic individuality than the celebrated colossus of Michael Angelo. Entering within this House, whose exterior forms a perfect museum of sixteenth-century art, our anticipation of awe from the *religio loci* of such a sanctuary is fully satisfied by the impression received from that mysterious blending of dimness and gorgeousness, of lustre, reflected by gems and plated gold, with darkness that appears almost preternatural, despite the numerous silver lamps pendent on every side, and the tapers ever burning round that small antique Image of the Holy Mother and Child, said to be of Cedar of Lebanon, now blackened by age, and to be the work of St. Luke, (thus converted by legend into a sculptor as well as painter), brought with the House itself from Palestine. Here throughout the day, but especially for the several Masses at this altar, worshippers crowd the narrow space, kneeling in close proximity, where no distinctions of rank are retained—purple-robed prelates, strangers of various lands, veiled religious females, peasants and humble pilgrims, many in reddest garb and with bare feet; while in the much smaller inner compartment, behind the altar, the throng is almost incessant to apply for the blessing bestowed on crucifixes, rosaries, etc. by touching them with one of the terra cotta vases, a shallow bowl encased in gold, said to have been among the original contents of the Santa Casa.

The temple under whose lofty dome stands this sanctuary is itself illustration of the all-embracing system of Catholicism to a degree equalled perhaps by no other temple on earth, the Vatican excepted. One feels here in presence of a universal, permeating and ever active influence. Like the patriarchal basilicas of Rome, it contains confessionals for the various languages of Europe, including Greek and Polish; altogether forty-one, mostly attended every morning till twelve, and every evening for some hours before sunset, by Franciscan conventuals, who since 1773 have filled the office of penitentiaries here. Every day is the Eucharistic Sacrifice offered at these altars not less than 120 times,

and at least three High Masses are celebrated, with fine music, one in the S. Casa itself, the others in the adjacent transept; every evening at solemn Vespers is a procession for incensing the altar of the Holy Sacrament, and that of the S. Casa. On Saturday evening, and Sunday morning, are sermons, and at the ten o'clock Mass a meditation on the Passion is read; another Saturday-evening service consisting of that Litany which takes its name from this spot, sung to an organ, the people responding to the choir, with much quiet solemnity. Some hundreds of worshippers (in the season of pilgrimages) pass daily round the House on their knees, kissing the thresholds of its four entrances, sometimes every marble slab that encrusts the basement. Pilgrimages to it are almost perennial, though most numerous during those months when great festivals of the Madonna occur—May, August, September; and however it may seem incredible to the 19th century, it is a fact that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the devout are annually on their way from the mountains of the Neapolitan kingdom; many from Germany and Switzerland, some even from Spain, toiling through what to the majority is a painful journey on foot, in the sole object of visiting this shrine! To the population of this city it supplies occupation, interest, ideas, pleasures, such as must be witnessed to be understood. Beggars here sue in reference to the great sanctuary; if accosting you at the threshold of the church, it is to recommend you to the Madonna and all saints; if (as not unfrequently) at the very altar, it is to join their prayers to the Holy Sacrifice on your behalf; and if some copper mite be bestowed, their thanks take the sacred formula, « *Sia lodato Gesù Cristo!* » Excepting the chapels of convents and colleges, no other place of worship exists in Loreto or its immediate vicinity, as if in deference to a just, I might say poetic feeling, desiring that all devotions of this region should be concentrated in the one sanctuary, seated on its Mount Sion, visible from afar. Even the solitary spot, about two miles distant, where the Holy House is said to have been first deposited near the sea, then surrounded by a pathless

forest, and where a low elevation of brick still marks its ground plan, a rudely chiselled relief of the miraculous transit, occupying a niche, is the only noticeable object, no other memorial or place of worship been having erected. The first edifice raised round the *Santa Casa* after its transport, is said to have been a mere wooden enclosure, on its resting place in Dalmatia, where the Ban, Frangipani, after its disappearance, built a chapel of exactly the same dimensions, with an epigraph recording its sojourn and removal (1): (see the *Relazioni* by Murri). Its first enclosure on the Italian shore, was on the spot it still occupies, but merely a wall for protection, thrown up, it is stated, in the year 1300, and afterwards surrounded by porticoes for the shelter of pilgrims. In 1331 the citizens of Recanati built a church above this humble structure, of which we find neither trace nor description extant, and which gave place to the more splendid temple, begun 1471, by Giuliano da Majano, ordered by Paul II., a Gothic building, which being threatened with ruin so early as 1596, Clement VIII. commissioned Sangallo to inspect and restore it. That architect advised the complete renovation, which was assigned to himself, in the modern Roman style as to the exterior, though still preserving the acute arch in the interior. The church we now see was not thus completed till 1597; and its façade, commenced from an earlier design, by Boccassino da Carpi, brought to the last finish by Lattanzio Ventura, under Sixtus V., when finally was raised over its portal the beautiful statue of the Virgin and Child by Girolamo Lombardo. Vasari considers this church the masterpiece of Sangallo; but speaks of that by Da Majano with contempt. The origin of the latter is interesting: Paul II., on his way from Ancona, was cured of fever whilst at prayer in the *Santa Casa*, miraculously, as he felt convinced; hence his determination to raise a temple around that holy shrine, and hence the spiritual privileges conferred by him on this Basi-

(1) If the story of this chapel and its origin could be well established in the course of this narrative, it would form one additional support for the popular legend.

lica, to be read, together with his own testimony to the preternatural fact, on a tablet set in its walls:—*miracula quae ibidem ejusdem Almae Virginis opera apparent, ut nos in persona aperti sumus*. Sixtus V. seems to have been actuated by attachment to his native province in the anxiety he showed to augment the honours of Loreto. He raised it into a Bishopric, afterwards united to the see of Recanati, and now with a revenue of 4000 scudi per annum. The body of Penitentiaries was originally chosen from the Carmelite Order, afterwards superseded by the Jesuits, till the conventual Franciscans succeeded to the latter in 1773, these Friars having now a hospice for visitors of their Order, and a truly palatial residence on the highest floor of the Apostolic Palace, in which many Popes have lodged, and where the Canons lived together in community till that practice was discontinued by them, here as elsewhere. The Jesuits, though no longer Penitentiaries, after their restoration became settled here in a college one of their most accredited and frequented for secular studies; and the Brothers of the Christian Schools opened, in 1844, a very well-conducted institution for rudimental and higher branches of education, receiving day-scholars, and a certain number of orphans as boarders maintained by their means.

The Treasury, or store of offerings, kept in glazed cabinets, around a large chapel adorned with frescoes of the Madonna's story, Sibyls and Prophets, by Pomerancio, contained, prior to the French invasion, a wealth of devotional tributes probably never equalled by any similar collection on earth. Scarce less remarkable than the history of this sanctuary itself is that of its restoration after a series of spoliations that might have annihilated, or, at least, for ever deprived of lustre any centre of devout regards less fervently constant. When, in February, 1797, it was entered by the commissaries of the Directory, they found riches, accumulated from the piety of the Catholic world through five centuries, of value ascending to a vast, but not exactly ascertainable, amount—rumour stated, five million scudi. The jewels alone (estimated at half a million) had been already re-

moved by order of Pius VI, and deposited first at Terracina, with intent of transporting them to Sicily, afterwards at the Castle of S. Angelo, when the Treaty of Tolentino had given rise to hopes of preserving the integrity of these States. The gold, etc., which alone remained to the spoilers, the cedar-wood image, the sacramental vessels, even the cruets and the precious lace off the sacerdotal vestments—all were carried to Paris, where the Madonna's Image remained for a time in the Museum, described in its catalogue as a figure in Oriental wood, « of the Egypto-Judaic school ». But few years past before the restoration by the instrumentality of that very power which, at an earlier political phase, had been exerted to despoil and desecrate. It was in February, 1801, that the First Consul, even before the Concordat with Rome, restored the Image, on the request of Pius VII, after its previous removal from the museum, to Notre Dame. In the private chapel of the Quirinal the figures both of Mother and Child were crowned with gold, diamonds, emeralds, and pearls by the hand of the Pontiff; vestments of lace, gold-embroidered and studded with gems, again clothed them; and after being solemnly exhibited for some days in a church at Rome, the Madonna was reinstated in her shrine at Loreto, 9th December, 1802. Fortunately, one precious set of objects, the donation of Francesco Maria, Duke of Urbino, was preserved almost in its totality—355 vessels of porcelain, painted from designs by Raffael, Michel Angelo, Giulio Romano, and others of Raffael's scholars, for which a Grand Duke of Tuscany once offered, but in vain, a set of corresponding number and weight in solid silver. The subjects ascribed to Raffael, by far the most beautiful, are the Twelve Apostles, the Baptist, St. Paul the Apostle, and Paul the first Hermit, the story of Susannah, and the Death of Job; the rest illustrations of the Old Testament, of Roman History, and the Metamorphoses of Ovid. But these 355 specimens had once 45 other companion-pieces, and how the original aggregate was thus reduced, cannot be accounted for. The cabinets of the Treasury are again filled, nearly to their utmost, by offerings made during the present century, together

with a few recovered from the general spoliation. Among the latter one of the most curious (restored to the Pope in 1804), a pearl of extraordinary size, on which is cut a relief of the Virgin and Child amid clouds, the *ex voto* tribute of an Asiatic fisherman. Many are noticeable for exquisite design and workmanship, not less than for costliness; on some, in the form of personal ornaments, diamonds are counted by hundreds; and the vessels for sacred use are finest productions of goldsmith's art. But more than by their value is one struck by the fact that many of these tokens are from royal donors, who owed either their exaltation or misfortunes to that political convulsion under whose shocks it had been anticipated the Catholic Church would suffer beyond recovery—as Joseph Napoleon, when King of Naples, and his Queen; the Queen of Etruria and Duchess of Lucca; Charles IV. of Spain and his Queen etc. King Antony of Saxony's wedding-dress is a curiosity among *ex-votoes* perhaps unique; but one looks with interest on other objects of high associations—the banner of St Mark from Venice, and a banner taken at the siege of Vienna from the Turks. Some old-fashioned trinkets, such as are worn by peasants of these parts, are the tributes of *their* piety, perhaps offered more from the heart than many costlier ones; but instead of about 70 watches once here, only two, with chains and seals, were to be counted at the time of my visit. Lost for ever were unfortunately many objects, to which, independently of intrinsic worth, historic interest attached, as the golden Eagle, with 150 diamonds on its plumage, presented by the Empress Anne of Austria; the Angel of silver, supporting on a cushion an infant of gold (the united weight of the metals 53lbs), from Louis XIII, on occasion of the birth of his son and successor; the sceptre and crown of massive gold, studded with diamonds, and accompanied by an appropriate distich, presented in person by Christina of Sweden. The interior of the S. Casa itself has never fully recovered its original costliness of decoration; gilded wood has been substituted for lamina of gold set with gems; the 20 golden and 60 silver lamps, formerly illuminating it, been replaced by others of silver gilt;

but the accumulation of jewelry on the image is still quite dazzling—all offered since the restoration, either by dignitaries of the Church, patricians, or sovereigns—a gold medallion, garrisoned with ten diamonds, from the King of Saxony; a pair of pendants of diamonds and pearls, from Christina of Spain etc.; and here still hangs the cannon-ball presented by Julius II., that warlike Pope's trophy from the siege of Mirandola. The beautiful mosaics adorning the lateral chapels, copied from paintings by distinguished masters, though ordered by Pius VI., on his return from Vienna, in 1782, were not raised to their places till between 1827-32; and for the execution of each, at Rome, was paid 7,000 scudi out of the revenues of the basilica.

The preparations for a great festival were daily increasing in intensity and giving more excitement to the streets of Loreto during my stay. On the fourth evening before that anniversary I saw, for the first time, the arrival of a large troop of Pilgrims and their aggregate visit to the Basilica. About 60, men and women, in plain but picturesque peasant-garb, wallet on shoulders, long staves tipped with little crosses in the hand, entered that piazza processionally, singing hymns in a strong-toned, but in the distance not unpleasing chant. Arrived in the centre, the men took off their hats, and all, men and women alike, their shoes and stockings, knelt on the pavement, and thus advanced towards the church and up the broad staircase in front, kissing every step on the ascent; thus, on their knees, and regardless of the curiosity manifested by gazing spectators, crawling up that long aisle till, reaching the *Santa Casa* under the dome, all passed round that structure kissing its outer walls and the threshold of each entrance, without ever rising from the attitude of prayer, chanting the while the Litany of Loreto with resonant confusion of deep masculine and shrill feminine voices. Twilight was deepening; all sacred rites were over, even the Holy House itself was shut, as usual after Vespers, circumstances that made this devotion, with so little immediately to excite or satisfy, still more impressive, and, rude as was the mode of manifesting it, really affecting to witness. Such companies were continually

arriving in the following days, in numbers from 60 to 80 or more at a time, and invariably were gone through the same observances on their first entrance of the Basilica; these pilgrims for the most part, I was assured, from the Neapolitan provinces, if not from those of the Roman states; the men usually dressed in blue jacket and scarlet waistcoat, the women in tight bodices of some gay colour, full cotton sleeves, and white or black veils.

Different governments, France, Spain, Austria, have foundations here for dispensing alms to pilgrims of their nationality, the Austrian most liberal in this respect, extending its protection over all of German birth, and giving its alms out of a property that yields from 10,000 to 12,000 scudi per annum, this and all such bounties being dispensed through the father confessors to whom the strangers severally apply. From whatever Catholic contries, indeed, the pauper pilgrim receives, on his arrival here, at least one Roman scudo by government charity through the hands of his confessor; and it is the habit to confess not only at the journey's end but before setting out upon it—the great security indeed for attaching spiritual influences to the practice of pilgrimage. Except when their numbers are quite beyond all local capacities, necessitous pilgrims may be received in the Hospital here, to be entertained gratuitously for two days and nights, and lodging in private houses at 5 baiocchi the night, with a good supper provided at 1 paul, is to be easily obtained—favourable report of which accommodations I received from a poor Irish pilgrim who had frequently experienced them. All this is creditable to the local system and those who have co-operated for its charities; but one cannot see without painful surprise, at gatherings for these great festivals, how hundreds of poor people, men and women mingled, have to spend the nights under the porticoes around the piazza! The Basilica, during these last days before the festival, was one continual scene of devotions from sunrise to sunset, its various confessionals constantly surrounded by crowds of penitents, its priests never at rest. On the night of the vigil was

a general illumination; and as I gazed at this spectacle from the eminence just beyond the suburbs, the effect of the cupola and campanile defined in fiery lines against the darkness, the Adriatic beyond like a sheet of silver under the moonlight, struck me as a sort of idealization of all that religious feeling and tradition have caused Loreto to become. Around, and far up among the mountains were other tiny illuminations from distant villages that shared in the joy of the great sanctuary, and sparkled like jewels on the solemn darkness of that Apennine landscape. Next morning (8th. September) I rose in time to see the opening of the Basilica at 4 1/2, and before that moment arrived found the piazza crowded with pilgrims, the façade and Bramante's porticoes standing out finely distinct under the clear moon. Presently came a deep hollow sound caused by the opening of those great bronze valves, afterwards a rush towards the threshold like the onward surging of sea-waves. Grand was that temple's aspect, still wrapt in gloom but faintly dispelled by the tapers at the high altar and the lamps pendant round the Holy House; which itself, with all its fret-work and statuary, gleamed in the pale radiance like magnificently wrought alabaster. But a few instants, and the whole area, nave, aisles, transepts, become occupied by one dense multitude, eager and confused till the Masses begun; but then all tranquil, many kneeling motionless, those vast throngs ruled by one dominant interest that absorbed or subdued. The *Santa Casa* itself I could not enter, but could admire the groups that filled all its space round the altar whence the taper-light shone strongly on their marked earnest faces. At 6 begun Mass at the altar of the Holy Sacrament, and the general Communion, the eagerness to participate in which caused scenes at some moments enough to alarm the timid. From the beginning to the end of that service, it seemed to me the same priest must have administered to at least 1000 communicants. Later ensued the grand pontifical celebration accompanied by music ably performed, and for the most part truly devotional. At the *Sanctus* were no voices, but softly solemn strains from the or-

gas, finely interrupted by the clashing peal of bells. Generally speaking, indeed, the musical services of this Basilica are directed with scrupulous care and taste, sixteen vocalists forming the choir, for admission into which the candidate must pass through the ordeal of public examination in a hall of the Apostolic Palace, attended by all the Clergy. A professor is attached to this choir as chapel-master, to compose expressly for its performances, and all the music given with instrumental accompaniment is from the original stores thus accumulated, though occasionally may be heard pieces by Palestrina without the organ. It was once proposed to exclude instrumental music altogether in this church, and adopt the system of the Papal Chapels; but this was negatived.

After the morning solemnities, came the gaieties and shows to enliven the day with the established routine of Italian festas, and the indispensable lottery, the aggregate of prizes 1500 francs, on the irregular piazza outside the fortifications, collecting crowds picturesque and characteristic enough; but not nearly so interesting to look on as the continued devotions of the poor pilgrims which I found still at a height of fervour in the church this evening, spite of all the distractions abroad.

The story of the Holy House has occupied many pens from the XVI. century downwards; and more than two hundred writers of different nations, including Baronius, Ughelli, the Bollandists, Benedict XIV.—altogether no fewer than forty-four Popes—have more or less pledged themselves to the validity of its miraculous claims. The *Relazione Storica*, published at Loreto, by Murri, a beneficed priest of this Basilica, supplies compendiously the purposes of guide and history; but the work by Dr Kenrick (Bishop of St. Louis, to be had here in the Italian version, best condenses all information requisite for appreciating the evidence, and following through all vicissitudes the fate of the humble mansion once enclosed within the splendid Basilica raised by the Empress Helen at Nazareth. This, it is asserted, continued to be there frequented by pilgrims till the middle of the XIII. century, St. Francis (1213), and St. Louis, after his unsuccessful

ful Crusade, 1252, being among the illustrious enrolled in that number. After the supposed transfer of this edifice to Italy, another church, dedicate to the Annunciation, was raised at Nazareth in place of that destroyed by the Saracens about the time of the last Crusade, which latter was restored, from a ruinous state, (1620-26) by the Guardian of the Franciscans established there; then it was that, in excavating for the new edifice, were discovered foundations said to correspond exactly to the ground-plan of the Loreto House, as reported by Francesco da Novara, a Friar at Nazareth on the occasion. Tradition narrates the miraculous transfer, first in 1291, to Tersatto on the coast of Dalmatia; again, on the night of the 9th. December 1294, to the opposite Adriatic shore, on the estate of a lady of Recanati named Laureta (hence the modern designation); again, after eight months, to the estate of two brothers on the summit of a hill about a mile inland; and finally, after four months more, to the highway, at the distance of an arrow's flight from the former location—the apparent motives for this disposal, that on the estate of Laureta it was exposed, as were the pilgrims requesting it, to the depredations of robbers; on that of the two brothers, the rich offerings, already accumulated within that short interval, excited avidity and strife fatal to their fraternal concord. For these events may be stated in few words the evidence best entitled to consideration, as presented by Dr Kenrick in the clearest manner its nature admits: the assertion of the fact in a life of Boniface VIII. by his relative and contemporaney, Cristoforo Gaetani, Bishop of Foligno, extant in MS. in the Vatican Archives—but, being yet inedited, scarcely to be appreciated in its historic value; a MS. document of the year 1324, published by Mgr. Bellini in his « History of the Holy House » (1819), giving this narrative and a succinct account of the translation, written 40 years subsequent by the Venerable Pietro, Bishop of Recanati deceased 1347. The memory of the sojourn in Dalmatia is said by the Jesuit Riera to fill the minds of that people, and pilgrims from thence in 1859, at Loreto, used earnestly in his hearing to pray the Madonna to bring back her house among them! Besides test

monies should be noticed facts—that, when Commissioners were sent to Nazareth by Clement VII, they collected stones from houses there, which, compared with those at Loreto, were found exactly to correspond in quality; and that, when excavations were made round the Holy House, by order of the Apostolic Commissary under Benedict XIV., in presence of six architects and several Prelates, it appeared that the walls rested on the virgin soil without any proper foundation, and the earth being cleared away below one portion, one of those architects could stand, stooping, under the superincumbent masonry,—report of which investigation was drawn up and signed by all present.

But perhaps the very character of the miracle in question would be, to many minds, the greatest and an insurmountable objection against it. Nor can we shut our eyes to the absence of all testimony from accredited historians or other writers in the epoch nearest to the supposed event—an age not of darkness whilst Dante, Brunetto Latini, Villani were living and writing. Giovanni Villani carries his history down from the earliest (to him little other than fabulous) times till the year of his death 1348; and if in an author sceptical or indifferent to the supernatural the omission of a story like this need not surprise; yet when we observe how strongly marked are the opposite dispositions in this writer, who goes out of his way to record miracles and prodigies, and notices the founding of churches as historic events, who in that very year 1294, dwells particularly on facts of ecclesiastical or religious interest,—the origin of the cathedral and of S. Croce at Florence, the canonization of St. Louis at Orvieto, the election of the Hermit Celestinus to the Papacy, and his speedy abdication at Naples, the opening of the eventful pontificate of his successor, Boniface VIII—all this cannot be considered in that Chronicler's pages without obliging us to allow much negative force to his silence. That of Muratori is less singular; though, seeing the importance acquired by this story through the institution sprung from it, we might have expected the great Annalist would notice, if convinced by, the evidence to its favour; but much more significant is the silence of

St. Antoninus, a canonized Archbishop, and not only such, but one of the most erudite writers in the XV. century, whose *Historia Mundi* does not show the critical spirit which collates, to sift or reject, in drawing from historic sources, but rather compiles all and from all, especially dwelling on the biography and miracles of saints, and traditions of Religious Orders in an ever reverential temper (1). Farinata degli Uberti conducts as over the whole known world in his « Dittamondo » (finished about 1367), visits the towns on the Adriatic, Ancona and Recanati, yet makes no mention of Loreto or its legend, ignoring the existence of such a place; yet his interview with Paul the Hermit, and his general confession, to prepare for his ideal wanderings, certainly attest the devout and believing frame of mind in which that Poet undertakes his task.

But if we may question the evidence, there is no reason whatever to doubt the sincerity with which this legend was admitted from the first; nor the slightest proof of pre-concerted deception. The Church, acting in harmony with the spirit of the age, admitted the possible truth of a story already accepted by the popular mind, but never imposed belief regarding it. The progress of tradition illustrates the progress of thought. It is remarkable that a learned Catholic priest has put forth the theory that the Holy House may have been found unexpectedly among the forests on the Adriatic coast—perhaps an oratory long lost sight of, preserved from primæval antiquity—and thus eagerly assumed to be miraculous in the joy and excitement of that discovery (2). Cesare Cantù, whose principles and sympathies

(1) St. Antoninus lived 1394–1464; and the fulness with which his Chronicle dwells on the events from 1294 to 1300, gives more emphasis to his omission of the Loreto legend, which, in a writer of his idiosyncrasy, and in a work of this scope, seems decisive against its claims as any negative proof could possibly be.

(2) Eustace, « Classical Tour, » v. 4, c. viii., where this view is given not as originally his own, but that of many rational persons. The state in which he describes the *Tesoro* of this Basilica, without one

alike are Catholic, places this story on the class of legends illustrating the effects of excited religious feeling after the last Crusades, introducing it therefore in a section of his « *Storia degli Italiani* » that treats of the progress of ideas rather than events. Neither of these theories having provoked condemnation from Rome, nor caused the volumes that advance them to be put on the Index, we might infer that Catholic toleration goes so far as to allow our dismissing to the sphere of open questions the aggregate claims on which the Loreto Legend reposes (1).

vestige of past splendours, enhances our amazement at the wealth now displayed, by accumulation during but few years. Leopardi of Recanati (father to the great Poet) wrote a book to prove that the House had disappeared from Palestine in the *first* century, and lain somewhere hid till its arrival here in 1294! Without any violation of probabilities, may it not be supposed that some enthusiast Crusaders really imported it from the Holy Land, and here re-erected it in the antique form? The material, however, was pronounced by Saussure a red limestone, of fine compact grain, polished by friction, *resembling* the substance of some hills on this coast between Ancona and Rimini, and identical with the stone of the Augustan Arch at Fano—which raises doubts against an oriental origin.

(1) The testimony of a learned and cultivated traveller, certainly one of the ablest among recent writers on the Holy Land (Stanley, « *Sinai and Palestine* », cannot be set aside, in regard to that site, at Nazareth, which the Loreto House is said to have occupied. The plans given in his valuable work of the foundations enclosed within the Franciscan church there, and this House, agree neither in form nor dimensions, making it evident that the latter could not by any possibility have stood within the limits now pointed out as its original locality. As for the record inscribed, in various languages, round the walls of the Basilica, it requires no very sceptical spirit to find the character of poetic legend, not *history* in it. Given in the name of a certain Governor of Loreto (but an undated document), it asserts that the first revelation of the miraculous transit was through a vision of the Blessed Virgin to a holy man in sleep; that 46 persons were presently sent to Nazareth to compare the foundations, which exactly agreed with the plan of the transported House; that for ten years a Hermit

Marvellous have been the changes of scene at Loreto since the period here referred to, and since the battle of Castelfidardo was fought within sight from her very walls! On the 21st September 1860, three Piedmontese Generals entered this place, and next day visited the Basilica, illuminated to honour the occasion; soon after which 150 Pontific officers and soldiers, still quartered here, arranged the terms of capitulation. Into this church many of the wounded were brought after that battle, and (if we may believe one discrediting account) left without assistance from the citizens, though these sufferers had fought for the Pope! On the 10th October following, Victor Emmanuel visited this sanctuary, recived by several, if not all its Canons with the solemn honours due to a sovereign in his own states. From the picture of that King held up by certain journals, Italian and English, we might have expected him to prove another Heliodorus in this Temple; he did not, but, on the contrary, straight-way offered 50,000 lire for its repairs or embellishments. In the sequel, six of this Clergy were suspended by their Bishop both from celebrating and communicating at the altar, and pronounced to have fallen under the major ex-communication, against which those priests protested in a letter to their Prelate, declaring themselves innocent of any offence justly to be visited by such extreme censures.

living in a cottage near, every morning on the 8th September, two hours before day, saw a light descend from Heaven and rest on the holy mansion! finally that a citizen of Recanati told him, the Governor, « that his grandfather's grandfather saw when the Angels brought it over the sea, and placed it in the fore mentioned wood » — the words of the quaint English version made from the Latin by Corbington, a Jesuit priest, 1634. Another version is in lowland Scotch, with title, « The wondrous Flittinge of the Kirk of our Blest Ledy of Laureto »

THE MONASTERY OF LA TRINITÀ

THE little village known both as *Corpo di Cava* and (from the adjacent monastery) *La Trinità*, on a height above the busy town of La Cava, near the Salerno gulf, is the very *beau idéal* of the romantic, and would supply the happiest scenery for a novel of the Radcliffe school. A magnificent chain of mountains bold in outline, abruptly pointed almost as Alpine summits, and clothed with ancient woods reaching all save the rockiest heights, forms here a semicircle, within whose embrace seems to be sheltered, at some elevation above the road, an irregularly built village, whose old houses seem thrown together by accident, fortified on the side of approach from the lower country by bastions and round towers, now mouldering fast away—the steep declivity itself forming a bulwark at the other side, and where once was a moat, vineyards and orchards, whose foliage half conceals ruined walls, now affording their peaceful shelter. On passing through the arch of a crumbling gateway, the interior appears far less important than the exterior of this little feudal place, which consists of only four or five crooked streets, on rocky and unequal ground, where no sort of vehicle could pass, the houses, with the exception of about half a dozen, little better than rude cottages, mostly with unglazed windows, no ostensible shops, not even the invariable *café*, to be seen, and the inhabi-

tants a wild-looking peasantry of the poorest description. Yet there are signs of industry even in this humble place; beggars (unless children) do not assail the stranger; and, looking in at the doors of these dwellings, one sees in the smoky chamber various occupations going on, especially the cotton and hemp-spinning, scarcely a house being unprovided with one of the machines for this purpose. A little inn, one of the largest buildings, like a farm-house of the better description, affords accommodation surpassing the promise of the exterior; recommending itself by a degree of neatness, and, above all, *empressement* to serve, with the substantial merits of a good and abundantly-supplied kitchen, that elicit general surprise, as evinced in tributes to the character of the establishment, the worthy host, and his pretty daughters (who do all the work), in different languages, poetry as well as prose, that fill a well-thumbed guest-book on the parlour-table. The rooms, all opening into each other, are hung with religious pictures and engravings, little wax figures of the Divine Infant in glazed cases, etc., alternating with views of the eruptions of Vesuvius. A loggia, entered from one end, commands a view of truly grand beauty—the cultivated and luxuriant valley of Nocera lying far below, bounded by a chain of glorious mountains, partly clothed with forests, vineyards, olive groves, picturesque little villages and, here and there, a white Convent, looking out from umbrageous backgrounds. Terminating at the shores of the Gulf of Salerno, this valley is there bounded by lofty conical hills, its natural gateway, beyond which we discern the long low shores known as the Maremma of Poestum, overshadowed by the still more lofty and precipitous mountain-chain forming the extreme southern limit to that noble prospect. In this fascinating retreat one is lodged and treated to abundant fare (including wine and fruit *ad libitum*) for about 2s. 6d. per day; which, after the exorbitant charges of Neapolitan hotels, excites a satisfactory surprise. The house and its occupants might be taken as a specimen of rural life in this country, under its most respectable aspect; and the general character of labouring people in these parts is sufficient proof

that fraud and falsehood, so universally imputed to the Neapolitans, are not vices indigenous to the nationality in unsophisticated ranks of life. No greater crimes, I was assured, are known in this place and its neighbourhood than the occasional pilfering of the vine or fig-tree; yet the wildness of the spot, the rude aspect of its inhabitants, and backward state of civilization, might give rise, in alarmed imagination, to all sorts of apprehensions and distrusts. When one enters the village after night-fall, passing under mouldering battlements into narrow lanes, where all is darkness and silence, not a lamp burning, not a house-door open, one might take the whole inhabited place for one extent of lone ruins. Under such misapprehension it is, probably, that unwelcome guests find their way, occasionally, during winter nights, into these rugged streets—wolves, whose race is far from extinct among the forests, and are sometimes seen prowling about, in companies of three or four. The whole population (somewhat upwards of 900) has the habit of hearing Mass every day, and when joining in their worship I was pleased by the attentive and devout bearing of these congregations, the men and women always sitting apart, the latter even retaining (among the better dressed at least) the graceful Spanish fashion, prevalent in Naples and Sicily, of wearing a black veil over the head in church. Every evening the Rosary attracts many to the temple; and the most superficial observer must see it is the Catholic religion alone that supplies ideas and interests superior to the round of sordid cares in a condition of society like this, where not a single amusement, spectacle, or intellectual occupation, unconnected with the Church, exists to administer to the imagination or sensibilities of the southern mind.

But the object which would alone suffice to attract the stranger hither, is the great monastery, second only to Monte Cassino, among the Benedictine establishments in Italy. A deep, wild ravine lies below the village at one side, losing itself in that range of forest-clad mountains, that soar to heights apparently scarce accessible, forming so majestic a background to the picture.

as one first approaches the ruined walls of La Trinità. Descending a steep road, we suddenly behold a long extent of lofty terraces, with buttressed walls, resting against the declivity above this ravine, and occupied by an enormous pile of edifices, which, united by no common plan of architecture, accumulated to various epochs, might, as the eye follows their perspective, stretched far up the receding glen, be taken for a large hospital, or an irregular cluster of palaces. On the spacious platform to which one descends from the little town, rises the façade both of the church and monastery, standing in singular relief against scenery in which nature appears to have studied to produce that beauty, inspiring awe mingled with delight, eminently suited for religious solitude, and potent to lead the mind into regions of contemplation, elevate to poetic enthusiasm, or subdue by the sense of that presence

—whose infinity pervades

All deserts and all depths, and hallows loneliest shades.

But it belongs to the pencil, not the pen, to do justice to such a landscape; and unfortunately, its effect is marred, rather than heightened, by the flimsy unsatisfying style in which the front of this monastery was finished during the past century—an inferior specimen of the ornate *renaissance* architecture, with meaningless details of cornices, volutes, and ogees, staring windows, and heavily-designed portals. Almost the whole edifice, as presented at the first glance, is, in fact, of the seventeenth or eighteenth century; but the massive structure in the rear has, though without beauty, a character of solidity and dignity altogether wanting to the more modern part. The interior impresses by a certain magnificence carried out with simplicity of detail, well suited to the purposes and associations of a monastic building. One suit of rooms alone is fitted up with a degree of luxury, and adorned with several paintings, the ante-chamber with a canopy for a throne, under which hang portraits of Pius IX., and (at the time of my visit) the Bourbon King

and Queen. The apartment of the Lord Abbot communicates with these, itself small and plain, that more costly suit being reserved for majesty (which has not unfrequently visited, and remained some days here), members of the royal family, cardinals, or other distinguished guests. A great part of this monastery is built immediately against, and almost bedded in the beetling rock that forms one boundary to the ravine below; and the wings, lately constructed at this side, have proved scarcely habitable on account of damp. In the actual church the tombs only are antique, together with the remaining storeys of the original belfry, built in 1338, and at that time extraordinary for altitude. Most interesting among the monuments are those of the founder of this sanctuary, Alferius, and his immediate successors in the rank of abbot, SS. Peter and Leo, placed in a rock-hewn chapel, the original cavern to which St. Alferius first retired amid these solitudes, and which (like that of St. Benedict at Subiaco) has been left in its natural state, opening upon the church; three splendid sarcophagi, covered with inlaid marbles of every hue (a specimen of richest *intarsio*), contain these venerated relics, before which silver lamps are perpetually burning, and remnants of fresco paintings, figures of the Madonna and Apostles, are still preserved on the living rock behind. The contrast between the splendour in which these ashes are enshrined, and the sternly-rugged retreat in which the sainted spirits that tenanted them once renounced this world's pomps and fascinations, is striking. A huge mass of the overhanging cliff projects into this church, breaking off one of its angles; but there is no feature in its architecture to admire, all being of the same false style as the exterior, and further defaced by glaring whitewash; so that a temple, spacious and of imposing loftiness, altogether fails to produce religious effect. But one treasure, the organ, may make amends for the loss of the elevating influences required from one art, by supplying those of another in fullest potency, this being one of the finest instruments in the world, and brought to its present perfection in recent years at the expense of 18,000 ducats. High Mass being celebrated

daily, opportunities for hearing this music are frequent; and I can call to mind nothing equal to the effect produced, when its capabilities are so exerted as to imitate all the spirit-stirring strains of a military band—the blast of the trumpet and roll of the drum, harmonised, and united by those softer and deeper notes peculiar to the instrument which eminently forms the music of adoration. The rolling waves of melody it pours forth are only, at times, too powerful for the size even of this church.

The most remarkable circumstance in the construction of this monastery is, that the whole modern stands above the ruins of the ancient edifice, which form a substructure reduced by the superincumbent masses to subterranean vaults. Descending several flights of steps by torchlight, we enter the ancient church, of a primitive Gothic architecture, less spacious, but far more religiously impressive than the modern temple, now that, invested with the majesty of ruin, its simple and stately forms are distinguished by the torch's fitful gleam. At a higher level, and exposed to the day, but immediately under an enormous overhanging precipice that intercepts its sunbeams, is the small antique cloister, of Italian Gothic architecture, the high round-arched arcades supporting shafts of double columns, low and slender, with fantastically-moulded capitals. Unfortunately, this cloister has been in great part destroyed, and is now incumbered with rubbish; but I saw preparations for a work of restoring, and was glad to learn that the present Abbot of La Cava had resolved on the preservation, and repair of the ancient buildings. The traveller will henceforth find in this monastery a more interesting study of antiquity than its modernised superficialities at all promise.

The most valuable possession which revolutions have left untouched in its cloisters, consists of the collection of archives, comprising documents of great number and historic value. These, for the most part, contain grants, donations, and privileges in favour of the community and its Abbots; but many with reference to interests rather political than ecclesiastical. Mahillon called this unique collection, *integerrimum*. It comprises

40,000 parchments, upwards of 60 000 deeds or donations, about 1600 bulls and diplomas—the earliest in date from Radelchis, Prince of Benevento, A. D. 840, granting to the Abbot of another Benedictine cloister the possessions of a certain Longobard forfeited in punishment for rebellion. A bull of Urban II., at the time he consecrated the church of these cloisters, confirms all the privileges granted to the monks by the Duke Roger, among others that by virtue of which these religious could liberate a condemned criminal from death, or any other penalty awarded by the civil power—the noblest tribute ever paid by secular to spiritual authority. For consulting these codes a catalogue of the best possible description, indicating the classification, dates, the prince or dignitary by whom each was issued, the quality of the writing, and summary of contents in each, has been prepared most carefully.

In the same cabinets, framed and glazed, are three documents in the original MS. of high antiquity—one the grant of the land on which St. Alferius first collected his followers around him, and of its adjacent territory, made by the Lombardic Prince, Guisimarius, of Salerno, A. D., 990; another, the chart of privileges and immunities made to the Lord Abbots by Roger, the first King of Sicily, in the twelfth century, far more legible than the former, and opening with the words, distinctly traceable, in spite of numerous abbreviations and flourishes:—*« Ego Rugerius Dei Gratia Siciliæ, Apuliæ, et Calabriæ Rex, adjutor Christianorum et defensor, Rugerii magni comitis filius et heres »* To this is appended a seal of metal gilt, bearing the effigy of the Saviour and, on the reverse, that of the King, with an epigraph in Greek. The collection in the library is not very large, but choice—supplied with fine editions of Greek, Latin, and Italian classics, Fathers of the Church, standard historical works, and recent French philosophic literature. Among these volumes are several from the press of Monte Cassino—as the works of Father Tosti, whose contributions to history may be numbered among modern Italian classics. Though not remarkable for extent, this library contains a collection of Ms. codes, more than 60,

among the most precious in Italy, ranging over a period from the VII. down to the XIV. century. Especially prized is the manuscript of the X. century, the most ancient extant code of Longobardic Laws, upon the sole foundation of which were drawn up six treatises, in 1642, by Camillo Pellegrini, inserted in the « History of the Longobard Princes »; also, the Latin Bible of the VII. century exquisitely written and perfectly preserved, in small Roman letters sometimes resembling the ancient Longobardic, and comprising all the books of the Old and New Testament, though not in the order now adopted. Cardinal Mai considered this of such value as to deserve an exact transcription for the Vatican, which was ordered by Leo XII., and the last sheets deposited in that library, 1834, by the archivist of La Trinità (1). I could not learn without indignation, that the Government of Ferdinand II. had suspended the press of Monte Cassino, in tyrannical jealousy disregarding all claims that might be asserted on behalf of the most celebrated centre of learning and intellectual activity, among the sanctuaries of a renowned religious order. The Benedictines, it is true, had shown sympathies, during the movements of '48, in this Kingdom, with the patriotic.—I do not mean the revolutionary cause—nor scrupled to manifest desires for the emancipation of Italy from German sway; at the commencement of the war in Lombardy that year, a few publications were issued from Monte Cassino, supporting that cause as sacred, which, be it remembered, was *then* declared to be adopted, and justified, by Neapolitan Royalty.

The present circumstances of the monastery of La Trinità do not allow the same unreserved hospitality as is still maintain-

(1) See a learned report on this MS. Bible by Cardinal Wiseman in his « Two Letters on the Controversy concerning I. John, v. 7 »—the disputed text, namely, about the Three Witnesses, here with the comment on the margin: *Audiat hoc Arius et ceteri*. See also a full account of this Library and Archivio in the « Italian Legends and Sketches » by Dr Cummings of New York.

ed at Monte Cassino, conformably to the original principle of the Benedictine Order; yet any stranger provided with an introduction, is sure of hospitable reception here; the library is open to all during the hours of the forenoon; and, in the true spirit of monastic charity, the poor are daily fed at these gates with soup prepared in the kitchen for an unlimited number. The entire community, including lay-brothers, novices, and students of the seminary, amounted, at the period of my visit, to 100; but amongst these were not more than fourteen professed fathers; and looking at that extent of substantial edifices, one might suppose three times this number could well find accommodation within its walls. The novices then numbered 14, two of whom were Australians, and another inmate was a young Polish Count, whose idea was ultimately to enter the Order, and who had been visited by Princes of the Royal Family. The novitiate, according to the rule for one year, is sometimes prolonged in deference to the wishes of individuals; and during that period alone is required any contribution to funds, for the support of those on trial; none after the profession with vows—in which respect the noble disinterestedness of the monastic Institute remains unchanged. Professed fathers, indeed, so far from having any charges to meet, each receive 40 ducats per annum from the establishment for personal expenses. Some lands and villages still belonging to the Monastery, have been received in donation from government since the restoration in 1817. For entering the Benedictine Order the conditions, it is well known, are, in southern Italy and Sicily, aristocratic—noble birth on the side of both parents being requisite in some cloisters; but in a country where nobility is so widely extended, and the line of demarcation between ranks little marked, either by wealth or social regards, the practical application of such a requirement becomes facile and little invidious. The seminary at La Cava is open to students of all classes, at terms surprisingly moderate; only fifty ducats per annum required from those who belong to the diocese, 72 ducats from those external to it; and the advantages of securing a superior education and resi-

dence in one of the most beautiful and salubrious spots of Southern Italy, at such terms, cannot be over-estimated, especially in a state of society where few are wealthy to excess, and where numerous ancient families retain the pride of descent with the *éclat* of historic names, unattended by affluence adequate to their position. The Benedictine colleges have not certainly the prominence or general success of those of other religious bodies, but their services in education, their intellectual superiority, their splendid institutions, libraries, collections of art, and well-known, hospitality, entitle them to be still esteemed as worthily representing a great institution of antiquity. Their course of studies, at La Trinità, is liberal, and preferable to many other systems of continental education. Greek, as well as Latin, is taught in every class from the lowest. French is indispensable for every student, from youngest to oldest; and a mastery of the native tongue deemed so important that, besides the study of Italian authors of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a separate professorship is maintained for the explanation of Dante. Neapolitan history is learned from a modern abridgement, one of the few works on the subject tolerated under the then government; and in metaphysics, Galluppi (whose views strictly accord with Catholic teaching) is the author taken as principal guide. The students have several hours of recreation during the day, and walk out in company with professors, dressed in violet-coloured cassocks—the novices, of course, distinguished, both in garb and pursuit, from those received into the establishment to be educated for secular careers.

The revenues of this monastery, including the payment advanced for pupils, amount to the average of 28,000 ducats, inconsiderable compared with its original wealth, at the time when countless villages, castles, and territories were subjected to its spiritual and temporal jurisdiction, when the Lord Abbot was a sovereign prince, entitled to tribute and military service from thousands of vassal-retainers. Then its wealth was computed at 82,000 per annum. From the French occupation, at the close of the past century, and under the reign of Murat, it remained

under suppression, nor was it till 1822 that the noviciate could be re-opened. The French, however, respected, even in their usurpations, the claims of learning and intellect; and a solitary monk was allowed to remain in occupancy with charge of the library and archives here, the melancholy life of which lonely guardian over the abode of monastic splendour and mediæval lore, may be imagined. All the possessions of the monastery, in villages, land, etc., were at that period confiscated, nor ever after restored to the original footing; but donations, since the re-establishment of the Bourbon throne, have contributed to its maintenance with suitable dignity. The Abbot, formerly of episcopal rank, has ceased to hold such jurisdiction, though he still officiates pontifically, and exercises prerogatives of the episcopacy, as the conference of minor orders, etc. After six years of office he retires, giving place to his elected successor, but retaining his titular rank. The illuminated Missals and Bibles, of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, preserved in the archives and choir of this monastery, are among the finest specimens of that skill in miniature painting and calligraphy, for which the mediæval Benedictines were so renowned; and one work of much more recent date, the seventeenth century (finished during the Pontificate of Urban VIII.), proves that persevering industry, and skill in calligraphic labours, have by no means failed among the Benedictines of later times—a MS. index, or rather historico-archæologic dictionary of all facts, antiquities, monuments, privileges, etc., connected with this monastery, compiled from the unpublished archives, and filling four large folios, the whole written with beautiful finish and clearness, by two of the community, whose family names (deserving to be recorded) were Venereo and Massaro.

To go back to primitive times: The first sanctuary on this spot was founded by St. Alferio, of a noble family of Salerno, named Pappacarboni, about A. D. 980; but the church not consecrated till after his death, his successor, St. Peter, being then Abbot, in 1092. In that year it was that Urban II., then not so much the prisoner as guest under protection of the Norman

at Salerno, proceeded from that city, accompanied by Duke Robert Guiscard and sixteen Cardinals, who, when they came in sight of the holy retreat, were invited by the Pontiff to alight from their horses, and all having approached on foot up the steep road, the consecration was performed by the Pope with great solemnity. At its close, and in presence of the whole congregation, Duke Robert caused to be drawn up an act conferring upon the abbey, in the words of the old chronicle:—« *Omnem ditionem et imperium in universos Lucanos, a vectigalibus immunitatem, marisque dominium—mortis destinatos capiendi, duellorum rationem constituendi, causarum civilium et criminalium controversias decidendi, appellationes prosequendi tribuit potestatem* ». Roger Guiscard, his son, and afterwards Roger, first King of Sicily, his grandson, confirmed all these immunities. More than 400 churches (including 320 monasteries), some in Sicily, some even in Rome, were subject to La Trinità. Frederic II. granted to it absolute jurisdiction over twenty-seven villages (*castra*), in addition to various others already so subjected; and of Charles V. it is recorded, « *privilegia monasterii magnifice confirmare non distulit* ». Alexander III. (among other Popes distinguished as benefactors to this house) invested the Abbot with power to excommunicate; and Sixtus V., confirming all his other prerogatives, added moreover those of convoking synods; conferring benefices, administering chrism; etc. Boniface IX. first raised the abbots of La Cava to episcopal rank; but in 1497 the jurisdiction of their see was united, by Alexander VI. to that of Monte Cassino, after having remained for 103 years *sub commendâ*. A Hospital for Pilgrims, built on the premises in 1262, continued long to afford shelter and entertainment; but the practice of pilgrimage to this sanctuary has died away. The rule originally observed was that of Cluny, where St. Aimeric had formerly resided and taken vows. Thus the eremite state of life continued to be followed by his community, under that sainted founder, and under his immediate successor, St. Leo; but exchanged for the cenobite, under St. Peter, the third Abbot, when the multitude of religious had become so vast—(Peter

having clothed with his own hands no fewer than 3,000) and the largesses of princes had endowed the brotherhood with revenues so far beyond the necessities of their self-denying life, that a monastery was built, in 1090, on the spot where formerly the scattered cells of the holy hermits had been the only habitations amid these primæval forests and rocky defiles. Nevertheless, the eremite continued for many years later blended with the cœnobite observance, several still dedicating themselves to contemplation in the solitude of caverns and recesses of woods; and the Abbot Peter himself alternating the two modes of life—now residing in the conventual buildings below, now in the loftier mountain-regions; spending the whole of Lent on the precipitous height, where a hermitage was built, still called (as from his time) that of St. Elias, his only nourishment during these periods, bread and water. The ancient forests around were called, in memory of those eremites, « *Silva Sanctorum Patrum*; » and all seems so unchanged, so undisturbed in these regions, that one might expect, wandering amidst them, to find verified, even at the present day, the type of religious society poetically described by the old chronicler:—« *Quacunque pèrgerentur orantes, psallentes, canentes, aut legentes occurrebant cœlestium conversatione radiantes* ». It cannot be denied that the present life of Italian Benedictines differs from that of their early precursors, in being intellectual rather than austere, active rather than contemplative. They now form societies of cultivated and studious men, withdrawn from the frivolities and storms of the world to a dignified retirement, while ceasing not to re-act upon that world for purposes of utility, through the medium of education and literature.

THE CONVENTS OF ASSISI.

AMONG the splendours of Catholic ritual with which long residence in Italy, and Rome, has made me familiar, few have impressed me in the same degree as the festival of St. Francis at Assisi.—On the morning of the 4th October a thronging of strangers and vehicles, very unusual for this quiet little town, animates its streets, all streaming towards that great sanctuary, the « Sacro Convento, » which stands so imposingly, visible from afar, on the mountain-side at one end of the old walls and irregular buildings. The lower of these two churches, raised one above the other, but each opening on level ground, is now crowded to its utmost capabilities by persons of all ranks, many ecclesiastics and military. To give an adequate idea to one unacquainted with this architecture of the effect produced by the lower basilica of San Francisco, (commenced 1228, the whole edifice completed 1330) would be difficult. Neither the Gothic of ultramontane lands nor that elsewhere seen in Italy corresponds in expression to this, which has not in fact Gothic characteristics in its principal features—grandly simple, with massive piers instead of colonnades, widely-spanning arches, and such disproportion between the length and elevation, that the idea at first conveyed is of a dimly illuminated subterranean. These ponderous vaults seem to weigh down and confine the spirit in

regions of melancholy contemplation, rather than bear it up to the devotion of hope and aspiration; and the mysterious gloom perpetually reigning within these precincts—

Where awful arches make a noonday night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light—

is such that the profusion of colour, the deep blue tints of the ribbed ceiling, and gorgeous decorations harmonise with, instead of relieving, that solemn twilight grandeur. But this edifice, in its totality, cannot be appreciated till we visit the upper church; in a contrast with the lower strikingly elaborated, light, graceful, and brilliant—of a Gothic style farthest removed from gloominess, without aisles or arcades, but simply nave and transepts of expansive and lofty proportions, to whose walls and vaults pictorial decoration has been applied in the highest degree. Having seen this, we understood the æsthetic intention of the double temple (an offspring, not of Italian, but of ætonic genius), in the lower to symbolise the self-abasement and mortification of the seraphic Francis—in the upper, the glory and beatitude he constantly aspired, through suffering, to attain.

In such a sanctuary it may be imagined with what effect the great celebration of an ascendant Religious Order is attended. High Mass was sung this morning by a prelate arrived expressly, the Vicegerent of Rome (who is invariably a Franciscan), three other bishops assisting; the choral performance most beautiful, for the vocalists attached to this Basilica must be superior musicians, and they were now assisted by other voices, accompanied by various instruments, with magnificent effect. Some passages in the Credo and Sanctus seemed strains caught from the song of seraphim; and, at the elevation, was a sublime burst of clarion music, triumphantly swelling and softly dying away, which reminded me of the effect, similarly produced, at the Papa's High Mass. At midnight on the Vigil the church was thrown open for Matins and Lauds, sung with the choir and organ at a pontifical service, the same mitred prelate officiating; at break

of day was the first High Mass, celebrated by the same dignity. Throughout this festival throngs frequent the subterranean chapel, formed in 1820 around the tomb of St Francis, after the discovery of his remains and their reinterment in a sarcophagus set within the solid rock, now enclosed in a quadrate adicula of fine marbles, seen (as well as the original mass of rugged stone) through open iron-work, above an altar of *verd'antico*, Oriental alabaster, and other precious stones—numerous pendant lamps diffusing a soft twilight around. It might be considered that a design accordant with the architecture above, had been chosen for this subterranean, an octagon, with low arches, supported by massive columns of white veined marble, the order Doric, after the Poestan (therefore most primitive) type; the walls of scagliola imitating red and green marble, the vault and other details coloured and gilt profusely. Originally the whole surface was white, and perhaps more solemn in that simplicity; but a Superior of this Convent determined on appropriating a large sum to decorating it, as accomplished. Around the walls are a series of reliefs representing the discovery of the relics, the reputation received by Pius VII. to request his sanction for the disinterment, and the proceedings connected with that event, by Ghanfredi, the same talented sculptor who executed at Rome the colossal statues of Pius IX., and Pius VII., both in the vestibule first entered on descending the staircase to this chapel. The condition of the Assisau Basilica must be interesting to Christendom, for it is, strictly speaking, the consecrated museum of Christian art in its earlier development. I regret to perceive that the frescoes of Cimabue—the Old Testament History—on the walls of the upper church, are little more than shadows, in many of which even the subject cannot be distinguished—though, happily, those on the vault have less suffered; and still are vividly impressive the figures of the four Latin Doctors, the colossal heads of the Redeemer, the Virgin, St. Francis, and St. John in medallions, the Archangels, with outspread wings of rainbow hues, grand and awful forms each standing on a globe, to sustain these heads above. On the lower com-

partments of the wall the story of St. Francis, represented in a numerous series, of the school of Cimabue, some attributed to Giotto, has many groups well preserved, though some fading. The frescoes in the transepts by Giunta Pisano (finished about 1252) have almost totally disappeared, the only one where subject even is recognisable being the Crucifixion of St. Peter; and this compartment is defaced by altars in the most tawdry style. The intarsio of the stalls by Fra Domenico di S. Severino, XV. century, comprises figures of Saints, Doctors, Popes, and two Kings (4) of the Franciscan Order, the Founder, and St. Clare, surpassing in expressiveness all I have seen in this form of art. The colouring of the lancet windows is superb; their tracery beautiful; and this architecture, altogether, though with a superfluity of flat surface, has fine details in the ribbing of vaults and clustering of columns; but disgracefully left in ruin, part destroyed, is the finest of all, a triforium, with alternately cusped and round arches. Altogether the conditions of this upper church, now rarely used for worship, are not very creditable either to its guardians or to authorities, who should protect such an art-enriched sanctuary—an invaluable example (observes Fergusson) of the extent to which polychromatic decoration may be suitably and nobly carried, and of the foreign style and ornamentation transplanted into Italy. In the lower church the greater number of frescoes, by renowned early masters, in lateral chapels and transepts, are better preserved—as the story of St. Mary Magdalene, by Buffalmacco; that of St. Martin, by Simon Memmi; the events of the evangelic history, by Tadeo Gaddi, on the transept vaults; and, in the sacristy, the curious picture on wood, said to be the portrait of St. Francis, executed from memory, with four miracles, effected through contact of his remains, by Giunta Pisano—tall, stiff, and ill-drawn, the face of less devout expression than that of the other portrait at the Angeli Convent; but this possesses the value of a religious relic from being painted on a part of the table on which the Saint's

(4) St. Louis and Robert of Naples, Franciscan tertiaries.

body was laid before interment. In that sacristy we are shown the veil of the Madonna! and a very curious wooden coffer in which it was brought from Constantinople by a Prince Orsini, adorned with small ivory reliefs of sacred subjects, archaic, indeed grotesque in character. Perhaps the finest among all Giotto's performances are those on the vault over the high altar, in this church; the beatification of St. Francis, enthroned amid exulting angels; the allegory of his espousals with Poverty, under the nuptial benediction of the Redeemer; the allegory of monastic Obedience, and the glorification of Chastity—all truly poems in conception; and though execution scarcely equals the sublimity of the idea, still triumphs of genius vindicating the high place in art asserted for their author (4). These frescoes are in good preservation, and lately the cleansing process has brought them into clearer relief; but no other species of restoration—no attempt at repainting is allowed, thanks to the judicious inhibition from the Camera Apostolica. Cavallini's large fresco, in a transept, of the Crucifixion, is interesting and happily uninjured: little angels float in air round the Saviour's cross with sorrow admirably expressed; and a noticeable figure is the Duke of Athens on horseback in rich robes, jewelled cap, blue boots *ec.*, his head (like those of the holy personages around) with a large gilt nimbus—here of course the symbol of power, but strangely applied to honour that infamous tyrant, for whom this picture was painted during his brief domination over Florence, in 1342. Rumohr observes that many paintings in these two churches ascribed by Vasari to Cimabue and Giunta di Pisa, cannot be more modern than 1300, in fact rude imitations of the Byzantine style, which, from that date, had begun to be set aside and surpassed.

The great Convent attached to the Basilica, supported against the declivity on lofty arcades of two stories, has the imposing aspect rather of a fortress than a monastery, as seen from the

(4) A tradition narrates that the spirit of Dante visited him in dreams to aid the conception of this poetic series (see « Art Hints » by J. J. Jarves.

valley below. Its community has in late years averaged 60, among whom, when I visited it in '88, were 20 priests and 10 novices. These minor Conventuals, allowed by a modification of the rule to possess property, have lands and farms yielding an income of between 7 and 8,000 scudi per annum, not certainly excessive, considering the expense of supporting such an establishment and the extent of their charities. During the distress consequent on failures of harvest, a few years ago, at least 300 poor received bread, soup, and other victuals, three days every week at these gates—a fact of which I was assured, not by one of the community, but by a layman long resident in Assisi. The daily routine of services in the lower Basilica, and the attendance of numerous confessionals, in different languages, constitute the principal occupation of these fathers; and I can bear testimony that, not only on great but on the ordinary, occasions, the majesty of Catholic ritual is here ever presented in a manner suited to impress; nothing hurried, nothing in careless or undevout performance. The usual High Mass, Vespers, and Benediction, on Sunday, are accompanied by fine vocal and instrumental music, free from that operatic floridness, too often distinguishing the modern church-music of Italy. A large wing of the Convent is appropriated for strangers, but only ecclesiastics unless specially introduced; and the vast scale of the buildings certainly would afford accommodation to a far greater number than its actual inmates. In the great refectory 200 may sit at table; and here is an admired fresco of the Last Supper by Solimei, but far surpassed in religious and noble conception by another of the same subject, in the smaller refectory, the work of Doni. The whole community rise two hours before the sun; and two Masses are daily celebrated whilst twilight still wraps in gloom that solemn architecture. Impressively is the visitor appealed to by the epigraph near the portal of their lower church: *Siste gradum, latere Viator, nam colles attigisti Paradisi—ingredere, majora videbis.*

A beautiful subterranean chapel was commenced by subscription, about six years ago, under the high altar of the Gothic

church « Santa Chiara », to contain the lately disinterred relics of that Saint, foundress of the Franciscan Nuns, whose discovery was an interesting ecclesiastical event, perhaps not much known out of Italy. Testimony as to the place of sepulture exists in the brief of Alexander IV., 1260, ordering their translation from S. Damiano, the Convent where St. Clare died, near Assisi, to S. Giorgio, a church and hospital occupying this site; also in the report drawn up by a notary of the consecration of the church dedicated to this Saint by Clement IV., in 1265—both documents in the archives of the Convent adjoining St. Chiara's church. The Bishop of Assisi, who had long the idea of instituting a search for these relics, encouraged by Cardinal Marini (resident at the Franciscan Convent here during late political troubles), repaired to Rome to obtain faculties from the Pope, shortly after the return of the latter from Naples. After excavations carried on with closed doors for eight days, was discovered in a narrow vaulted cell, immediately under the altar, a mass of hewn travertine, bound with iron, evidently the covering of a tomb. The Bishop then ordered a solemn triduo, and invited other dignitaries to attend at the disinterment, which, after the Mass « de Spiritu Sancto », and a procession singing the « Veni Creator », from another church, was accomplished in presence of the Archbishop of Spoleto, the Bishop (now Cardinal) of Perugia, three other prelates of neighbouring dioceses, and the Pontific Commissary for Umbria and Sabina, medical professors, an archæologist, and several engineers. The skeleton was found and verified as that of a female of mature age, with all the bones perfect, laid in an oval recess constructed in the rock, with a wreath of laurel round the head, not fewer than eighty leaves of which could still be counted; the stalks of a fragrant herb still remaining in one hand, and many withered leaves of wild thyme, recognisable when examined by a botanist, strewed at the bottom of this deposit. The relics were at once transferred to a sarcophagus of glass, and after a few days took place one of the most memorable solemnities ever witnessed in Assisi—a procession through the city, first to the cathedral,

thence to the Franciscan basilica, in which was carried the body of St. Clare, preceded by all the clergy, ecclesiastical students and confraternities, surrounded by the above-named prelates, the archbishop, the magistracy, and followed by a large company of young girls in white, bearing tapers and lilies, other children, dressed as angels, strewing flowers and fragrant leaves along the whole way. This was on the 29th of September, 1880; for many years after which date the sarcophagus stood in an inner chapel, only entered by the nuns, but visible through a grating from the church, with the remains thus exhumed after six centuries, clothed in the habit of the Clarissa nuns and crowned with flowers, seen by the light of tapers; on the withdrawing of a curtain, after due application made. The design for the chapel they finally repose in was prepared by a Canon of this cathedral, named Morichelli, and submitted to the Academy of St. Luke, with two variations, one of which was approved; the style Italian Gothic, a dodecagon, divided by marble pilastres, with cornice and ribbed vault, containing the original place of sepulture, which (like that of St. Francis) remains enclosed within a marble-encrusted *ædicula* divided by pilasters, a circular chapel formed below with a small altar; beyond this, and seen through open iron-work, a less spacious sepulchral chamber, hexagonal, of corresponding design and adornment, where on a lofty pedestal reposes the sarcophagus of glass and silver, containing the relics, visible from without, but only approachable for the nuns, who have private communication between this chamber and their convent. The Canon Morichelli was so kind as to give me, whilst this construction was in progress, about two hours of his time, explaining every detail, showing me the designs, the works in their then stage, and the deposit in the narrow cell which remained untouched, accessible by a double staircase from each side of the chapel below. I regretted to learn that, for want of funds, these works were then suspended, the amount supplied by collections in different countries, together with 600 scudi from the private purse of the Pontiff, reaching 4,800 scudi, entirely exhausted in bringing the undertaking to that stage, with in the short

period of eight months. Application had been made to his Holiness to allow the sale of certain lands as means of providing for farther expenses. There are on an average thirty three nuns in this convent, with a few young ladies for education.

The church, built, 1253, by the same architect as the Franciscan Basilica, (1) is only remarkable outside for its portal with lions in high relief, and the exquisite tracery of a wheel window. On the vault above the high altar are frescoes by Giotto, St. Clare, beside the Madonna, and other Virgin saints, grouped in pairs, under Gothic canopies, full of feeling and delicacy. The portrait of St. Clare, said to have been painted 30 years after her death, by Cimabue, with eight lateral pieces illustrating her story, gives the idea of a dignified and handsome middle-aged woman. The fresco attributed to Giotto representing her funeral, with a grand solemnity in presence of Innocent IV., contains several fine heads, but is faded to a degree that threatens destruction. I was shown that Saint's hair, long flaxen tresses, cut off when she took the veil, her comb of box-wood, a skein of thread wound by her, the hair of St. Francis, coal-black, his breviary shut and sealed, and other relics of these two sainted Founders. At S. Damiano, amidst the olive-trees on the mountain-side, we see still preserved in its austere olden character the Convent founded, and presided over by that enthusiastic woman, where all indicates poverty and mortification—the spirit of the portionless religious house in the XIII. century. In the dim little choir are the rude oaken stalls used by the nuns first established here; the dormitory where 50 used to sleep without division into cells, the narrow dark corridors, and the refectory with low vault and blackened walls, seem altogether like compartments of a subterranean. Here too are interesting and unquestionable relics of that Foundress of the mendicant Nuns—a large open tabernacle of gilt brass, for the Holy Sacrament, presented to her by Innocent IV., her Breviary in good

(1) Or by Filippo da Campello, a friar, pupil of the former, supposed to have been, Iacopo da Lapo.

calligraphy with illuminated initials (but no miniatures), and the ostensorium of alabaster with which, exposing the Host, she put to flight the Saracens on their assault, not at the walls of the town (as often represented), but at this convent's entrance, a door high in the front approached by movable stairs, where a rude fresco, on that outer wall, records the celebrated story. We see in this church a life-size wooden Crucifix, wrought by a Franciscan named Innocenzio (XVI. century), the head finished by an Angel while the artist slept and said to have the property of presenting different expression from three different points of view—the last stage of suffering, the death-agony, and the character of death itself—a report from the friar who exhibits it which I found to be true in a very strange, indeed impressive degree. A community of about 30 friars has succeeded to the nuns in this Convent, itself a genuine relic of the past.

The great Church of the Observantine Friars, at the foot of the hill, almost destroyed by earthquake in 1831, and restored by the Roman architect Poletti, 1836-40, at a cost of 120,000 scudi, is utterly out of keeping with all the associations and art-traditions of Assisi, nor could have been raised, on such a site, under the influences of a just feeling for sacred antiquity (1). The ensemble of its interior reminds of St. Peter's, but wants splendour to redeem from coldness and secularity. That small antique Portiuncula Chapel, one of the oldest oratories left unaltered in Italy, stands quite inappropriately in the midst of the vast showy modern fabric. Overbeck's picture of the Vision of St. Francis, over its portal, is the finest here; the only others of much interest are the frescoes by Lo Spagna, seen by taper-light, figures of the Saint and his first companions, in the small dark chapel on the site of his cell and death-bed, and the St. Francis offering roses from the garden in these cloisters to the Pope, by the same artist, with one figure by

(1) The sum was collected in different countries conformably to Apostolic Letters from Rome, and the new church consecrated by a Cardinal, 1840.

Perugino. In a niche over the altar here is the most affecting likeness of the Saint, among all those said to be authentic, a painted wooden statue, the countenance copied from the mask taken after death—according to the tradition that seems confirmed by its individuality and earnest humility of expression. Another portrait considered authentic, but far less pleasing, and unlike this wood curving, is in a chapel entered off the cloister where he used to do penance, and where are frescoes on his story, worth considering, by Tiberio di Assisi. Here, as at Loreto, are confessionals for various languages, and the friars are a good deal engaged in preaching.

It interested me much to observe the mode of life in this great Convent, as I was enabled to do during a visit of about 24 hours, invited to remain by an intelligent *Padre* to whom I brought a letter. Its average community is of 100, with a novitiate in which were, at this time, eleven persons; and here is kept up the strictest observance of the Rule so widely departed from by the Conventual Franciscans: entire dependance upon alms, the office shortly after midnight in a slow chant, and, above all things, charity, by daily dispensing of food at the gates. Opposite the front is a *foresteria* where pilgrims and paupers, are entertained; but it is not usual for visitors to be received here indiscriminately as in other convents. The rigour of the Rule indeed only allows to a layman a kind of profile-view of life within these walls. I could not sit at table with the friars, but in a small room opening from the great vaulted refectory was hospitably entertained, and enjoyed the company of the *padre*, my new acquaintance, who not only conversed but supped with me—as still severer Religious Orders do not permit towards their guests. That refectory, which I had a glimpse of the while, in the dim lamplight, so like a church, and the slow, deliberately chanted grace from numerous voices, the whole scene and grouping, impressed as corresponding with ideas of the romance of cloister-life. I requested to be called for the office at night, and at 12 1/2 was roused by the harsh sound of wooden clappers echoing through the corridor. The church by the soft light of

lamps hung in the transepts and before the Holy Sacrament, seemed all sublimed and spiritualized. A faint gleam shone through the closed doors of the Portiuncula chapel, illuminated all night, though not to be entered, raising ideas of the mysterious, the inviolably sacred. The organ sounded (a fine instrument) rolling waves of melody through the aisles, as the *Benedictus* and *Te Deum* were slowly sung. During the whole service the lay-brothers knelt, apart from the rest, reciting prayers in under-tone, before the altar of the Eucharist and the closed chapel of the Portiuncula, gliding noiselessly like ghosts through the twilight from one holy place to another. After this long service I retired to rest till 6 o'clock, the general hour of rising, though the church is always opened and the first Mass commenced two hours before sunrise. The ample and commodious Convent, scrupulously clean in every part I saw, though modernized, contains some remnant of that erected by St. Francis, and in which he held the first chapter of his Order, attended by 4000, who mostly lodged in straw huts thrown up for that occasion. Two hundred might well reside in the present building; and in its cells, fitted up with the utmost simplicity, we see what the private life of mendicant friars really is. They have here, indeed, a library of 8000 volumes; their sole property besides a garden and the walls that shelter them. Yet, dependant as they are, they have unfailingly kept up the traditional charities of an Order ever the friend of the Poor, and in the Winter before my visit, a season of local distress, upwards of 8000 used to be fed at these gates (none indeed refused a meal on applying) in every week.

It is difficult to describe the great devotional occasion of *S. Maria degli Angeli*, that brings thousands each year for the « perdonò », the plenary indulgence attached to the observances of the 1st August in all great Franciscan churches, but especially sought by the devout in this, the Saint's home and original oratory. Before the admission of the multitude on the vigil, the Pontific Delegate used (I cannot say what the arrangement now) to attend at Vespers with a military force, and at

the appointed moment give orders for lighting tapers throughout the building ; then parted assunder its wide gates to admit a rush absolutely overwhelming, streaming in like a swollen flood ; with shouts, clapping of hands, and loud *vivas* for the Madonna ; such the confusion of stupendous excitement that serious accidents have not seldom occurred, though better provided against in late years by strict precautions, and by the division of the nave into two great lanes, with railing along the centre, one for the in-pouring, the other the for the out-pouring torrent. In the majority these pilgrims are from Neapolitan parts, but many from greater distances, to some (I was assured) the entire length of the pedestrian journey, going and returning, not less than 600 miles. Persons in rank gentlemen have been known to arrive, in peasant-disguise, and more or less sharing the same hardships ; for the greater number can obtain no other lodging than is afforded in cottages around, in the convent-corridors, or under the open porticoes of the *foresteria*. The tumult is too great for devotion to appear at first, except in the intense eagerness by which all are animated ; but afterwards may be seen many advancing up the nave on their knees, or literally crawling to kiss (or rather lick) the pavement the whole way, so as to leave long tracks of blood from scarified tongues ! My acquaintance, the *Padre* here, told me he had recognised in one presenting himself at the confessional, the man (a Neapolitan peasant) whom he had seen thus prostrate, and leaving a blood-mark from the entrance to the Portiuncula chapel. Expecting a tale of heinous crime, he learnt on the contrary (and so far the tenor of the confession could be generally reported) that this devout rustic was simple-minded, inoffensive, and urged to these penitential exercises by the spontaneous dictates of piety. No such striking exemplification of the influences still abiding and productive, from the personality of St. Francis, can be seen any where on earth, as in this enthusiastic concourse for the « *Perdono* ».

High among the mountains above Assisi stands, embosomed in a narrow glen shaded by ilex-woods, the Convent called

Eremo delle Carceri, to which St. Francis and his comrades used to retire for periods of unusual austerity and contemplation. Its grand and wildly isolated situation reminds of Subiaco, though here Nature's forms are less colossal. No road leads to it except a rugged mountain-path ascending through the forest; and the modest low buildings on the platform at the brink of the deep ravine resemble rather a cluster of cottages, no portico or pillared cloisters here asserting monastic dignity. Arriving with an English ecclesiastical student, I was courteously received, my friend's character ensuring such welcome, by a pious friar who led us into the little vaulted dim-lit church, where (however plain) all is in keeping and unvulgarised, its only noticeable works of art a Crucifix painted on the wall and a fresco, looking very antique, of the Virgin and Child, before both which the friar set the devout example of kneeling to repeat the *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Gloria*, after assuring us that Crucifix had several times spoken to favoured worshippers—no doubt perfectly true in a certain sense. We were then conducted up a low staircase to the ancient dormitory, one side of which is formed by the unhewn rock, the Convent's natural support; and at the end of this half-cavern chamber, illumined by scarce a ray of light, we were shown a large wooden Cross, the gift of St. Bernardino of Siena, placed against the rock. Outside, opening upon the forest, is the oratory of St. Francis, partly scooped out of the same rock, partly formed by masonry, with an altar over which hangs behind a veil the Saint's Crucifix, carved with more skill and expressiveness than might be expected from its age. A hollow under the pavement here was, we were assured, the outlet by which the Devil (no doubt in some shape of impish hideousness such as seen in fourteenth-century pictures) used to escape, after his many vain attempts to disturb the virtue or serenity of the holy man! Among the ilex-trees on these mountain terraces are five other cells, or caverns, in part hollowed out by man to enlarge the naturally-formed chambers where dwell the comrades of St. Francis, and other followers in later ages, sometimes to spend years in this penitential solitude, like, the

Hermits of the Thebaid. Having visited all these scenes of ascetic memories, we took leave, but, as it was already near sunset, were invited to stay the night, a hospitality at once accepted, and to me most acceptable, because affording opportunity of seeing more intimately into the aspects of cloistral life in one most singular example of that phenomenon presented by mendicant religious houses maintaining themselves in the wildest solitudes on the sole support of alms.

The hour for evening-worship in the church soon arriving, the Rosary was recited, and at the end each friar prostrated to kiss the altar-steps. We were then summoned, much earlier than customary in convents, for supper, to the refectory, like a subterranean vault, low-arched, blackened by time or damp, with a few narrow windows; in the curve of the ceiling, that served to show immense thickness of walls, a single tin lamp, hung from that vault, the only light but for another placed on the table spread for us two guests. A lay-brother waited, and eight friars sat at a massive old board covered by no table-cloth, though that luxury was provided for the strangers; and I really felt ashamed of such superfluities in presence of the religious brotherhood who dispensed with, perhaps despising them. To the latter it was a fast, to others an abstinence day; and *their* meal consisted of meagre soup with bread and wine, *ours* of the same viands with addition of fish, and such a bottle of wine between us that I thought two persons could scarcely have finished it without risk of offending against the decorum suited to present company. Our worthy entertainers conversed cheerfully, the lay-brother also taking part, and seemed eager for news, particularly for all relating to Catholic interests in the great world which, though renounced, they did not seem so completely to have forgotten as no longer to desire intelligence of its vicissitudes. Yet, altogether, the tone of their talk gave the idea of men contented, at least perfectly serene in the state chosen. This I have noticed in other convent-society: the more absolute the abandonment of the world, the more equable and calmly cheerful the temper prevailing. After a blessing from the

Guardian, all retired, though it was not yet much later than 8. p. m. We were shown into two rooms in some respects superior to the cells we had seen; and in my own, I slept well on a hard bed with clothing agreeably warm in the autumnal temperature of these heights, after listening a while to the profound silence only broken by the silvery voice of a clock and the distant tinkle of sheep-bells from some wanderer out of the fold. Long before sunrise I was called; and having to traverse a corridor one side of which was the unbewn rock that beetled overhead, the whole scene, amid that stillness and darkness, reminded me of a Roman Catacomb, where it seemed that by some strange chance I must have been passing the night. And in the little vaulted church that impression might have still remained, with more affecting associations, whilst Mass was being celebrated before any other than dim taper-light yet dispelled the gloom; and the holy bell sounded solemn after the priest's low-murmured prayer, carrying the mind back to those times when all Christian rites had to be performed in like sanctuaries, in the safety only secured by sepulchral retreats.

At the foot of the ravine below the *Careeri* winds a channel, apparently scooped out by waters, but now no stream flowing where Nature seems to have expressly prepared its bed. This aridity is accounted for by a legend supported not only on olden, but modern and living testimony. Down these rocks had poured a torrent, without intermission, till St. Francis prayed it might no longer disturb himself and his brethren at their prayers; since which its flow had ceased for six hundred years, but to be renewed at intervals, for a few hours or days, only (and there lies the marvel) when some great disaster is imminent, as the peasants of this region universally believe, and the friars solemnly attest! I asked when the foreboding stream had last issued from its invisible channels? It had done so the year previous shortly before the terrific earthquake felt, and more or less disastrous, throughout Umbria; and the penultimate instance had been in 1842, when it dashed foaming down the steep for precisely six hours, to indicate the number of years before an

ever-memorable revolution! Such an idea of Nature's mysterious sympathies with Man, so anciently and almost universally admitted at different stages of society, fascinates, and sends the mind wandering into fields of speculation not unpleasing, perhaps not unprofitable—

A pupil in the many-chambered school
Where Superstition weaves her airy dreams.

In Assisi and its environs there are seven Convents for males and six for females, in several of which latter is afforded education to girls as boarders or day-scholars. It must be owned with regret that the Convent-institution, though here indeed a source of perennial charities, has failed to rescue this little city from decay, to spread the blessings of industry and progressive civilizing intelligence—benefits we soon perceive to be wanting amid the picturesque dilapidation, the general air of inertness and depression around. The whole place seems a mediæval ruin, striking indeed from the artistic point of view, but with no favourable report for social interests. I called on the venerable old Bishop, who gives almost all his income to the poor, and keeps no carriage, inhabiting the same palace where St. Francis was received and clothed, after flying from home and stripping himself of his fine secular clothes, by the predecessor of this amiable Prelate, who conversed with benign dignity, spoke to me of the hopeless poverty, the declining populousness of this place. Its municipality spends 1000 scudi per annum for public education; and its Gymnasium provides instruction gratuitously in the higher walks, including even the study of law.

Again referring to the celebrated Basilica, I observe that Della Valle (v. *Lettere Senesi*) argues to prove its architect was not the German called Jacopo by Vasari, (the sole authority for this statement), but Niccolò da Pisa, the most esteemed Italian architect of his time; and shows more clearly that it arose

after the labour, not of four years (Vasari's report), but in the incredibly short period of less than two, as all the faithful had been invited to co-operate, with alms or otherwise, by the Bull of Gregory IX., immediately after the canonization of St. Francis at Assisi, 1228.

THE MONASTERIES OF FLORENCE

Of all the fairest cities of the earth,

None is so fair as Florence

—says Rogers; and the justness of that poetic dictum recommends itself more the more one contemplates this attractive centre of Italian civilization, olden and modern. Its aspect of antique majesty and modern refinement, blended together so felicitously, seems indeed the expression of its civic and national story; and happily no epoch has passed by without leaving its features to enter into the beautifully varied picture.

The benefits conferred by the Church upon the Italy of the past, are now but too generally forgotten; and the license allowed to the press, in these provinces, so frequently directing its shafts against Rome, against the assumed principles or character of the clergy, must tend to obscure in the public mind all remembrances of what Catholicism has been to this country, and the degree in which her spirit has promoted every high interest, stimulated every nobler capacity. Arguments repellant of recent attacks against her may be best drawn from simple historic facts; and at this period the associations and memories attaching to sacred monuments of this classic region invest them with more than usual claims upon interest. The picture drawn of Florence in the fourteenth century, by Villani, presents the ideal of the Catholic metropolis, whose life-blood flowed

from a religious heart, whose spirit of enterprise, patriotic, restless, and daring, was in harmony with the Christian principle of civilization. The building of temples, the assignment of sums for sacred purposes, the acts of public beneficence, meet us constantly, beside records of commercial successes yet unexampled in Europe. In 1293, the Republic decreed the erection, and laid the foundations, of the two sanctuaries to this day most celebrated—the Cathedral and Santa Croce. Not only in the highest but humblest branches of industry, every labouring man contributed by his *soldo* to the expenses of that metropolitan church, still one of Italy's most glorious fabrics, first opened for public solemnity in 1366, not long after which (1378) was imposed a law, still in force, that on every will, bequest, or codicil, should be levied the tax of 20 *soldi* towards the cost of its building. Florence then derived from taxation alone 320,000 gold florins per annum; and neither the King of Naples nor that of Sicily, nor even the Aragonese crown enjoyed revenues equal to hers! Her cloth manufactures produced annually an average value of 1,200,000 gold florins, whilst more than 30,000 persons were engaged and supported by that industry, brought to its perfection by the *Umberti* friars, first established here in 1232. Several hundred friars, 80 monks, and 500 nuns, inhabited the cloisters of Florence during this period so well preserved to our acquaintance in the graphic pages of Villani; and the city, divided into 57 parishes, contained (with its suburbs) 410 churches, including those of 5 abbeys, 22 convents of friars, 24 of nuns.

The clergy and monastic orders of Tuscany (now far from ranking with the wealthiest) enjoyed under the Medici a high degree of ascendancy and immunities, their property free from all taxation, many privileged monasteries and convents had, among other prerogatives, the right of a first choice of victuals in the markets, before any other purchasers could be supplied. But a great blow was inflicted on these institutions under the house of Lorraine. The reforms of Peter Leopold (1765-90) not only imposed limitations on the profession in the cloister, but withdrew its religious from dependence on their generals

at Rome, and subjected them to the bishops, under obligation of assisting the parochial clergy. At the beginning of this reign the regulars in Tuscan convents numbered 6020; before its close they were reduced to 4060, and their residences from 321 to 213. Several communities of Friars were abolished, not excepting the Barnabites, though these devoted themselves to education; and the Dominicans were prohibited from receiving any more novices, except in the one congregation of their Order locally known as « Gavotti », who, however, could no longer receive subjects of other states. The Celestine Monks, Neapolitans, were dissolved and sent back to their native place, their property confiscated to be assigned to the Metropolitan for the benefit of the Florentine diocese. In convents of nuns dowries were no longer to be exacted on admission to vows, but handed over instead to the nearest hospitals; and the Oblates, dedicated to the service of the sick, were to be received without any dowry on taking the veil. No fewer than 2500 Confraternities were suppressed, but others, with charitable duties, authorized in their place. Pilgrimages, penitential flagellations, rights of asylum, public denunciation of offenders against the « Paschal precept » (or Easter-communion) were prohibited; the Madonna's images were no more to be adorned with rich vestments (a check at once to superstition and bad taste); and another abuse wisely swept away was the Mendicant class of Hermits, men who neither worked nor could administer to spiritual wants, calling themselves Franciscan Tertiaries, but invested with no ecclesiastic character, living in solitary places, where their cells had become, in some instances, the reputed rendez-vous of brigands, and whose numbers throughout Tuscany were found, in 1705, to be 144. All this amphibious class the Leopoldine laws obliged, if subjects, to work for their bread; if strangers, to quit the country; if unfit for work, to desist from begging and remain under police control. (v. Zobi, *Storia civile della Toscana*.) From this period all church-lands were submitted to taxation alike with others. In 1808, ensued the suppression, by French authority, of all irligious Orders in Tuscany, except the

Observantine and Reformed Minors of S. Francis, Capuchins, Scolopians, *Crociferi* (or Hospitalers, dedicated to the care of the sick), and those nuns whose special duty was education or service of hospitals. Pensions, from the time of leaving the cloister, were assigned to members of dispersed communities; but the mendicant friars were allowed still to apply for that charity on which they had ever been dependant.

All records and documents found at those cloisters struck by the edict of 1808, are now preserved in the magnificent archives of state, reorganized on the best system, and rendered accessible to students, within the last few years; and in this institution, that adds new glory to Florence, are six spacious rooms entirely filled by the archives of monasteries and convents, together with the reports of the commissaries deputed to visit them before suppression. From earliest times the Florentine Republic ordered the preservation of its public acts, and passed laws in that object, afterwards renewed by Cosimo I. At least so far back as 1282, all political records were consigned to the vast collection which the Medici found extant on their accession to sovereignty; and the additional archives relating to the reigns and private history of that house now form a compartment comprising 10,300 files of papers, and more than 3,000 parchments. On the re-opening of the convents, after French rule had passed from Tuscany, it was deemed best to leave their documents in a deposit where they were so carefully arranged; but the regular clergy have ever since had free access to these MS. libraries, placed gratuitously at their disposal, for whatever consultation of contents. Minute and very curious details respecting the internal circumstances of Tuscan cloisters may be gathered by the student who avails himself of the permission to pursue inquiries in this unique storehouse; and not an article of furniture, not a vessel or vestment is omitted from the report of their properties, etc., drawn up by the vigilant commissaries. But far more interesting are many sacred legends, and notices of the lives of holy men, who « kept the noiseless tenor of their way », unknown to the world, in those religious retreats.

In 1816, all these suppressed Orders (though not with all their churches and houses) were restored, and stable property was consigned to them by the State, estimated (without reckoning residences or other buildings) at 4,128,000 scudi. The monasteries and convents thus renewed were, at that date, 129 inhabited by 2,540 males; and 72 inhabited by 2,254 females, besides 1,322 of the Oblate Sisterhoods, employed in female education, at 46 conservatories. In 1828, according to Bowring's report, the religious Orders in this country received from the State 190,000 scudi per annum; the chapters and collegiate clergy, 30,000; the parish priests 120,000, not including 30,000 bestowed annually on the Church in royal largesses. In 1738 the entire body of seculars and regulars, including both sexes, in the cloister, amounted to 27,108. In 1814 their number had sunk to 15,324, though within that interval the population of Tuscany had almost doubled; and in 1849 the secular clergy were 6,857; the regulars, 2,339; cloistered females (including the Oblates), 3,437; in the city of Florence alone, 623 seculars, 379 regulars, 858 Nuns and Oblates. Florence was not a metropolitan see till 1420, when that rank was conferred by Martin V., whilst here on his way from the Council of Constance to Rome; but though not wearing the archiepiscopal mitre, the Florentine bishops used to be honoured with much of symbolic ceremonial suited to former times. On making his first entry, the new pastor was received outside the gates by the canons, wearing leafy crowns on their heads, with a richly harbed palfrey, on which he was seated, under a canopy, and thus escorted, first to the monastery of Benedictine nuns, S. Pier Maggiore, there to be lodged for twenty-four hours. At its gates the palfrey was consigned to the Nuns, but not before being stripped of its trappings, which became a perquisite of the Strozzi family, and were carried, with sound of trumpets and honourable escort, to their palace, there to be for some days exhibited. In the church of S. Pier Maggiore took place the ceremony (continued till the sixteenth century, when it was abolished by Gregory XIII) of the espousals between the bishop and

the Benedictine abess, allegoric of that spiritual union upon which he now entered with his church and diocese. After being solemnly installed at the high altar, he was conducted to another throne on a raised tribune under a cloth-of-gold canopy. Beside him sat the abess, on a velvet-covered chair, from which rising, she knelt to receive from him a gold ring set with a diamond or sapphire, placed on her hand while her nearest relatives, or the oldest man in the parish, supported it. The bishop then received and blessed her sisterhood, and with his canons dined at the abess's table, nor left till the next day for his second and third installation at the cathedral and baptistery. Among canonized saints who have filled this see, the most conspicuous, both as a writer and theologian, St. Antoninus (elect. 1446), was declared co-patron of this city and archdiocese by Gregory XVI., at the request of the Florentine clergy and people, in 1841. These prelates have since 1363 ranked *ex officio* as princes of the holy Roman empire, a dignity first conferred by the Emperor Charles IV.; and since the time of Leo X. have worn at solemnities the purple (or scarlet) of cardinals, by privilege from that pontiff.

At the present day the most numerous communities in the Tuscan convents are Franciscan and Capuchin, who, at all their rural houses, distribute food every day to the poor. The Conventual Friars at S. Croce number only 30, though, before the suppression, averaging 100; and the Dominicans, at S. Maria Novella and S. Marco (among the largest ancient cloisters), average not more than 27 in each convent. The Servites, whose magnificent church, the Annunziata, is especially that of the fashionable world in Florence, are not much fewer than 60—still a wealthy and influential order. The Oratorians are distinguished here, as everywhere in Italy, for superior zeal, for the carefulness, and large attendance of their services. The Scolopian Fathers hold a place as directors of public education similar to the Jesuits at Rome, and in two colleges, (the first opened in 1630) afford gratuitous tuition in the elementary and highest walks, up to Latin literature and Greek, general physics, geometry, astro-

my, etc. In their principal church and college, *S. Giovannino*, these useful Fathers succeeded, 1776, to the Jesuits, never restored or sanctioned since the suppression by Clement XIV, in this country, where they had formerly ten colleges, and a revenue of 146,671 lire per annum. Introduced into Florence by the efforts of their general Laynez, the Jesuits obtained this residence through favour of the Grand Duchess Eleanora in 1657, and after a few years rebuilt *S. Giovannino* from the designs of Ammannati, so that the church where lay for a time the body of the murdered Duke Alessandro, is no longer recognisable. The *Scuole Pie* were opened in Florence 1630; and an average of 1400 pupils frequent the two establishments of the Order founded by St. Joseph Calasanzio, whose instruction is divided into two sections: for artisans and trading classes, and for those destined to other professions, their « *Scuole letterarie* » comprising a course of six years. The mendicant friars have only one convent, *Ognisanti* (inmates now 64) within this city; but two hospitals are served, in spiritual offices, by Capuchins resident on their premises. At two others the care of patients is assigned to Oblate nuns and the Ministers of the Infirm (order of St. Cammillo de Lellis). The Hospitalers of St. John of God (*Fate-ben-fratelli*), have a convent-hospital for applying themselves to similar works of mercy, according to their institute. The nuns inhabiting cloisters in Florence are Benedictine, Vallombrosan, Augustinian, Dominican, Franciscan, Capuchin, and Carmelite.

At one extremity of the oldest bridge in Florence (*Ponte delle Grazie*) stands, overhanging the Arno, a little chapel scarcely able to contain more than twenty worshippers at a time, but where every evening may be seen a congregation, if but two or three, responding to the prayers of a priest, and, in the last days of Holy Week, a much larger assemblage kneeling before a carved and painted figure of the dead Redeemer, round which lie all the instruments and objects associated with the story of His passion. With other tiny buildings that seem perilously perched on its piers, that bridge, constructed originally 1237, is itself a monument to the mediæval religion of this city,

for within its narrow limits stood six oratories, till swept away by the swelling river in 1557; and in the fourteenth century three convents occupied by nuns called « Romite del Ponte » (hermitesses of the bridge), one of which community originated, in 1390, through means of a solitary enthusiast named Appollonia, who spent six years alone in a narrow cell on this spot, till joined by two others, and at last by a sisterhood, on whom was bestowed a larger building (still on the old bridge), and who numbered thirteen when finally transferred to the spacious convent provided for them, 1413, by a Benedictine abbot, to the rule of whose order they subsequently conformed. Thus arose the celebrated cloisters of the Murate (or « immured », a term more appropriate to the former circumstances of this sisterhood), where St. Antonina gave the veil to fifty-six novices, and where, that holy man tells us, in his « Historia Mundi » (referring to the year 1435), all were edified by the example of the nuns, then more than a hundred, supporting themselves by their labour, with assistance of alms, keeping up perpetual worship day and night in the sanctuary,—a model for strict observance of cloistral discipline in every respect. The Murata monastery has yielded place to the extensive prisons, sole house of detention in Florence, that still perpetuate the name. Catherine de' Medici was placed there, a child of eight years, under the care of those nuns during the siege, but to be soon transferred to the Dominican convent, S. Caterina da Siena, that still remains, a memorial of the ascendancy of that fervid spirit whose utterances once renovated the religious life of Florence—Savonarola—moved by whose eloquence, Ridolfi Rucellai took vows at the convent of St. Mark, after obtaining consent from his wife, who herself followed the example by joining the Tertiaries of St. Dominic, and in 1809 founded these cloisters, to become herself the religious superior, eventually revered as the Beata Lucia. The existence of nuns in Florence is traced up to the year 853, date of a diploma from the bishop, appointing his own sister abbess of S. Andrea, on the old market-place.

Rich as is Florence in sacred antiquities, some monuments of this class are now only known by name, or, if their buildings

stand, closed and desecrated, in the forlorn condition where they have been left since 1808. Memories in which the sanctuary is strangely associated with political interests attach to others, whose site alone can be now identified. Under Vasari's stately porticos for the Uffizj, first shrunk and finally disappeared the primitive church, S. Piero Scheraggio, frequently a scene of popular assemblies, and displaying over its portals the carroccio of Fiesole, — trophy of that city's subjection by the Florentines, who besieged and, by treachery, took it on its principal festival (St. Romulus), in 1010. The curious reliefs, subjects from evangelic history, then brought from the Fiesole cathedral, where they adorned the ambones, and placed in S. Piero, have fortunately been preserved on the pulpit of S. Leonardo, a small church beyond the southern walls of Florence; they are mentioned by Rumohr as Greek works, valuable specimens of the XI., before the revival of Italian art in the twelfth century. S. Salvi is now only consecrated by the sublime Cenacolo of Del Sarto, from which even the fierce soldiery shrunk with awe when they entered to destroy that monastery, (1529), thus protected by its holy picture. Within another desecrated church, S. *Maria sopra Porta*, hung the bell of Florence's carroccio, only rung to announce war, called *Bellifera*, or *Martinella*; transferred, when the stern summons had to be given, from its tower to the portal, and there suspended to ring day and night for a month till that sacred car, the palladium of the Mediæval republics, was sent forth with banner and altar, drawn by scarlet-housed oxen, into the battle-field (1).

Though the clergy, secular and regular, for the most part, live on very limited incomes in this country, some Tuscan monasteries still possess great wealth, and the aggregate pro-

(1) This bell, in a wooden frame, placed on another car, preceded the Carroccio, which was kept in the *opera* building attached to the cathedral, and of which the first notice refers to the siege of Pistoia by the Florentines, 1223 (V. Prezzolini, *Storia religiosa del Popolo fiorentino*).

perty of religious orders was shown, within recent years, to yield a taxable revenue of 886,734 lire, whilst that of the secular clergy was 1,363,762 lire. (See Zobi, « Economico-Political Memoir on Tuscany. ») As to the numbers inhabiting cloisters in Florence, a report, a few years ago, gave the inmates of seventeen convents for males as 482; those of sixteen for females, 518; the Sisters of Charity and Capuchins being the largest communities of nuns. These institutions were disturbed almost from the first year the house of Lorraine had succeeded to that of Medici. Even before Leopold I., they were subjected to taxation by Francis II., and their property appraised for official report. The right of sanctuary having been abolished at the same time (1782) with the Tribunal of Holy Office, soon after like sentence against that of Nunciature, and the restriction of episcopal tribunals to attributions purely spiritual, the whole position of the Church in Tuscany has thus been essentially altered from its antecedents before the last century.

Among anomalies of the present day is the condition of many religious bodies occupying conspicuous premises, and officiating in splendid temples, whose very existence is threatened, if not actually condemned, by the laws of the Government they are now under; though, hitherto, such laws have not been enforced, nor even published for application in Tuscany. One restraint, indeed, has been already imposed that may excite alarm for the future of these institutions: all, whether possessed of property or otherwise, are forbidden to open their noviciates to postulants, though those already admitted are considered as belonging to the respective communities, at liberty to take vows, nor interfered with in the career entered on trial.

About 13 years ago a benevolent lady of Florence founded the Franciscan Nuns called *Stimmatine*, for the exclusive duty of tuition to female children in rural districts. A benefactor purchased and had repaired for their use a church and convent in the village of S. Salvi (near this city), on which were spent 14,000 scudi; and this Order is now extended over different Italian provinces, numbering altogether 300, but limited to not more than seven in each

house. Their practice is austere, their time divided between devotions and the tasks of elementary teaching; rising at midnight for an Office of one hour, then retiring to rest till 5 a. m., and living in entire dependance on alms, for which two sisters of each house are daily on the quest. Their foundress, who began by taking several poor girls to her home, for education and maintenance, is still living, and now superior of this useful religious family, whose sisters may be frequently seen in the streets, but never reside in cities.

Monte Oliveto.

In sight from the gay promenade of the Lung'Arno, rises a gently-swelling hill, crowned by a cypress grove, its lower ridge surmounted by a long extent of dark grey buildings, the ample and once wealthy abbey of St. Bartholemew, now in picturesque decline, a very picture of the romantic, but forlorn condition in which many ancient monasteries of Italy now stand, touching in religious dignity, mournful in threatened decay. Ascending by a steep road, between pleasant villas and gardens, we arrive at an iron gate, leading into a long avenue, at whose extremity rises the dusky, weather-beaten front of what resembles an aristocratic manor-house, abandoned to servants or farmers. The high double-staircase before the great portal, the long vaulted corridors, the shattered or built-up windows, the cloisters, with graceful arcades half closed by masonry, and the antique, dimly-lighted church, — all tell the same tale of decline and impoverished circumstances, more affecting when contrasted with the magnificent beauty of the scene commanded hence, the view of Florence with city and suburbs in nobly sweeping panorama; the fair, luxuriant Arno valley, and the wide amphitheatre of majestic mountains bounding that prospect seen from the sacristy-windows, and still more finely from the adjacent Cypress-grove, assuredly one of the loveliest on earth. This monastery, enjoying so delicious a situation, and common-

ly called Monte Oliveto, originated in a lowly chapel, built towards the end of the thirteenth century, by a pious confraternity, for a hermit who had chosen the spot (then probably buried in primæval forests) for his retreat till death. In 1384, the ground and edifice were ceded by that same confraternity to Olivetan monks, who, in 1472, erected the church and cloisters still standing. The single nave and lofty groined vaults present features of a comparatively early period; but the lover of art will find more attraction in the spacious sacristy, adorned by a picture, in rich Gothic frame, the Virgin and Child enthroned amid four saints, ascribed to Giotto, and a graceful little statue of the infant Christ, by Donatello. These cloisters, now inhabited by thirty fathers and lay-brothers, and, in part (I believe), let to a family of labourers, contain no fewer than 700 rooms, besides the extent of lofty sombre corridors. High Mass is celebrated on festivals, the Office chanted in choir at night: but, probably, not one day in the year brings more than a few peasant-worshippers to the religious services of these respectable fathers, whose order, once conspicuous and numerous, has now only one wealthy or celebrated foundation, the mother-establishment, where they were first instituted, and have still the novitiate for Tuscany, 20 miles distant from Siena, called Monte Oliveto Maggiore (1). Since the confiscation of their property by the French they have never been restored to affluence here; and their church has remained shorn of its pictures; even its organ, included in the same spoliation, never recovered from the general seizure of ecclesiastic valuables. There is dignity, fascination, in the aspect and site of this ancient edifice; but the example here presented of decadence in those orders dedicated to the contemplative and studious, instead of the active religious life, is obvious, and of intelligible significance. I am

(1) Founded, as supposed, in 1349, by the beato Bernardo Tolomei, the spiritual Father of this Order, the church built probably by the Sienese architects Agostino and Agnoli, and deemed so beautiful that popular legend ascribed it to the work of Angels!

assured that the proportion in which these at present stand towards the more modern and influential regular Clergy in Tuscany, is at the average of 20 to 100.

The Badia.

One of the most ancient Benedictine establishments in Italy is the Badia of Florence, a gloomy pile in its present state, with windows built-up, and the original features of its Pointed architecture almost effaced. Of its ancient structure much was sacrificed to give place to the stern old place and prison, the residence of the Podestà, erected immediately opposite in 1250. This abbey was founded and endowed A. D. 978, by Willa, wife of Albert Marquis of Spoleto, and mother to Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany, the diploma of foundation from which lady, and two others from her son, confirming her bounties, are still extant. The most beautiful monument in its church is that of the same Hugo, whose body was transferred hither by the monks in 1481, to be laid in this mausoleum, sculptured by Mino da Fiesole,—his finest work, in Vasari's estimate,—with the recumbent figure of the dead in ducal robes and bonnet, and a relief of Charity holding a distaff, with two children; an epitaph below giving the date of Hugo's decease, 1012, and the record that he founded, besides this monastery (properly to be ascribed to his mother) six others for the same religious order. Long was the memory of that marquis celebrated by an annual panegyric on St. Stephen's Day, from one of the *alumni* in a college of noble youths, till the suppression of the educational institute maintained here, as still at other great Benedictine houses in Italy; and besides the honours of this public *accademia* by the monastic pupils, the Lord of Tuscany has been more effectually immortalized in earthly renown by the praises of Dante (*Paradiso*, xvi.). To the time that poet lived belongs a strange story of violence and outrage, associated with the old octagonal tower of red brick and narrow many-storied windows that rises conspicuous above these

Benedictine cloisters. In the year 1307, a heavy tax being imposed on all religious orders, the monks here refused to submit to it, and shut their gates against the agents of the Republic sent to enforce obedience, in punishment for which contumacy the people were stimulated (one can hardly, at least, suppose them to have thus acted spontaneously, unmoved by a single interest of class or nationality) to invade and pillage their abbey, left defenceless against such species of attack; and the government, not contented with this democratic punishment, decreed that the tower of the Badia should be taken down for the sake of mortifying its inmates!—orders only in part executed, for when reduced to about half its height, the remainder of this old campanile was happily saved, and restored, by the bounty of Cardinal Orsini, then abbot-commendator. The ancient discipline under abbots elected for life continued here till 1327, when it fell into disuse, and the abbey passed in *commendam* to be governed by superiors appointed for limited periods among the secular clergy; which state of things lasting for about a century, brought on the most disastrous period of desecration known in the annals of these cloisters,—their church no longer used for sacred offices, and even its claims as consecrated ground so violated that cattle were left to stable and dogs to kennel within its walls, no regular community any longer maintained,—till at last a zealous Spaniard, named Gomez, appointed prior under the titular abbot at a distance, set about the task of restoration with bold and holy ardour; rebuilt the monastery and the church-front, summoned a new community from other houses of the order, revived, and exemplified in his person, the primitive discipline, and was eventually appointed abbot, to put a term to the discredited system of benefices in *commendam*; finally (in farther reward for his merits from the Holy-See) chosen for the delicate office of Visitor and Reformer to all the Benedictine monasteries in Tuscany. Such the self-reviving virtues and latent energies still found, after a long night of gloom and depression, in this ancient system! Among the monastic records, now transferred to the public archives of state, are preserved, in alphabetical

order, documents that extend the notices of this abbey over nine centuries, carried down to a date shortly before the suppression in 1808, previously to which its property comprised a large number of farms and fields, mills, houses, shops, in Florence and her environs. Among the relics in the church some are supposed the identical objects bequeathed by Boccaccio on his death-bed to the Jeronymites, who had special claims on his gratitude, at a monastery afterwards ceded by Eugenius IV. to the Florentine Benedictines. Some choir-books, written and illuminated on parchment by the industrious monks of old, are still to be seen, and still used, containing exquisite specimens of miniature and arabesque in this province of art so magnificently exemplified by the treasures in Italian cloisters and libraries: indeed the Vatican itself possesses few illuminated volumes superior to the most notable of these—an immense Psalter, in iron-bound boards, with illustrations from the history of Moses and David, and the New Testament; but I was grieved to hear that some shameless *virtuoso* had actually stolen leaves from this inestimable book, cutting them out, probably with a penknife, after furtively entering the choir from the church! One might pass unnoticed the outer and more modern cloister; but the inner, more curious and antique, with double portico of widely-spanning arches, impresses by graceful dignity and by its interesting series of frescoes on the story of Saint Benedict (one by Bronzino), treated from the point of view supplied by olden legends, picturesque and marvellous, but far surpassed in artistic value by the expressive figure of the Saint enjoining silence, one finger laid across the lips, on the wall at the extremity of an arcade,—a work by Angelico da Fiesole, little known, never (I believe) engraved, though, indeed, worthy of that saintly artist's name. At this Badia the old form of government is still maintained under a mitred abbot elected for life, who has now under his authority a community of seventeen persons, three being novices, permitted (under existing laws) to make profession with final vows, though no others can be received from henceforth, unless (which Heaven grant) the hearts of rulers

be moved to modify edicts so sternly interfering with the liberties of religious life. The college for lay students long since ceased to exist here. Not among the most frequented, or noted for brilliant solemnities, the church has little of its primitive character; but, even modernized as we see it, there is a venerable gravity and gloom that inspire devotion when one enters this usually silent and majestic building.

The Angioli Monastery.

One might pass by a singular octagonal ruin at the juncture of two streets in this city without apprehending any purpose in its unintelligible structure—the unfinished temple, designed and carried to the state in which we see it, by Brunelleschi, early in the fifteenth century, with idea of imitating in plan and scale the Florentine baptistery, and intended for the Camaldolese monks, a fund left to whom was thus appropriated, on suggestion of one of the most illustrious in that order, the beato Ambrogio Traversari. These ruins of the incomplete are entered from the gardens of an ancient monastery, belonging to that branch of Camaldolese who do not observe the eremite, but the conventual cenobite life, a once-renowned establishment, the first stone of which was laid with pomp by the Gonfaloniere, amidst the assembled magistrates of the Republic, in 1295, and which was governed till the fourteenth century by priors appointed and sent hither from Camaldoli, the central sanctuary of this order. From that period, however, till the present, the superiors of this monastery have been elected by its own community; and about the same date commenced the epoch of its highest prosperity, enriched by many donations from patrician families, one of which sufficed for building another monastery outside the city-gate, S. Benedetto, destroyed at the same time with many other buildings, before the siege in 1529. Such was the confidence entertained for these religious and for the inviolability of their demesne, that several of the wealthiest

nobles deposited treasures here at the time of the panic excited by the first symptoms of that agitation which resulted in the assault of the *prolétaires* against the higher classes, known as the insurrection of the « Ciompi » (1378); but in the outrages ensuing, this consecrated ground was no more respected than any other by the mob, numbering, it is said, 10,000, who broke into church and cloisters, and carried away ready money to the amount of 20,000 gold florins—only a portion of the deposit placed here, the rest being saved thanks to the gallant defence of the sacristy by two individuals without other assistance—one a member of the Medici family. Five monks lost their lives in that tumult; and an accident only—the sudden extinguishing of a lamp (considered miraculous)—prevented the conflagration of the monastery, on which, it seems, the assailants were determined. In the fifteenth century these cloisters became a renowned centre of learning and art, mainly through the influences of the Beato Ambrogio, who took vows, and spent thirty-three years within these walls, till the date of his election (1433) to the office of Prior-General over his order (1). Zeal and piety were united with high intellectual attainments in that Padre, the reformer (or rather restorer) of this ancient religious institution, and one principal agent in the revival of literature, in the introduction of Greek letters and learning, that now began to kindle a new light on the intellectual horizon of Italy. He it was who suggested to Cosimo de' Medici the foundation of a library for public benefit, as afterwards effected by that Mæcenas, in the convent of St. Mark. And to satisfy the general eagerness to consult, or listen to such a man, the Abbot of the Angioli sanctioned the opening of an academy, presided by Ambrogio, in these cloisters, for cultivating Greek and Latin literature. All the Florentine celebrities of the day, especially the above-

(1) See his life in the valuable « *Memoirs of Italian Celebrities in the Fifteenth Century* », by Vespasiano di Bisticci; first edited by Cardinal Mai, and recently published in a well compiled edition at Florence.

named Cosimo, became assiduous assistants at these assemblies; and out of the then unrivalled collection of books formed by the latter,—which he used to leave, whenever he absented himself from Florence, in keeping of these fathers—several were translated from Greek into Latin, many copied, by the hand of the indefatigable Ambrogio, as the entire works of St. Athanasius, various books of Lactantius and Livy—manuscript treasures, some of which are still preserved. Under his encouragement flourished, in these cells, the art of miniature-painting, then inseparably united with calligraphy; and three monks of the Angioli, Lorenzo, Silvestro, and Jacopo, gained renown that still survives, attested by examples of their abilities. Till 1831 was maintained here a college for secular education, frequented by the sons of patrician families. But great indeed the change in the present condition of the Angioli cloisters! Tradition states that at one period they contained 100 in community, by no means beyond the capabilities of their stately well-built premises, with three quadrangles surrounded by graceful porticos; but their inmates are now reduced to thirty-three, three being novices, the last (according to law) admissible or admitted. Before the reign of Peter Leopold their revenues were 10,000 scudi per annum, from estates that comprised sixty farms—now diminished to only seven farms, in this neighbourhood, and to an income of 2,000 scudi, derived from the property left.

After reading its history, I visited this once-noted monastic centre with interest, and a sense of pain at the evidently fallen condition in which we see its glories declined,—its vast premises in the greater part incorporated with a hospital, and one suit of rooms, over the whole reach of a portico, applied to the purposes of weaving, the looms for which appear at every window. Only one quadrangle and a sweep of buildings (sufficient, indeed, for the diminished community), is now left to the quiet occupation of the monks. Some old frescoes, till recently hidden under whitewash, adorn the walls of spacious vaulted corridors. In an immense refectory (no longer used as such, but as wine-cellar and store-room) is a beautiful, but much injured fresco

of the Last Supper, by Dominico Ghirlandajo, never yet (that I am aware) copied or engraved, though full of feeling and admirable individuality; and in one cloister an expressive bust of the Beato Ambrogio, by Caccini; but, as a work of the seventeenth century, of course less interesting than the *contemporary* portrait of that extraordinary man, painted in distemper on panel, by Fra Lorenzo, now in the cell of the Padre Lector,—the head intellectual, characterized by firmness, and a glance full of calm penetration. Entering an immense vaulted room, like a church, I learnt with surprise that this was the once well-stored library, no longer exhibiting either shelves or books, but filled with chests, furniture out of use, and old lumber, in which category might be placed several indifferent copies from well-known pictures, and (though of relative value) casts from antique statues. A faded fresco over the doorway represents the Council of Florence, allegorically treated, the Greek Church figuring as a matron, led to the throne of Pope Eugenius IV. by the Beato Ambrogio; himself a chief actor and auxiliary in the deliberations of the eastern and western prelates at those sessions.

Here, seated at a table in converse with a young cleric, I found a tall, robust person, whom, but for his white monastic habit, I might have taken for a substantial farmer; but, spite of a stentorian voice and rather bluff manners, his address and language soon convinced me that neither intelligence nor courtesy were, by any means, wanting. This was no other than the father abbot, who, holding office for life, officiates pontifically on high occasions in the Camaldolese church. In the most obliging manner he gave me all information, and showed me all yet spared by spoliation, that remains of the objects I inquired about. To my questions respecting the illuminated MS. codes, for which this house was once noted, he answered that all had been taken away; some had disappeared, but others (happily the most valuable) still remained in the Laurentian library (4). The only artistic relic left in *this* now dismantled library,

(4) My inquiry as to autographs of the Beato Ambrogio in the Laurentian Library was answered in the negative: such are not known

is in a strange and startling form—the two embalmed right hands, with the wrists, of Silvestro and Jacopo, Camaldolese miniature-painters (fifteenth century), which the reverend father took out of the coffer they are kept in, and allowed me to examine closely; hard, leathery in colour and texture, yet delicate in form as might be the hands of a high-born lady, therefore interesting to art-biography. He spoke of the classical college once directed by his brotherhood; particularly of one among their pupils whom he well remembered at that early stage of a career, since become conspicuous in Italian politics—Bettino Ricasoli; and I was glad to receive testimony on the whole favourable, from such an impartial witness, to the character of this statesman—sincere (as the father abbot believed) in his religious profession—even if he may at times have been lax in observance, or appeared politically hostile towards the Church.

As to the circumstances of this monastery, he assured me that if the Piedmontese law were enforced here, the confiscation of their reduced property would not cover the expenses of support guaranteed to each member of communities so visited by the very terms of that law; and would be a financial error, to say nothing of its intrinsic injustice. I made acquaintance also with the father Prior and father Lector, both courteous, and ready to show attention to a visitor presenting himself (as I did) without introduction. The former, a good-humoured, talkative old gentleman, showed me a collection of sacred pictures and engravings he had made for the walls of his

to exist there; but at the Riccardi Library is a volume in his beautifully clear writing, his own translation from the Greek into Latin: *Liber de Paradiso et Vitæ Sanctorum Patrum ex Egipto*, with illuminations, floral and arabesque, by an unknown artist. A choir-book at the former Library contains miniatures by « Lorenzo il Monaco » (date 1440) of great beauty and vividness, particularly one representing a procession of the Host through a street, with numerous attendants following the Bishop who carries the ostensorium under a canopy painted with figures of Saints, a landscape seen beyond, and at the angles of the illuminated border around, the four Latin Doctors; at the centre of the lower part, St. George and the Dragon.

two cells, that open on a pleasant garden, where the cathedral dome, rising nobly from the midst of a sylvan foreground, alone reminds of the city's proximity. From this garden I entered the unfinished octagon of Brunelleschi's temple, a melancholy spot, overgrown by gadding plants, shaded by a luxuriant fig-tree, with a few straggling vines trained over the area of ruin, where one might totally forget the crowded streets so near.

S. Trinita.

The Vallombrosans, who have derived their name from a Tuscany sanctuary of world-wide renown, since sung of by Milton and Ariosto, have now, of eight monasteries once their own in Florence and its environs, but one in their possession, Santa Trinita, whose facade, built by Buontalenti (1593), little indicates the antiquity of a foundation existing for about 800 years (1). That primitive church, rebuilt in 1260 by Nicola Pisano, was reduced, 1383, to nearly the forms still retained, with features of the Italian-Gothic and a character noble in simplicity, but that four, instead of, as now, only two aisles, with lateral chapels, then ran parallel to its nave. Shortly after was built the belfry tower, a singular architectural achievement, resting on the church below without any foundations properly its own!

Towards the end of the XIV. century the Republic decreed that annually, on the festival of the Holy Trinity, all the magistrates should be in attendance here to make offerings at Mass. The mitred abbots of these cloisters, first authorized to use pontifical vestments by Martin V., in 1420, continued to hold office for life from 1146 till 1497, since which period their election has been for a limited number of years. In 1584 the monastery was rebuilt from the designs of Buontalenti (then favourite architect of the Medici), with its cloister surrounded by Doric porticos, and a great dormitory partitioned into sixty cells, a fine example

(1) The first record of it belongs to the year 4094.

of its style and period, all in good keeping; yet how 'nearly does it seem deserted when the actual number of its inmates—ten fathers, four novices, and a few lay-brothers—be compared with the extent of these venerable buildings! How soon, according to the terms of laws in force, must total desolation, at least in regard to the monastic community, ensue!

All visitors capable of appreciating art have looked with delight on Ghirlandaio's admirable frescoes, that so dramatically illustrate the story of St. Francis, in a Chapel of this fine old church. Not many, perhaps, have attended the celebrations associated with the story of its origin. The festival of St. John Gualberto, when the abbot officiates pontifically, is here kept with dignified but quiet solemnity—no operative music, no lawdery decorations. And we are reminded of the story of the miraculous crucifix that bowed its head to the rapt gaze of that sainted founder after he had forgiven his brother's murderer, by another service peculiar to this church. Why are the observances of one day different here from those of every other temple in the Catholic world? was a question naturally recurring to me when, entering the Sta. Trinita on the evening of Good Friday, I was struck by the total contrast to the awful rites elsewhere distinguishing this anniversary; in the splendour and pomp, the exulting expression of the ceremonial here—the rich music, the brilliant lights, the profusion of fairest flowers and clouds of incense in the sanctuary—more impressive in the darkness of that evening hour, and amidst the interest manifested by a multitude of worshippers. Such are the observances in honour of the most prized object, at once a relic and work of art, among sacred treasures here, exposed only on this occasion,—that same crucifix before which knelt the founder of the Val-lombrosan monks, the hour he dedicated himself to religion and the cloister, and of which the ancient breviary of this order says, in the hymn for his day—

« Cui Crux non renuit
Christi se flectere totum, etc. ».

From the now deserted Abbey of S. Miniato, on the height above Florence, in whose church that miracle and that self-dedication took place, was removed to Sta. Trinita, in 1671, the revered image—not, in fact, a carved figure, but a painting on canvas stretched upon a wooden cross, the head of the Crucified crowned by a gilt diadem containing the word « Lux » inscribed on it. That occasion was attended by all the olden magnificence with which Florence, alike under the Republic and the Medici, loved to invest her local sanctities. On a gorgeous car, overshadowed by a canopy which eight senators supported, the whole designed by the sculptor Tacca (pupil of Giovanni di Bologna) was borne the crucifix, attended by patricians and all the monastic bodies of the city, and followed by 2000 torch-bearers, thus passing at night through illuminated streets to this church, where a splendid decoration had been prepared from the design of the same artist.

We might go back to earlier ages for more sublime instances of the dominion exercised by devotional feeling on the minds of these citizens, in connection with the church we are considering. In the year 1287 a fierce conflict between Guelphs and Ghibellines (then at their height of animosity) awoke the echoes, and had begun to stain with blood the piazza in front; those opponents, at last forgetting all regard for sacredness of place, rushed with tumult into the church, which would soon have been desecrated; blood was about to be shed in the very sanctuary, and whilst a priest was celebrating, but for the presence of mind of that minister, who left the altar and his Mass, to pass down the nave with the Host just consecrated in his hands, dividing the ranks of those armed foes, till, all giving way before him, awe-struck at *that* presence, their better nature finally triumphed: they knelt to adore, and rose to embrace, throwing down their weapons, and swearing to abide in peace from this blessed reconciliation! In memory of the event was insaid on this church's front (where one regrets it is no longer seen) a marble disk resembling the form of the Bucherist, with the date of the day Faith thus triumphed over angry pas-

slon—assuredly more worthy of its memorial than those victories of civil war, to record which Cosimo I. erected his porphyry statue of Justice on the column of the Piazza Santa Trinita (1). Though the Vallombrosan church has lost, with its ancient façade, perhaps other details besides the above-named that deserved better fate, we must admire the fine relief over its chief entrance, of the Holy Trinity, and the expressive statue of St. Roch, both by Caccini, who executed many works at Florence in the latter years of the sixteenth and earlier of the seventeenth century—in which the characteristics of a pure and truthful style appear for nearly the last time before their total decline in Italian sculpture.

S. Maria Novella.

The establishment of the Mendicant Friars in Florence, very soon after the founding of these orders in the thirteenth century, was an important event in the local religious history, for the position here subsequently attained by Dominicans and Franciscans allowed them to exercise influence alike in the political and moral sphere. Representatives of these orders intervened at the highest state occasions. The influences of Savonarola acted not only on the social, but political temper of the day. When, in the sixteenth century, a new government was

(4) The use of the church for political assemblies, often exemplified in Italian annals, is found in coincidence with eventful epochs in this monastery's annals. Thus, in 1289, was held here the council of war previous to the march against Arezzo, resulting in the decisive victory of the Florentines at Campaldino. Twice did the Guelphs conspire in this church against the Ghibellines,—in the last instance, 1304, with immediate object of expelling the Bianchi, on which occasion Corso Donati made the proposal to call Charles of Valois into Italy, through the interposition of the Pope—one example of that ruinous policy for which it is now the fashion to throw all the blame (most unjustly) on the Holy See.

formed under the perpetual Gonfaloniere (Piero Capponi), a Dominican and a Franciscan, from the convents of S. Marco and S. Croce, stood beside an altar in the hall of grand Council, whilst the election of citizens eligible to the *signoria* took place by ballot, not without religious formalities; and at the close of these proceedings the new magistrates, standing on the *ringhiera* before the ancient palace, swore to fulfil their duties upon the Gospel, held by a canon of this cathedral between the two friars, with torches in their hands. The gilt urn used for the election by secret votes of the Gonfaloniere was afterwards carried from that palace to be left in custody of the Franciscans at St. Croce, escorted, to the sound of trumpets, by mace-bearers, and followed by that official himself; the two keys of the chamber expressly appropriated in the convent being left, one with the friars, the other with the Signoria.

Earliest to settle here were the Dominicans, who arrived about 1219, and, as usual, took up their first abode in a public hospital outside the city, where they attended the sick, contented with such sustenance as the institution could afford, thence visiting the churches to preach, and the piazzas to invite auditors. A primitive oratory, dedicated to the Virgin, was conceded to them by the Republic; and on the same spot, between the years 1220-25, arose the church and convent, thence called « S. Mary's the New » (S. Maria Novella), built by themselves through means supplied in alms, but soon to be succeeded by a far more splendid temple, commenced 1279, and complete after seventy years, by two architects of their own brethren, Fra Sisto and Fra Ristoro, first Dominicans celebrated in that art, every inferior workman, mason, stone-cutter, etc., being alike from the ranks of their own community. This church by the year 1357 arose in its full magnificence, finished by two other Dominican architects, Giovanni da Campi and Jacopo Talenti, at a total cost of 100,000 gold florins, and principally through the exertions of the zealous prior at this time presiding here, the celebrated orator, theologian, and mystic writer, Passavanti. Eventually were founded by this order in Tuscany, besides various churches, eight

hospices, all designed and built by their own architects and masons, according to the excellent principle adopted of rearing among themselves all the talents or industries essential to the well-being of their establishments. The annals of their great convent—the largest building of its class in Florence—are eventful and romantic. Here it was that, about 1240, the celebrated friar of Verona, St. Peter Martyr, stirred up the citizens to war against the Manichæan (or Paterine) heretics, then beginning to assume formidable aspects in Tuscany, himself from these cloisters bearing the sacred standard with which he led them to victory. Commenced close to the piazza S. Maria Novella, the contest swept through the city to the other side the Arno, where its issue was favourable to the Catholic cause on the piazza S. Felicita; and that « banner of St. Peter Martyr », the identical one presented to this republic, in 1187, by Pope Clement III., remains to this day in the Dominican church, exhibited on his festival, after having been for centuries under custody of the first magistrate at the cathedral, and on every battle-field hoisted over the sacred *carroccio* round which the armies of the republic arrayed in warfare (1). On this same piazza took place the solemn reconciliation between Guelfs and Ghibellines, 1279.

(1) The facts of this Crusade have been much disputed by Tuscan antiquarians (V. Richa, *Chiese Fiorentine*, and Lami, *Antichità Etrusche*); but a memorial of the victory won under the guidance of Fra Pietro (canonized as a Martyr) is seen to this day, in the *Croce al Tribbio*, near this Dominican church: a column surmounted by a Crucifix on each side of which is a small figure of Peter Martyr at the foot of the Crucified, rising from the piazza where is said to have begun the combat finished before S. Felicita; and an epigraph, now lost, stated that this was restored by the Bishop in 1338 (a date to which its sculptures may well belong), having been *originally* erected by St. Ambrose and St. Zanobi in the IV. century—that earlier consecration induced by the tradition that on this site was a primitive Christian cemetery. Lami mentions the mediæval usage of Florentine Bishops to invite the Magistracy to disown, persecute and expel heretics, after High Mass in their cathedral on the first two Sundays of Advent.

effected by the Cardinal Legate Latino, with the impressive circumstances described by Villani (l. viii., cap. 55); and a few years later originated the solemnity, continued till our own times at S. Maria Novella, the assembling of the procession for Corpus Domini, attended by all dignitaries, civil and ecclesiastical, and the Benediction of the Host imparted from this altar by the archbishop, previous to the same rites at the cathedral, a distinction awarded to the Dominican church by order of the republic in honour of the sublime virtue a friar of these cloisters, Lotto da Sommaia, had exemplified in forgiving the murderer of his father and brother; therefore was it ordered, 1425, that the podestà and Signoria should join this great procession and attend the mass in the Dominican church afterwards. Two massive doors, still in their portals at this temple, record the expulsion (26th July, 1343) of that hated Duke of Athens, a chief leader in the rising against whom was the Bishop Angelo Accaiuolo, at one time friar in this convent, to which he presented those objects, a gift to himself from the republic in gratitude for his services to that patriotic revolution. In 1358, the tower, a conspicuous feature of this building, after being struck by lightning, was restored, and similar means were adopted against the recurrence of such disaster as in regard to the cross on the cathedral-cupola, and the turrets of that stupendous tower above the Palazzo Vecchio after like visitations. Relics were inserted near the summit by care of the Strozzi family, who have two chapels here; but the people, struck by splendours unusual for the cloisters of an order originally mendicant, in those centuries, interpreted this disaster as a divine judgment against the excess in scale and pomp at S. Maria Novella!

On the 1st August last, this church was re-opened, after being closed for four years in order to complete works of restoration that have given quite a new aspect, though in fact a more consistently antique character, to its interior, now restored to its earlier type, the leading features Gothic, but without that elaborate richness or imaginative redundancy peculiar to the Germanic architecture, and a prevailing gravity spread over all from

the dark grey tint of stone, the massive simplicity of forms, only coloured by light from painted windows. The sole object of more costly material is the superb ancona (or reredos) of the high altar, a Gothic structure, inlaid with many-hued Tuscan marbles, and adorned with 12 statuettes, each under its canopy, in niches opened on the surfaces of octagonal pilasters that flank this beautiful elevation designed by Romoli; the statuettes, representing the Apostles, and the small reliefs on the marble altar-front (the Preaching of St. Dominic, the Legate granting investiture of this convent to its superior, (1) Dominican Saints, and personified Virtues) by Egisto Rossi. Impressive was the ceremonial that drew throngs to the re-opened church when the Archbishop consecrated that high altar, and finally intoned the *Te Deum*; the style of music, the whole celebration severe and devotional; and most picturesque the grouping formed by the friars, with that prelate and his assistants, in the sanctuary.

This renovation of *S. Maria Novella* was the work of the above-named architect Romoli, its costs defrayed by the profits of the pharmacy, opened within these premises in the XVII. century (2). A curious controversy has arisen respecting the merits of this restoration. The late Government had approved after report from

(1) The Beato Giovanni of Salerno, whose body lies under this altar.

(2) The scale and splendour of this *Farmacia* may astonish the visitor unprepared for anything similar in a convent; and when we enter that superb gilded saloon, fit for any scene of court-reception, the question suggests itself—What would St. Dominic have thought of this? In justice to the friars it must be remembered that the locality would have remained useless but for such appropriation, nor is it an addition made by themselves to their residence, but a part of the palace erected by government in the XV. century for the reception of Popes or other exalted guests, where pontifical courts were held by Martin V., Eugenius IV., and for a few days by Leo X; where assembled the preparatory sessions of the great Council under the second of those Popes, in a hall since divided from these premises to be enclosed within those of another convent.

accredited commissioners ; but, on the 14th January last, the present Government charged another committee to inspect, whose report was unfavourable, even to the length of advising that the whole should be undone and recommenced independently of the friars ! The only approval was in a negative sense, in regard to the removing of the flimsy inappropriate altars from Vasari's designs ; but those substituted were also condemned. Authorities answered that they could not in the then financial circumstances undertake this work anew, and that their predecessors in power having approved, with them should rest the responsibility ; but at the same time appointed another architect, Mazzei, to superintend the continued works, and see that, so far as possible, all should be in harmony with just principles. In the meantime the labours were suspended, but, on this decision, resumed under Mazzei's superintendence ; and a few days after the reopening the committee published its memoir, together with the reply elicited. Newspaper criticism was also severe (motived, perhaps, in part by hostile feeling against the cloistral bodies *per se*) ; and that faults may be pointed out at S. Maria Novella cannot be denied, notwithstanding which, in the present state of ecclesiastic architecture in Italy, this reconstruction is, considered generally, among signs of improvement. All who have visited Florence must remember the inestimable art-treasures of this church, the magnificent illustration to the story of Tuscan painting, from the thirteenth century to the period of its highest attainments, in the works of Cimabue, Giotto, the two Orgagnas, Memmi, Gaddi, Lippi, Ghirlandaio, and others, accumulated here with that appreciation of the religious importance of art ever an instinct guiding the Dominican order from its origin. The « Church Militant and Triumphant », by Simone Memmi, and the allegoric « Glorification of St. Thomas Aquinas », by Taddeo Gaddi, in the Gothic chapel, formerly the chapter-house, are among the most impressive expositions of the mediæval religious idea in art's whole range.

Here one of the earliest schools distinguished in miniature painting and illumination was founded, in the first half of the

fifteenth century, with great credit won by the abilities of these friars, who had already, in the century previous, given proof of skill afterwards more developed, Pietro Macchi, Carlo Bellocchi, and Tommaso (deceased between 1302—1336), having all been noted in this walk; though the first mentioned in the obituary of this convent with the title *pictor*, is one Fra Guido, deceased 1348. In the next century, the first distinguished for talent was Fra Michele della Cosa (deceased 1416), two large Psalters painted by whom are still in the Novitiate here; and next in date came the Beato Giuseppe Dominici, of the St. Mark cloisters, eventually raised to the cardinalate. Not unfrequently the same friar executed the manuscript, the arabesque bordering, and the miniatures in some of the beautifully illuminated codes preserved at S. Maria Novella, though, more usually; those tasks were distributed to different hands; and one calligraphist, called *pulcher scriptor*, was engaged on the painting of initial letters (v. Marchese, « Memoirs of Dominican Artists »). Other and very different art-achievements used in old times to draw crowds to this church for the performance of the Miracle Play, which, it seems, was annual, always on the same subject, the « Martyrdom of St. Ignatius of Antioch », with complicated decoration. that attained its highest splendour in the fifteenth century, through means of the celebrated engineer, Cecca. To one ancient picture in a chapel here attaches a story, both tragic and miraculous: a Madonna, then in the Chiostro Verde, at which a young gambler, in blasphemous rage at his losses, threw his dagger, cutting the cheek, which is said to have profusely bled! and whatever the evidence to this part of the story, certain it is that the offender was hanged on the Piazza outside. To another Madonna, « della Pura », in the Ricasoli chapel built expressly to receive her, attaches the tradition that she *spoke* to some children who were playing near, and desired them to clean her face from cobwebs! they did so with some reeds that chanced to be in reach: the image was crowned with jewels, and a confraternity created, its device a crown with three reeds, to honour retrospectively what one may be sorry to find still perpetuated in a Latin

epigraph on the wall—the miracle this silly legend assumes. One advantage gained by the late alterations has been the discovery of ancient frescoes which Vasari's altars had concealed: an Annunciation, with other scenes of the Evangelic Story on smaller scale, ascribed in the report published by the Convent to Filippo Lippi, but altogether different in religious sentiment and manner from that master, and probably much earlier; also the Holy Trinity, the Redeemer on the Cross, the Father above, with an architectural background, at once recognisable by Vasari's description as a work, much praised by that biographer, of Masaccio: two figures, evidently portraits, of well-marked individuality, kneel outside the arcade within which the divine vision is represented, and two Saints stand beside the columns supporting an archivolt—inappropriate, but very well designed accessories.

As to wealth of other description, in the sacristy are two books of the « *Somma* » of St. Antoninus, in his autograph, and the original bull for the canonization of St. Dominic, date 1234. Within recent years the community has not exceeded an average of about thirty; a great part of the extensive premises is now used as a quarter for the National Guard; and some outer buildings behind the church have been lately destroyed to afford space around a new railway-station. So far have changed circumstances affected this ancient establishment, whose implied doom, by laws passed, though not yet enforced in these states, must be eventual extinction.

The Certosa.

On the 6th October the Vespers in the ancient church of this monastery, within reach of a pleasant walk from Florence, peculiarly impressed me: in the atrium (called *coro dei conversi*) the lay-brothers were kneeling; in the choir were the fathers at their stalls, chanting in a slow expressive cadence at intervals sustained by the organ, and a brilliant light shone from the high

altar rich in gems and coloured marbles. It was the festival of St. Bruno, but even the festive observance all subdued and sobered—no tinsel ornament or operatic music—in accordance with the austere, world-renouncing spirit of that Saint's Order.

Crowning an isolated and cultured hill amid the lovely valley watered by the Eno, rises this Carthusian sanctuary, *San Lorenzo*, in the distance like a picturesque village of uniform mansions clustering round an old church, for each eremite's cell is, with its garden, a distinct habitation; but one statelier pile, of Gothic architecture, now dilapidated and unoccupied, seems different in destination from all the rest. In 1341 was laid the first stone of this Certosa, completed within twelve years, by Niccolò Acciajoli, its devout Founder, Duke of Athens and Melfi, Senator of Rome, Seneschal to the king of Naples; the architect assumed to have been Orgagna, though Vasari (who highly commends the work) concludes that not he, but one of his ablest contemporaries was actually author of this building. Another foundation was added to that for the monks, in intent of connecting with their cloisters a college for fifty students, to be instructed by three monastic professors in Theology, Philosophy, and Canon Law, with the benefit of an ample library, the nucleus to which was purchased, and the institution (it seems) endowed by the Seneschal; but that liberal project being unaccountably thwarted, the college never rose into reality; and its destined edifice, with fine Gothic windows unglazed, partly walled-up, is that conspicuous wing of the buildings, now degraded to the uses of a granary. In 1394 the church was consecrated by the Florentine Bishop; and though now disfigured by a barocco façade of the year 1600, the interior is remarkable for its fine vaulting, especially that of the choir, confidently ascribed to Orgagna (1), and the 36 stalls carved in walnut with rich intaglio and intarsio work of the XVI. century: not improved, perhaps, by embellishments carried out in 1844, and altogether too redundant in details of gilding, stucco and colouring, the

(1) See an Italian Guide to this Certosa recently published at Florence.

ensemble of this church has still a solemnity of gorgeous gloom. In 1388 was built the fresco-painted Chapel of Relics, that still contains more than 120 such sacred treasures; and in 1391 that dedicated, since 1744 (when it was unfortunately restored according to then notions of restoration) to the Carthusian Cardinal Beato Niccolò Albergati, whose remains, under its altar, are exhibited, on his anniversary, the 10th May (1). In 1408 was added quite a distinct church, *Santa Maria*, in form a Greek Cross, intended by its founder, Cardinal Acciajoli, a descendant of the Seneschal, for his own sepulture, modernized in 1601, and more splendidly decorated, in 1841, by the Count Poniatowski. The chapter forms another distinct place of worship, according to the plan of Carthusian sanctuaries, where no concentrated and vast perspective, but a multitude of separate oratories, adapted for private Masses or solitary prayer, meet the eye, and often astonish by their magnificence. In the centre of this chapter is the beautifully finished recumbent statue, by Giuliano da Sangallo, of Leonardo Bonafede (deceased 1545), Bishop of Cortona, a Carthusian and signal benefactor to this monastery. Another, so-called, though not actually, subterranean church contains the finest monuments here; that of Niccolò Acciajoli by Orgagna, an elevated couch with its recumbent statue in complete armour, seen through the arcades and colonnettes supporting a splendid marble canopy, the whole distinguished by a funereally chivalrous grandeur most appropriate and impressive; on the pavement, the monumental figures, supposed portraits, of his father, son, and sister, ascribed also to Orgagna, but by Vasari to Donatello. The body of the son, who died before the father, was transported hither and interred with such magnificence that, Villani tells us, costs for that funeral were 5000 gold florins! By Donatello is the beautiful pavement-

(1) He died at Siena, 1444; and was a conspicuous personage in his day—Procurator General of this Order, Bishop of Bologna, and thirteen times invested with the character of ambassador, nuntio, or legate, to France, Germany, England, Venice etc.

tomb, with its figure in relief, of the Cardinal Acciajoli (deceased 1407, and interred here instead of in his own chapel), who was Vice-chancellor of the Roman Church, at one time regent of Naples during the minority of Ladislaus, and a most liberal benefactor of the Carthusians. The great cloister, with its portico of 66 columns and rounded arches, a graceful yet majestic structure, reminds of Michel Angiolo's more celebrated architecture at the Carthusian *S. Maria degli Angeli* in Rome. In its centre is the well, invariably seen in the cloisters of monks, and which not only serves for domestic uses, but to symbolize the water of Life—that fountain after partaking of which is thirst no more; and, on one side, the undistinguished cemetery, its sole memorial the Cross, where about 300 Carthusians are said to repose. Off these porticos open eighteen cells for professed fathers, all uniform, one of which, usually shown to visitors, was constructed by the Seneschal for his own retirement, to become occasionally a religious among the monks: this, a model of all the rest, divided into three small chambers, overlooking a little garden, with a covered loggia whose window commands one of the most fascinating views in Tuscany, the cupola and towers, but no other buildings of the metropolis, rising visible against the heights of Fiesole, the valley of the Ema and that of the Arno blending their luxuriant landscapes into one. In a spacious *foresteria* we see the rooms occupied for 10 months by the exiled Pius VI. (1798–9), and for a few hours by his successor, who arrived, 8th July 1809, at 9 p. m., to be hurried off with unfeeling rudeness at 5 a. m. next morning. From the inclining corridor that descends to the subterraneans we enter a well-appointed Pharmacy, where medicines and liqueurs are sold at moderate prices; and in the same compartment of lower buildings are all those requisites by which the monastery of old supplied itself, as a complete and self supporting establishment, served by the labours of its own brethren—the vaults and press for wine, the olive-press, the *cereria* (wax-factory), the bakery, *lavatoio* for washing, and stables. A chapel external to the cloisters is accessible for females, who may be received in a parlour near, but can be

admitted to no other part of the premises. The library, once rich in MS. codes, was so far restored, after the suppression by the French, as now to possess about 4000 volumes; and the archives, almost entirely transferred to the state *Archivio* in Florence, have been allowed to retain such curiosities as the original testament of Luchino Visconti (1399), a benefactor to the Carthusians, though an odious tyrant; and the attestation to one of the Relics—part of the Redeemer's vestment, still here—this document in Greek and Latin, signed by the Emperor Emmanuel Palæologus, at Paris, 1401.

Altogether no fewer than 112 artists, many of renown, have been engaged at this Certosa during five centuries since its origin; but boundless and unscrupulous the spoliations perpetrated in modern times. In the last years of the last century were abstracted from the Relic Chapel 580 lbs of silver to be melted down in the Florentine mint for necessities of State; in 1808 were carried away 508 pictures, besides other art-objects; even the memorials of the Dead were not respected, but the « Belle Arti » Academy restored, in 1819, Sangallo's statue of the Bishop Bonafede, though retaining the large series of terra cotta heads, Patriarchs, Apostles, Saints, with much curious symbolism, by Luca della Robbia, once in the cloisters here, and now in the porticos of that Florentine institution. Twelve bronze statues by Giovanni di Bologna disappeared, removed from the high altar, it is unknown for what ultimate fate. Yet this church and its subsidiary oratories are still enriched by many art-treasures: pictures ascribed to Guido in the chapel of St. Bruno, a Crucifixion with Angels by Mariotti Albertinelli, several frescoes by Poccetti, the finest a large series, the story of St. Bruno in five subjects, on the choir-walls near the high altar; in the S. *Maria* church a coronation of the Virgin by Bronzino, the Trinity, ascribed to Giotto, and a beautiful painted window, of date early in the XV. century, the only one preserved out of seven, for the rest perished. One compartment in every Carthusian monastery is the *colloquium*, where the inmates meet to converse or receive communications from their Prior: here

are two such, one for the fathers, one for lay-brothers, the former a covered loggia with windows painted in chiaroscuro by certain Jesuit friars, from designs by Giovanni da Udine, the subjects from the life of St. Bruno, and in three groups the awful story of the reanimation of the dead professor, in his presence, at Paris—justly praised for composition, but their diminutive scale quite inadequate to such themes. Over a door opening on this loggia is written *petentibus*, for in the hall here entered is received the postulant, who kneels before the superior, in presence of all the brethren, to beg admission into novitiate. In the chapter all meet every Sunday, to confess aloud the slightest infraction of rules, and listen to exhortations from the Prior; and the same day (indeed every festival) they take meals together in the refectory, but with no conversation, the spiritual reading, from the antique carved pulpit, being never interrupted while they are at table. Only once a week they are allowed exercise beyond the immediate premises, but always in the aggregate, all the fathers together, and never walking in cities or frequented places. Eight months of the year are to them Lenten; one day in the week a fast on bread and water, irrespective of that continual abstinence from animal food, never broken even by dispensation to the infirm. Before the suppression this Certosa possessed 83 farms and estates, estimated by the French commissaries at 2,600,000 francs; and its charities were in due proportion, alms being given daily at the gates, and annually 400 poor persons clothed out of a fund bequeathed to the monastery by a benefactor long ago. The property is now limited to five farms, besides the demesne immediately around; but its vineyards still yield so abundantly that in the last season, I was told, 150 barrels of wine were made from the improved vintage, no longer destroyed by grape-blight; and still are the poor fed at these gates, with the bread and soup supplied for all applicants. When that proscriptive edict was enforced here, 1810, the community comprised 17 monks and as many lay-brothers, out of whom 13 fathers survived to join the company reinstated in their ancient home on the 6th October (an appropriate day),

1818. There are now 27 in this community, 14 professed fathers, and 4 novices, but only one who has entered for the career of priest and monk, destined to be the last (if existing laws be enforced), and perhaps in that consciousness more sternly tried than by all the severities of this secluded Order.

S. Miniato and Mediæval Restorations.

When one looks down on Florence from the height of S. Miniato, admiring delight may be blent with enthusiasm; for it is the very expression of a high-wrought civilization that scene of fair magnificence presents: the luxuriant Val d'Arno seems a fit framework; and the stately town, with its marble towers and domes, completes the brilliant picture as if by an artist-purpose. The recent restoration of the ancient Basilica on this hill—so conspicuous an object from the quays along the Arno,—claims attention as one more proof of that appreciation and pride in her antiquities never more signally manifest in Florence than under her present régime of liberal government. A humble oratory amidst forests was the only monument originally marking the spot where Miniatius and his companions suffered martyrdom in the third century; but very soon (early in the fifth century) arose a church dignified by the title of Basilica, to which, become ruinous, succeeded, in 1013, the more splendid temple erected by Ildebrando, bishop of Florence, still standing with essential features unchanged; and near it a monastery, first assigned to Benedictines, under the jurisdiction of the Florentine prélates, who elected their abbots, and, on this account desiring residence for themselves on the spot, raised a fortified palace (begun 1294), the turreted front of which extends beside the church-façade. In 1519 Baccio d'Agnolo built the lofty square campanile that forms a fine object on this summit, and still bears traces of the injury inflicted in the siege of 1529, when for ten days four great guns incessantly fulminated against it without any other effect than we see in the indentures, break-

ing the lines of its angles, whilst the body of the structure remains unshaken. Still may we admire the massive bulwarks that sweep round this height, enclosing church and palace, in accomplishment of the plans of Michelangelo for the defence so heroically sustained in that marvellous siege; but the fortifications, as now standing, are partly the work of Cosimo I., who dislodged the Olivetan monks (successors to the Benedictines), in 1553, to convert S. Miniato into a place of military strength, for which its situation is eminently suited. This church has long ceased to be used for sacred rites, except that of interment, the commemoration of All-souls, and an occasional early Mass, its uses now become those of a public cemetery, as apparent from the numerous epitaphs against its walls and on its pavement. The 2nd November is the only day in the year when many worshippers are assembled, and Masses said or sung at all the altars here. In no other Italian church is the celebration of All-souls so touchingly beautiful; and entering S. Miniato this morning, its aspect might strike us as too gaily decorative, too fairy-like, but for those funereal accessories suited to the day's ritual—the black-robed priests, the measured chant to organ-music, the velvet pall and catafalque, the yellow tapers in high candelabra, and purple banner hung from the gilded cross. Its whole area of pavement is flushed with flowers, in garlands, wreaths bound with black silk or crape, or bouquets in vases, and countless tapers gleam amidst these gorgeous piles of Nature's fairest treasures, their pale light adding the mystic meaning which else might be lost in the joyous loveliness of such resplendant offerings. Here we see a cluster of branching lamps, here a circle of lofty candelabra, or files of humbler candlesticks ranged symmetrically on the tomb-stone, whose surface is, in some instances, one bed of piled-up flowers, evergreens, and that feathery flaxen-hued grass peculiar to the Tuscan Flora, but the whole solemnized by the Cross rising, plainly formed of unstripped boughs, from its centre. The cemetery outside is alike adorned and illumined; bright garlands hang against the time-worn marble walls; and where the chiselled epitaph is wanting, an

affectionate tribute in large letters on a scroll, stretched over the grave-stone, supplies its place for the honour of the Dead this day. The Florentines are indeed earnest, and ready for pecuniary sacrifices in regard to these observances, to a degree scarce equalled by other Italian citizens. I was told that one illumination before a monument in the crypt of S. Miniato had cost 100 francs; and the same day learnt that the good woman in whose house I lodged, had spent seven scudi for the flowers and lights on the tombs of a mother and a son cut off in the bloom of youth. For the whole day these decorations remain in this cemetery and temple. Here reposes the satiric poet, Giusti, represented by an indifferent statue over his grave; and in a lateral chapel, completed, 1466, by the sculptor and architect Rossellino, is one of the finest monuments of that period, by the same artist, to Cardinal Jacopo, archbishop of Lisbon, deceased 1459 (4). One is struck, at the first glance, by the aerial majesty and harmonious effect of this interior,—by the features of the early Roman basilica, preserved in their simplicity amid magnificent details that in no way interfere with the grandeur of the leading design. One singular feature is the spacious crypt, entered under arcades that bound the extremity of the nave, and made more important than the sanctuary itself, which we ascend to by a double staircase above this crypt (or confessional), the latter being thus seen into from the portals, together with the tribune and apse on the higher level. That lower church, divided into five aisles, supported by thirty-eight graceful columns, whose shafts and capitals are evidently (from their disagreement) the spoils of more ancient and classic buildings, is a work of architecture extraordinary for the eleventh century, so pleasingly blended are solemnity and grace, lightness and solidity, in its

(4) He was of royal blood, and was made Cardinal at the age of 20, after completing his studies at Perugia, and obtaining the reputation of a Saint by the austere piety and purity of his life. For his statue here the face and hand were formed on casts taken after death (v. Bisticci, *Uomini Illustri del secolo XV*).

ing the lines of its angles, whilst the body of the church is of marble remains unshaken. Still may we admire the figures under the that sweep round this height, enclosing the chancel below, the accomplishment of the plans of Michelangelo, mental in that period's heroically sustained in that marvellous *Italienische Forschungen*) tions, as now standing, are partly from the eleventh century. In dislodged the Olivetan monks (such as the imposing character,— in 1553, to convert S. Miniato; for which its situation is eminently fitting; the countenance ceased to be used for sacred commemoration of All-son; the numerous epitaphs, and below, the accustomed symbols the 2nd November worshippers are altars here. In figures of monks, occupying interstices, on a frieze below an imperfect inscription, with the ing, its aspect like, but —the bl—

the velvet labra, area of bound less trees, mi in o r

An ample description of this basilica (*Cenni Storico-artistici*, etc.), by the *Cher. Berti*, ingeniously argues on the probability that this mosaic is more ancient from the fact that the Benedictines are here represented entirely in black, not with the white cowls, introduced in the Cluny reform of that Order, followed by the community here in the eleventh century; and that *St. Giovanni Gualberto*, a saint of the same century, connected by his story with this church, and usually placed beside *St. Miniato*, does not appear in this group. May it not, this writer suggests, be coeval with the edifice of *Ildebrando* (1013), and possibly a copy from some fresco in the earlier pile, dating anterior to the Cluny reform?

In this noble old church, we are struck by analogies with the earliest basilica-type, and also by characteristics, thus soon developing, of the style peculiarly Tuscan. Nave and aisles are divided by lofty columns of veined marble; and at the centre an arch spans the width, corresponding to the chancel-arch be-

CATHOLIC ITALY

resting on clustering columns of dark green marble (Carrara). Above the arcades on each side narrow round-arched windows; and this wall is ornamented with that inlaid work in shining Tuscan Mediæval architecture, and white; the latter forming inserted diamonds, squares, circles, and some beautiful Corinthian capitals to shafts not belonging to them; other foliage, betray decadence in art. In front between the upper and lower church, stands beneath a vaulted marble canopy, beautifully wrought in relief, by Michelozzi, whom Piero de' Medici, 1448, commissioned to prepare this superb chapel for the Crucifix, once here, which bowed its head at the passage of St. Giovanni Gualberto! Amidst the vicissitudes this church has passed through, several early paintings have been preserved though others are faded into mere shadows on its walls. Over the altar in Michelozzi's Chapel is a panel-picture, comprising several scenes from the Evangelic history, the figures of St. Benedict and St. Miniatius, which the Florentine artist, Marini (deceased, and here highly esteemed for his sacred groups), considered among the finest products from the school of Giotto. Another picture in distemper of St. Miniatius, surrounded by groups of figures, has been ascribed (but without reliable data) to Taddeo Gaddi. But the most valuable series covering the walls of the sacristy, built 1387, and adorned by the hands of Spinello Aretino: on the ceiling the four Evangelists, on the walls sixteen subjects from the life of St. Benedict and his first followers, designed with truth, freedom, and power of expression, indeed, for the artist's age,—the legendary and fabulous introduced with good effect, though the diabolic is indeed rather ludicrously prominent. Some restoration and repainting was ably achieved by Marini. It is six years since the renovation of this church commenced, and workmen are engaged, though little remains to be done; but that was

character. In the tribune above are splendid specimens of marble intarsio, on the screen and ambo, unquestionably coëval with the church's origin; but the barbaric style of the figures under the ambo-desk, a supporting eagle with a statuette below, betrays the inferiority of all save the ornamental in that period's art, these being supposed by Rumohr (*Italienische Forschungen*) an offspring of some Greek chisel in the eleventh century. In the apse is a colossal mosaic of severe and imposing character,—the Saviour, in gold-embroidered vestments, on a throne, holding a closed volume, and giving benediction; the countenance stern and awful, with dark hair and beard; beside Him the letters Alpha and Omega, and below, the accustomed symbols of the Evangelists; on one side, the Virgin; on the other, St. Miniatus, dressed in the regal paludamentum, and offering a crown; palms, fruit-bearing trees, the pelican and dove, and, on miniature scale, figures of monks, occupying interstices; on a frieze below an imperfect inscription, with the date 1297. But is this referring to the mosaic's origin, or to some restoration?

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yond, and resting on clustering columns of dark green marble (restored in scagliola). Above the arcades on each side rise attics, pierced by narrow round-arched windows; and this whole surface of walls is ornamented with that inlaid work in coloured marbles distinguishing Tuscan Mediæval architecture, but here only of dark green and white; the latter forming the groundwork, on which are inserted diamonds, squares, circlets, and horizontal bands. Some beautiful Corinthian capitals have evidently been fitted to shafts not belonging to them; others, with flat, heavy foliage, betray decadence in art. In front of the arcades, between the upper and lower church, stands an altar, beneath a vaulted marble canopy, beautifully wrought in coffers and *rosoni*, by Michelozzi, whom Piero de' Medici, 1448, commissioned to prepare this superb chapel for the Crucifix, once here, which bowed its head at the prayers of St. Giovanni Gualberto! Amidst the vicissitudes this church has passed through, several early paintings have been preserved, though others are faded into mere shadows on its walls. Over the altar in Michelozzi's Chapel is a panel-picture, comprising several scenes from the Evangelic history, the figures of St. Benedict and St. Miniatus, which the Florentine artist, Marini (lately deceased, and here highly esteemed for his sacred groups), classed among the finest products from the school of Giotto. Another picture in distemper of St. Miniatus, surrounded by groups to illustrate his story, has been ascribed (but without reliable data) to Taddeo Gaddi. But the most valuable series covers the walls of the, sacristy, built 1387, and adorned by the hand of Spinello Aretino: on the ceiling the four Evangelists, on the walls sixteen subjects from the life of St. Benedict and his first followers, designed with truth, freedom, and power of expression remarkable, indeed, for the artist's age,—the legendary and miraculous introduced with good effect, though the diabolic Tempter is indeed rather ludicrously prominent. Some restoration requisite was ably achieved by Marini. It is six years since the renovation of this church commenced, and workmen are still engaged, though little remains to be done; but that weather-

beaten episcopal palace is left dilapidated, shut up, and dismal to behold, its ample Gothic windows filled with masonry; and the deserted cloisters contain only one picture, little noticeable, after having displayed several by Andrea del Castagno and Paolo Uccello, now all obliterated. We are thus reminded of the vicissitudes both church and monastery have suffered from. In 1630 destined as a lazzeretto in time of pestilence whose visitation lasted three years; in 1697 converted into an asylum for mendicants of least reputable class; in 1703 couceded to the Jesuits for periodical religious exercises; in 1774 again (the church at least) granted, for religious uses, to a confraternity of laics, who have continued to meet on certain days within this otherwise abandoned temple. The present façade, with a blind arcade and surface incrustated with coloured marbles in the favourite Tuscan style, was raised, probably in the fourteenth century, by the Guild of Merchants, to whose consuls the charge of the edifice and its works had been assigned in the thirteenth, and whose symbol—an eagle standing on a woolpack—surmounts the gable summit.

New interest has been excited for S. Miniato, apparent in the concourse hither, especially on Sunday evenings, by this renovation carried on with an intelligence entitled to all praise, for what we see achieved here, in fact, apart from all that *modernizes*, truly effects that which *restores*. Where marble capitals or mouldings had been impaired, the deficiency has been supplied, the parts injured brought back to their original freshness: the wooden roofing is adorned by a rich diaper colouring (copied from the antique), as certainly were those roofs of primitive basilicas left alike exposed without ceiling. On the whole, we have here a genuine appreciative renewal of the mediæval temple, without sacrifice of the Past to the Present, such as (strange to say) Rome, with all her pretensions and means, has never yet accomplished, nor shown herself capable of accomplishing, *her* attempts to restore resulting in nothing else than the masquerading of Christian antiquity.

I regret that another lately-undertaken work, otherwise laudable, is to cause desecration to one of the most renowned among

Florence's sanctuaries. *Or' San Michele*,—originally a market-place, surrounded by open arcades, with a granary above, erected by Arnolfo di Lapo, 1284, and converted into a church in 1330, when Taddeo Gaddi encrusted its brick pilasters with marble, and built up the interstices of the outer arcades,—is again to be reduced to its original character as an open loggia of porticos, supporting the edifice above, still used for public archives (as appropriated in 1560), but no longer to be a place of worship. In architectural effect, no doubt, the gain will be great, and we may expect this reopened structure to prove one of the most gracefully majestic among Italian Mediæval buildings. That inestimable series of statues in the canopied niches around, assuredly the *élite* of Italy's sacred sculpture, noblest monument of her art-genius in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—will remain undisturbed; but I heard with alarm of the intention to remove, for erection in some other church, that magnificent marble tabernacle of florid Gothic, by Orgagna (1348-50), raised round the picture of the Madonna, the belief in miracles wrought by which, about the year 1291, led to that veneration for the spot which finally caused the conversion of the market-place into a church, 86,000 gold florins being spent on this tabernacle and the marble incrustation of the pilasters; 20,000 on the works for inclosing the whole quadrangular building.

The Madonna of *Or' San Michele* was elected advocate of the Republic by a general assembly on the piazza in front, 13th August, 1365, soon after which it was decreed that every affluent citizen should offer a banner, every man of arms a shield, at her shrine. At the Assumption festival the rectors of churches and superiors of convents made rich offerings, according to their means, and the Gonsaloniere presented fruit, the season's choicest, during the Mass at this altar. The confraternity called after this Madonna, originating in 1291, had its notary seated at a desk in the church every day throughout the year, to admit those desiring the honour of being enrolled; and at last even the *dead* began to be aggregated, with the pledge of suffrages at funeral Masses for their benefit! In 1348,

year of the terrific plague-visitation, the offerings here amounted to 35,000 gold florins. Shortly after the expulsion of the Duke of Athens, 1343, was erected the altar dedicated to St. Anna, because on her festival, 26th July, that tyrant had fallen, and then was instituted the observance kept up till late years, for the civic authorities and heads of the guilds (*arti*), to attend that day's solemnities here with their banners, and for the race of the pallium farther to celebrate it. The obligatory offerings at the Virgin's shrine were, after a time, commuted into the form of wax effigies, life-size, in the dress and ornaments fashionable at the day, which increased till so numerous that « as many as the *voti* of Or'San Michele » became a by-word. Oaths to administer justly were made at this shrine by persons entering on municipal offices; and an old statute even declares null every such oath, unless guaranteed by the [*religio loci*] of this sanctuary! Several paintings, fresco and oil, were placed here in succeeding ages, to one of which, a fresco on a pilaster by Landini, is attached an affecting story: A criminal of respectable family, condemned to die on the gibbet, 1361, directed one of the pious confraternity who devoted their cares to convicts in the last hours before death on the scaffold, to search for a sum of money in his house near the Ponte Vecchio, where a deposit in a chest was destined by him for the object of having painted in this church the penitent thief on the Cross, in order to secure the prayers of that converted sinner for a comrade in guilt and repentance. There is a sublime pathos in such a memorial, formed by the perhaps unique treatment of this subject in art—the Thief on the cross without any other figure, fastened by cords, as well as nails, so as to render the identity apparent. Alms used to be dispensed every day at this church; on all solemn vigils the loggia was illuminated; on every evening lauds were sung here by the confraternity called, in reference to their peculiar devotions, « *Laudesi* ».

The painting of the windows, amidst tracery of simple design, is supposed the earliest example of this art in Florence, wrought by means of a secret imported from Flanders;—its sub-

jects, miracles ascribed to the Madonna, now unfortunately, though with tints still vivid, scarcely to be distinguished. The repairs effected during late years on the exterior have been in the best taste; carefully avoiding every alteration, and, indeed, restoring details to their original state, as in the removal of Donatello's celebrated « St. George » to its proper niche, where the reliefs on its basement illustrate that saint's story, from that in which it had long inappropriately stood, occupying the place of a group, the Madonna and Child by Simone da Fiesole, originally destined for the outer niche, but afterwards removed to an altar in the church (1). A judicious restoration is that of the vaulted roof by its cleansing from the hideous stucco which the local priests had the barbarism to lay on, in the last century, thus concealing its surface of ultra-marine (2), on which figures of prophets and saints were painted by Landini, called « Jacopo il Casentino » (3). For this process the church was closed in the summer of '61; but finding one door open, early one morning, I entered, and was informed by an intelligent artisan respecting all done and to be done. With his guidance

(1) In 1428, owing to the immense excitement and devotion stimulated by the conviction, to which multitudes deposed as witnesses, that this Madonna's eyes had been seen to move and wink!—a supposed prognostic of the plague-visitation, two years later, which itself perhaps furnishes solution for this phenomenon of diseased imagination. In 1493 this statue was struck with an iron rod by a Jew, who was killed on the spot and dragged through the streets after death, by the enraged eye-witnesses, in punishment of his strange temerity.

(2) The lapis lazuli requisite was so costly at the time, that some complained of the exorbitant expense incurred for this church; and (characteristically enough) one imprudent censorer was actually *arrested* for thus insulting the dignity or piety of the Republic!

(3) He flourished in the middle of the XIV century (dates of his life uncertain) and painted here 46 figures of Prophets and Patriarchs, and miracles of the Madonna on the pilasters, which, Vasari tells us, were even in his time « half spoilt ».

I climbed up the scaffolding so as to examine the rich decoration of the ceiling, where one bay had been just cleansed from stucco; and in each compartment between the four ribs appeared a colossal figure, much faded, of Landini's series. The pilasters flanking the windows are also cleared from similar defilement; and the dimly-traceable frescoes on one had been uncovered shortly before my visit. Orgagna's tabernacle, the marvel of this church, is so ill-placed under a vaulted ceiling far too low, and with such insufficient light for examining its fine reliefs of the Virgin's story, Prophets, and allegoric figures, that we may expect motive for rejoicing in its future location, wherever determined; but one remembers the historic sanctities of Or' San Michele with regret at their banishment from future observance here.

On the 22nd of April, 1860, an immense multitude stood in front of Florence Cathedral, attracted, spite of rain constantly pouring, by a ceremony of which, indeed, but few present could obtain any glimpse—the laying of the first stone for that façade the want of which has hitherto disgraced a temple otherwise entitled to rank among the noblest for Christian worship. That assembled public understood, and the language of the official paper subsequently implied, that the inaugural act was performed, with the blessing of the Archbishop, by Victor Emmanuel; but not such the reality. The prelate now occupying this see (Mgr. Limberti), though of mild prepossessing manners, a lover of peace, and desirous of reconciliation, is capable of unbending firmness in opposition where a principle is involved; consequently, though his Majesty had desired to perform this act as his own, he met with resistance that would not yield either to the modified demand of laying on the first mortar with the trowel after the stone had been placed, or to the desire of inserting an epigraph to the effect that he, the King of Italy, had been principal agent. Eventually, indeed, the purpose of the prelate so overruled that royalty yielded, content simply to hand over to him, its subject, the coins to be laid in the stone, duly blessed. The Archbishop had, indeed, received Victor Em-

manuel with customary honours at this cathedral on his arrival in Florence, the 16th April, and intoned the *Te Deum* amidst solemn accessories, while a beautiful illumination of its interior, (renewed on the Sunday this event took place before its front) formed a spectacle that seemed to typify the vision of a glorified existence, subdued by clouds of mortality into mysterious dimness, yet still resplendent beyond earthly shows.

As for that façade first projected after the barbarous destruction of the one Giotto had carried to nearly half its height—thus doomed by the senseless whim of the Grand Duke Francis, 1588, to substitute some Renaissance triviality—its first stone was laid, in 1636, by another Medici duke; but the works suspended, owing to the disgust of the public both at the modern design preferred and the demolition, which itself had afforded proof of the technical skill employed on the older architecture by the extreme difficulty encountered in taking it to pieces.

Adorned with statues by Giotto, Andrea Pisano, Verrocchio, and other great masters, it had exhibited a boldly-conceived union between sacred and civic interests, the figures of saintly or scriptural characters surmounted by a series of national celebrities; above Boniface VIII., seated between two deacons, stood Farinata degli Uberti, and, among savans of the fifteenth century, Giannozzo Manetti, Poggio, etc. Hence, in the result, are we startled by recognising these two last-named worthies, now in the character of apostles, among the series in niches along the aisles (1). In 1842 was renewed the project of this much-desiderated façade, and several designs were soon offered in competition, those of the chev. Matas, and Faltoni, a young sculptor and architect of high promise, eliciting applause by superior merit, for this restoration the cost being estimated

(1) Though the demolishers had vandalism enough to fracture every column and cornice, on taking down this façade, the sculptures were saved, to be transferred to different places, like the above-named, so singularly redesignated.

at 100,000 ducats as to the architectonic part alone, exclusive of the sculpture to adorn its surface. But though the citizens have already contributed much, only a fraction of the sum requisite is yet at disposal of the committee. On the 18th April '59 was published a competition, open to artists of all nations, for this great work; and in November '61 were confirmed the arrangements already made by a Deputation presided by Prince di Carignano—that all designs should be presented before the 30th September 1862, and two classes of prizes awarded, each for three subjects: the first in the amounts of 10,080—8,400—and 6720 francs; the second of 1680 francs for each. Within the last forty years have been carried out other improvements, positive and negative, to enhance the dignity and isolate the position of this majestic temple. Paltry houses have been removed from its vicinity, and cumbrous ornaments,—as the useless columns round the presbytery, condemned by Canova—cleared away from its interior.

The new façade of *S. Croce*, commenced September 1857, its first stone laid and blessed by Pius IX, promises a noble addition to the public embellishments of Florence. With an estimate of costs at 45,000 scudi, the energetic architect, Chev. Matas, begun his task while but a few *paoli* were the instalment yet advanced towards that fund. A wealthy English resident (Mr. Sloane) contributed the greatest part of the entire amount: and in May '61 a royal decree ordered the Municipality to assign 56,138 lire. Long since was at hand the total requisite, for the rest from free-will offerings; and 80 labourers, in the year '61, pursued their work every day under the architect's continual direction. His design is founded, with modifications, on that preserved among the drawings of Cronaca, in a Tuscan Gothic accordant with this temple's character and with the finest models of sacred structure in this city; the material of native marbles, white, grey, dark green and dusky red. When uncovered to view, we may expect to admire in this work a splendid and harmonious elevation, worthy of the high traditional and patriotic honours attaching to *S. Croce*. Among rich

but not over-elaborate details; sculpture has prominent place: a colossal « Madonna Addolorolata », by Duprè, over the chief entrance, near a wheel window; in one lunette, over a portal, the Elevation of the Cross by the same artist; in another the vision of Constantine by Zocchi; on the valves of the great bronze door, the twelve stations of the Via Crucis in relief—the dedication of the church to « the Cross » thus remembered and artistically developed. Another happily conceived idea carried out in these sculptures is the reproduction of the heads in Giotto's celebrated *Cenacolo*, in this convent's old refectory (now filled by weavers' looms), copied in the reliefs of the Saviour and the Apostles in quatrefoils round the archivolt of the chief portal; also of other heads, selected from Giotto's finest creations, for the Prophets and Patriarchs in hexagons round the lateral doorway—arches, a gold mosaic, introduced in the nimbus round each, setting off these with good effect.

To this Convent attach the gloomy remembrances of the Inquisition (1), whose tribunal and prisons were within its walls till the suppression, 1782, hailed by popular rejoicing, and for which thanks were addressed to the Grand Duke by that Bishop of Pistoia, so famous for his attempted reforms. Then occurred a strange scene (v. Zobi, *Storia civile* v. 11, 306)—the instruments of torture exposed to public abhorrence, and afterwards burnt, before the judges and many other spectators, in the court of the Bargello—not that any recent use of such instruments was therefore inferible. The present associations of S. Croce form a noble and heart-cheering contrast. Here is the now annual solemnity (basely proscribed by the late, revived by the present government) for the Tuscans slain in the war of '48, one of the most grand and affecting funereal rites that the splendours of Catholicism or the

(4) Founded in Florence 1212, and committed to the administration of the Franciscans, for Tuscany, by Clement IV., 1254; its revenues here 3029 lire; at Pisa, 3097; at Siena, 4001 per annum; its property, on the suppression, assigned to the archbishop for the benefit of this diocese.

enthusiastic reverence of a nation for its Martyrs has ever brought into observance; and those who remember the funeral of Niccolini, the Requiem services for Cavour and Manin at S. Croce, have added to their reminiscences of sublimely solemn things in Italy's late intellectual and political story. The Franciscans here have gained credit by readily lending their church and services for celebrations of patriotic purpose. Its antique choir with marble screens was barbarously destroyed in 1566; uniform altars with Corinthian pilasters were then erected along the aisles; but the greatest change to its whole interior aspect was through the removal of the accumulated trophies and weapons, swords and shields, cuirasses and helmets, banners and spears, that hung profusely from the galleries of the attic, thither removed from their prouder place above the tombs in 1434, but finally swept away by modern improvement.

The *Quarterly Review* in an able article, « Church-reform in Italy » (July 1861), discussing the present character of the Religious Orders, points out those Italian communities where sympathies favourable to the national cause and to civil progress may at this day be found; and, speaking of the Florentine Regulars, includes the Dominicans among those known to entertain such sympathies at present, though more particularly indicating the Benedictines as inclined throughout Italy to favour free institutions, in a spirit of philosophic liberalism. Except in regard to the latter, I cannot verify that report concerning the Tuscan communities. That the Dominicans are generally attached, or disposed to be so, to the new political order of things cannot be affirmed: unfavourable to the principle of universal suffrage and the right of deposing sovereigns by popular will, their views respecting the vexed question of Papal Sovereignty are, I believe, that temporal power and rights never can be or ought to be resigned, though for adequate compensation might be sanctioned some diminution of territory, by the Pontiff. A superior intellectual rank is still held by this Order in Tuscany, noted (as they have ever been) for devotedness to study, solid learning, abilities in preaching. The Padre Bausa, of S. Mar-

co, professor of Dogmatic Theology at the Seminary, is one of the most eloquent and impressive in the Italian pulpit; and not only a great orator, but a distinguished Orientalist, having preached in Chaldaic on the mission of Mesopotamia. In that Convent, rebuilt by Cosimo de' Medici at the cost of 36,000 ducats, and still retaining the severe simplicity then preferred for the monastic home, though the intent (we are told) was to render this the finest in Italy, and still also enjoying the independance of self-government secured by Savonarola (in spite of Alexander VI.), the tradition of Dominican learning and intellectual energies is well sustained by the system of theological conferences, as at the Minerva in Rome, with sessions twice every week, except during the summer-holidays, perhaps six or seven persons speaking on the proposed question in the course of each morning, and laymen, on due application, admitted as auditors. The St. Mark library contains about 28,000 volumes in the stately pillared hall built for it by Cosimo, though no longer possessing even the nucleus of the collection founded by the Medici. Characteristic of present dispositions in high places towards the cloistered bodies was the project rumoured, not long ago, to dispossess these fathers of their most renowned Tuscan seat, for the sake of the inestimable frescoes by their own Fra Giovanni da Fiesole in its corridors, cells and chapter-house, with view to making those art-treasures public by their transfer, with the entire premises, to the *Belle Arti* Academy! The Benedictines, -I understand, are, in common with not a few of the parochial Clergy, persuaded of the duty of accepting whatever constituted government, and the imperative obligation of the Church to preserve peace with the civil power, that loyalty and good-will may prevail in her relations with rulers, whatever their titles to sway; not that sympathies in the least degree *revolutionary* can be ascribed to that Order, whose views in regard to the Papal Sovereignty seem to admit—that a perfectly new political position might be realized and accepted for the Pontiff without injury to the Church or the forfeiture of any inalienable right, though no means by

which this may be brought about could be sanctioned, unless free from violence and spoliation. In fact the anonymous letter from a Benedictine of Monte Cassino given, in the original, by the able writer in the *Quarterly*, acknowledges thus much, and most distinctly (1). As to other religious bodies, I believe they are more hostile than friendly to the present government in Tuscany. The Carmelites, Servites, Augustinians, Conventual and Observantine Franciscans have churches much frequented, but have not been, in recent times, influential in politics or literature here. One may question whether, in the present state of the Tuscan mind and its excitements, such displays as the procession of the Madonna from the Carmelite temple, for her festival, 21st July, or the more vulgar description of image-honours paraded with taste scarce less than offensive by the Franciscans of the *Ognissanti* in their procession for St. Antony, 17th June., can be other than injurious to the cause of Catholicism amid the developments of thought and culture at Florence. Towards the mendicant Friars there is little good-will, perhaps indeed excess of unjust antipathies, at least in the cities, if not in the country, at present. One morning, at the same *Ognissanti* convent, while observing Ghirlandaio's fine « Cenacolo », (a fresco dated 1480, and but little known) in its refectory, I asked the gaunt sickly-looking friar who had admitted me, whether, in times like these, *their* mode of life, dependant on the quest for daily bread, was not becoming more hard or precarious? and the poor friar's tone, even more than his words in answering, conveyed the affirmative. Not only abuses, but the possibility of their recurrence in the cloister was provided against by the Leopoldine laws; and the edict of 1770, placing the monastic prisons, with all confined there, in dependance on the local

(1) The Abbot of the Florence Benedictines, at the *Badia*, Padre Alessandro Belli, an amiable and learned prelate, has written two works ably directed against the inroads of Protestantism and calumnies of anti-catholic sectaries: « Tradition vindicated », and « Doctrine and Discipline of Confession ».

officers of justice, deprived the lord Abbots of a power neither honourable nor wisely confided to religious superiors. The Prince who had the hardihood, even before passing his law against rights of sanctuary, to order the removal and arrest, in one night, 1769, of all malefactors then sheltered, and daily increasing, in every privileged asylum of this land, was assuredly a benefactor to the Church and to society, providentially sent to that age of inveterate abuses, if sometimes erring in his zeal. Of all his innovations one most prejudicial to monastic interests was the statute on Mortmain (1769), which rendered those bodies incapable of inheriting property, as civilly dead, but, by indulgent clauses, still permitted persons of either sex, in the cloister, to receive, for once, legacies or pensions within the amount of 100 scudi payable in ready money, nor interfered with bequests for Masses and religious observances, except to limit their extent and duration (1). Soon after the election of Pius VI.,

(4) The picturesque procession of the *Carmino* is still attended with much seeming devotion in Florence. That of Corpus Domini, in June '64, for the first time deprived of the military element, and unattended by civic authorities, was regarded with indifference that surprised me; and the tumult that disturbed the final procession of the festival's octave, was a fact to deplore, though indeed exaggerated by newspaper report. The outburst of popular hatred excited by the appearance, in the torch-bearing train, of persons, mostly aristocratic, known for attachment to the late, hostility to the present régime, did not occur in presence of what was holy, for the Archbishop, bearing the Host, had re-entered the cathedral, and the subsequent rites were in no way disturbed. After the tempest of hootings and hisses, with some personal maltreatment, had subsided, that Prelate's reappearance was greeted with quite a respectful demonstration, though a few of the lowest rabble raised insulting cries, and a lighted cigar was thrown into his carriage. Still more menacing, because persistent and seemingly preconcerted, was the tumult kept up for several hours that night on the cathedral-piazza: it being known that certain of those unpopular persons had remained in the church from the evening-hour of the procession, a furiously excited crowd had evidently the intention of

his government effected a Concordat with the Holy See (1773), which continued the charter of the Church in Tuscany, till 1881, when another Concordat, long desired and prepared at Rome, was made public on the 30th June, after being finally stipulated on the 25th April, a measure so strongly condemned by some Tuscan politicians that two ministers resigned rather than undertake its responsibility (v. Zobi, *Memorie Economiche-politiche sulla Toscana*, p. IV, 10). In 1849 an Encyclica had intimated to the Tuscan Prelates the measure agreed upon at Gaeta between the Pope and the Grand Duke, and first announced on

bursting the doors to sieze their victims—for what fate may be imagined—within the sacred walls. But the National Guard did their duty, and opposed the angry tide, till finally, about two hours after midnight, those in refuge could be safely escorted to their homes. I shall not forget that night, nor its warnings of what political excitement may lead to even in the most cultivated Italian city; and the cry (raised, I must add, only from the lowest class in that gathering—so far as I could observe) of ‘death to the priests—death to the bishops’, seemed of awful import against policy that tends to represent the Clergy, for popular apprehension, as the leagued enemies of a national cause. It should be remembered that the agitation this day in Florence was enhanced by the intelligence, just arrived, of the decease of Cavour, and the strange idea of an intent to make the religious occasion one of exultation for that calamity. A Florentine tribunal lately decided that a comic journal could not be prosecuted for displaying the Papal Tiara in caricature. But can it be decided what the constant attacks against the Clergy, now tolerated in such organs here, may eventually lead to? Their successful circulation is the omen of ill. Not only in Tuscany but in a wider Italian range, the manifestations of opinion have for some time been such as to permit the inference that in all probability support would now be given to *another* project of church-reforms like that drawn up, at the desire of Peter Leopold, by Ricci, Bishop of Pistoia, whose views of improvement extended over ecclesiastical studies, diocesan synods, ordinations the breviary, ceremonies, festivals, and so-called image-worship, invoked the reform of Religious Orders, and even glanced at the oath required from Bishops by Rome.

the return of the latter; the year after which those Prelates met in a synod convoked by the Archbishop of Florence, to confer on this great interest, at the monastic palace of S. Miniato. By the new convention the Leopoldine laws were greatly modified in effects on the Church; but in January 1860 appeared an edict from a new authority to abolish that Concordat of '81, declaring it, with all its consequences, totally annulled, invalid because resting on an unconstitutional basis, conceded during the arbitrary suspense of representative government by the deposed sovereign. Such facts being remembered, it may be understood how many of the Tuscan Clergy, secular and regular, have become alienated, after once entertaining friendly dispositions towards the power that succeeded to that dynasty so easily overthrown by a pacific revolution; yet that others of this priesthood, particularly among the parochial, are opposite in sympathies, and therefore in a sense *liberal*, is sufficiently clear from their own declarations.

THE CERTOSA OF PISA

Is all reverence for ancient sanctities,—for the institutions sprung from the piety that dedicates itself to contemplation, solitude, study, and prayer,—to be swept away by the tide of political vicissitude in this land, so that the birthplace of the monastic system in the West will cease to afford even legal protection to those venerable colleges? Such the question which occurred to me when on my way through the pleasant region of fertile plains and green mountains around Pisa, towards that most boldly rising chain of this neighbourhood, at whose foot, within a semicircular sweep shaded by olive and oak woods, stands the Carthusian monastery in a delicious situation, where its long front of stately buildings is distinctly seen as one looks down on a landscape one of the most charming and *riante* in Italy, from the summit of the famous leaning tower.

In 1367 was founded this monastery for the religious driven from their ancient home in that little island of Gorgona, visible both from Leghorn and Pisa, by the frequent incursions of Saracens; and here did they dedicate their primitive church to the Blessed Virgin and Saints Politus and Ephesus, still revered as patrons at Cagliari, in Sardinia. The Carthusian Order, now far from what it once was in Italy, and known in few lands beyond the Alps, has no other community approaching in scale

to that of the Grande Chartreuse, the central and parent establishment (now inhabited by about 100); and since the beginning of the present century, they have lost some of their finest edifices in Italian parts. In Tuscany they now possess two monasteries; in the Roman States two others,—one in the metropolis, and another, the novitiate, among unfrequented mountain regions south of Rome; in Naples one, and in Calabria another; in Sicily, where almost all religious orders are, or have been, in a flourishing state, they have no settlement. In 1808 they were, with other monastic bodies, suppressed throughout Italy; but, in 1814, their residence here was restored by Ferdinand III., out of regard for its antiquity and celebrity, though far indeed from being reinstated in former prosperity, their possessions, that once yielded 30,000 ducats per annum, being now so reduced that the income afforded since does not exceed 1,200 ducats for the yearly support of these fathers, who, thenceforth, however, were indemnified by a subvention from Government, said to amount to 500 francs per annum for each of those professed and in priest's orders. Valery (*« Voyages en Italie »*) found, 1828, only fifteen fathers here, but describes, notwithstanding, the pharmacy, the oil-press, the forge, and all requisites for supplying the wants of the community by the labour of their own lay-brothers, in such terms as, comparing my experiences with that visitor's, lead me to conclude the scale and style of the establishment must have been considerably reduced within the last thirty years. At present, twenty-three persons form the community, thirteen professed, three in the novitiate, and seven lay-brothers.

Soon after passing, near the foot of these olive-clad mountains, a neat little village with a church of fine old Tuscan architecture, named Calci, a turn in the road leads us before a lofty portal with ranges of offices at each side, entering which I was surprised by the far-extending front of palatial buildings, with a showy church-façade, approached by a staircase, the whole in the heavy ornate style peculiar to the decadence in Italian art, at once betraying the taste of the seventeenth or

eighteenth century, but by its splendour, in the midst of a landscape so wild and solitary, also announcing that here could be no other home than the monastic, still invested with olden grandeur, and the semblance at least of former prosperity. A stout, good-humoured lay-brother presently appeared laden with huge loaves on his back, showing in his rubicund countenance no detriment to health from the continual meagre fare, and after depositing his burden in an outhouse, offered me his services, discharged in satisfactory manner, with readiness to answer questions and give information to my heart's content. His *renseignements* and those of the higher society I was afterwards admitted into, enabled me to carry away a clearly defined mental picture of the life practised in this asylum of eremite piety, for the eremite and cenobite observance are, it may be said, blended and reconciled, the Carthusian rule being here maintained in its strictest acceptation: in his separate hermitage each monk has two cells, with a little vestibule, opening upon a neat terrace-garden, for his recreation; his meals are passed through a wicket by a lay brother, who serves without speaking, and the restriction to meagre food is never dispensed from. At half an hour after midnight, each is roused for the office, beginning in choir at one o'clock, and, in the slow chant prescribed, lasting fully two hours and a half, after which all return to rest till six, and the first duty, on rising this second time, is the Mass, celebrated by each father in a separate chapel. On Sundays is allowed exercise outside the premises, during which the rule of silence is dispensed with, but on this occasion alone, except for those who receive visitors. On the same day, and other great festivals, meals are taken in the refectory, the only scene where the whole community periodically meet, except in church. And when the last hour arrives for the Carthusian, his existence ceases not to be, even at that final stage, one act of prayer and penance: laid on his straw-pallet, still wearing the hair-cloth that ever wraps his body next the skin, the dying man is strewn with ashes, his eyes fixed on the Crucifix at the foot of his bed, which, because reserved for that awful worship, is called *Croce della Morte*, whilst the seven Peniten-

tial Psalms are recited by all his brethren around. The day of his departure is like a serious festival, the Prior, seated by the newly covered grave, exhorts his community, taking a subject from the merits or example in the life or passing-away of the deceased; and the rule is remitted to allow of the meeting, that day also, in the refectory. No confessions from laics are heard except by the Prior and one other father, nor can females enter within these sacred walls, but for their use is a chapel outside where Mass may be heard every morning; and in one of the many inner chapels, is given every Sunday a discourse to male auditors, affording proof satisfactory that the spiritual services of Carthusians are not absolutely limited within the sphere of their own Order. The Prior (for their Superior takes on other title), is elected not for life, but for a certain period of years, and privileged to wear the mitre at solemn ceremonies. A noviciate of five years precedes the final profession, though simple (*i e.* not perpetually binding) vows are taken on entering; but for those who join the humbler class of lay-brothers, are required eight years' probation. During the shorter period the ecclesiastic novice leads the same life of solitude, isolation, silence, only interrupted by his intercourse with the master under whom he studies philosophy and theology. And of this class there is at present only one in the noviciate here, a young man, to whom, unless sustained by consolation and peace beyond what the world can give or take away, the vicissitudes now lowering at no remote distance must be indeed depressing!

Entering the church, its spacious magnificence and profound silence, the lofty span of groined vaulting, the splendid altars, and subdued light, at first impress with a sense of awe; but there is almost too much richness for solemnity in this interior, which, on the restoration of the entire building in the last century, was consecrated, 1760—a date sufficient to account for worst vagaries in artistic taste, for all stamped by degradation in Italian architecture. Its whole surface, walls and ceiling, is one field of colour, in marbles, gilding, and colossal fresco paintings, the subjects of these latter mostly from the Old Testament, with some scenes of martyrdom, the finest

that of St. Gorgonius, patron of the island called after him (Gorgona)—a terrific but powerful picture, of complex grouping, by a Carthusian, who has left his own life-like portrait beside this elaborate work. Near the high altar, superb in precious stones, and opposite the throne of inlaid marbles (a beautiful *intarsio*) for the Prior, stands a marble angel, supporting the Gospels for High Mass, across which sacred volume hangs a stole of gold brocade. (1) The chapels, magnificent, but with a certain chaste simplicity, for the private daily masses, open in a suite off a long corridor, and at the extremity of this is entered an ample covered loggia, of considerable length and breadth, whence we look down upon the whole extent of cloistral buildings, and around upon the wild but lovely scenery of that fair valley, called appropriately « Valle Graziosa—» majestic mountains carpeted with dark green to their summits, gardens, cultured fields, and olive groves, out of whose pale foliage the dark spire-like cypress rises at intervals, with woods of loftier growth, clothing the lower declivities of heights that guard this sanctuary as by an impassible barrier of Nature—enchanted features in that romantic solitude, where—

« all around is fair,
 Composed with Nature's finest care,
 And in her fondest love:
 Peace to embosom, and content,
 To overawe the turbulent,
 The selfish to reprove.— (*Wordsworth.*)

But a more secluded scene leaves the impression of life's character here—the wide quadrangular cloister, surrounded by porticos, a pleasant garden in the midst; and the space partitioned

(4) The only other work of art that struck me was a « Last Supper », by Poccetti, in the refectory; in which room, completely surrounded by fresco paintings, are other pictured scenes of extrinsic interest, though not noticeable for execution. One represents the Grand Duke Cosimo III. (a devout benefactor of monasteries and churches) at dinner, in this same room, with the whole community, when he de

off, within that area, whose cross tells us that here lie the dead, in their Campo-Santo. Off those porticos open the hermitages, each distinct, though presenting a continuous line of buildings; entering one of which, I observed all the arrangements of the quiet retreat, everywhere scrupulous neatness and cleanliness, sufficient comfort, even to the including of a fire-place, in the outer cell, for the wood fire allowed in all Carthusian monasteries; and in the bed-room a small library, where I noticed metaphysic and scientific, besides devotional and theologic works. The two fathers with whom I conversed, ascertaining that I was English, were eager for information respecting my country, and political affairs in general, but in particular concerning Italian novelties and the Papal government; their questions, indeed, sufficing to show that journalism forms no part of the literature admitted here. They asked about the reputed conversion of our Queen, and that of her mother in life's last hours; the progress of Catholicism; the Cardinal and his influencees; the sentiments prevailing in England as to Italian nationality, and its cause; as to the political rights of the Papacy, etc. One was of cheerful and serene countenance, pleasing in manners; the other with something wild and haggard in aspect, that seemed the result of suffering, mental or physical.

Wisely is ordered the long probation before irrevocable vows under such a rule; and there are gifts that might perhaps obtain full exercise within the limits of this isolating solitude. Those of the religious artist, of the writer on mystic devotional subjects, etc, might develope to worthiest energies in an atmosphere of such heavenly calm; and assuredly, long as there exist exceptional cases, great detachments from life's ordinary interests and impulses, the Carthusian order, however it may decline, will be preserved at least from *violent* death.

sired that silence might be dispensed with; but the fathers did not desire to speak at his invitation. Another, the appearance of a Queen in a Carthusian Refectory,—not to sit down and feast, but herself wait on the monks as their handmaid.

THE BAPTISTERY OF FLORENCE

ONCE more at Florence.—The Cathedral of the fourteenth century is her noblest monument; but we must turn from the work of Arnolfo and Brunelleschi to that octagonal Baptistery, the original mother-church, once extramural, in order to familiarise ourselves with the Florence of proud republicanism, of Guelf and Ghibelline factions, of Dante and Brunetto Latini. Popular belief, and even learned authorities, once assumed this to be the identical fane dedicated to Mars, tutelary deity of the Pagan city; and in the « Antiquities of Florentine Churches », by the Jesuit Richa, this view is maintained, backed by an old engraving that shows the octagonal area of an hypethral temple with open colonnades, and the idol-statue on a column in the centre. We may, however, be satisfied with the decision of such an authority as Lami, that this church is of about the year 622, built under Grimwald, king of the Longobards, at the expense of Longobardic patricians, whose devotion, or rather that of their whole nation, to St. John the Baptist, and liberality in erecting or enriching sanctuaries dedicated to him, became early distinguished, to the degree implied by the assurance of a holy hermit to the Emperor Constans, that the Longobards could never be driven out of Italy, thanks to the divine protection

thus secured ! To St. John was dedicated the cathedral, as still is the Baptistery of Florence; and « Mio bel San Giovanni », is a familiar quotation in its honour from Dante, who beheld this edifice almost exactly as we see it at the present day, the quaint but rich incrustation of black and white marbles, with arcades and pilasters that conceal its original ruder masonry, having been a work commissioned to Arnolfo, 1288, some years before the poet's exile. Other antiquarians refer its origin to the time of Theodolinda (about fifty years before Grimwald), but at all events its archaic interior, dimly lighted and solemn,—so that, on entering, we are surprised by effect of vastness beyond the actual proportions better estimated from without,—remains at this day essentially what it was in the tenth century at the latest, with nothing Classic, but only barbaric characteristics, in a style for which no type can be found earlier than between the eighth and eleventh centuries. Those mosaics that cover the cupola and apse, are (besides the sculptures) the only remarkable features added at later periods. And the grand idea of illustrating the story of revealed Religion is carried out with striking effect, though many bizarre accessories, in the work of artists of the thirteenth and two following centuries, not fewer than eighteen of whom (Andrea Tafi, the two Gaddi, Ghirlandajo, Lippi, etc.) were engaged on the series comprising the history of the world till the Deluge, the lives of the Patriarch Joseph and the Baptist, the Evangelic story till the Crucifixion, the Resurrection and punishment of the damned, the whole overshadowed and solemnised by the colossal forms of Archangels, and, above the choir, the Redeemer enthroned within an ellipse, inviting the blessed and driving away the accursed,—a finely conceived figure by Gaddo Gaddi. The mosaics of the tribune, begun about 1225, by Fra Jacopo, a Franciscan, and completed towards the close of that century by Tafi and the above-named Gaddi, superior in style and freedom, exhibit the Baptist in unusual relation towards the Blessed Virgin, both seated, the latter with her Child, on thrones opposite each other. Rumohr observes the evidence of advanced art in the figures

of Prophets on the vault, while he raises the doubt, whether the « Jacobus » here mentioned in the epigraph :—

« Jacobus in tali pre cunctis arte probatus »,

was really (as Vasari states), the Jacobo di Turrito, also a Franciscan, whose mosaics we see at Rome, in S. Maria Maggiore and the Lateran.

Around this edifice centered the grandest of Florence's olden celebrations: all the pomps and gallant shows; all the devout magnificence of the Mediæval Republic. The custom of making offerings to its shrine from every city subject to that government, Lami supposes to have been introduced by the Longobards; and the races for the *pallium* (1), kept up till modern times, are referred by Ammirato to an origin, A. D. 408, in the annual rejoicings of that people for the expulsion of Rada-gisius, the Gothic king, from their territory; but by Lami to the year 1217, when, he asserts, they were first instituted for the festival of Pentecost, at Ville Franche, by Archembold, Lord of the Bourbonnais. From 1084 prevailed the custom for all subject cities and territories under Florence, to send annually their tributes in form of a banner in cloth-of-gold, and wax models of their principal fortresses, for the shrine of St. John. Vasari, in his life of Del Cecca, the celebrated engineer, describes the pageants prepared by him for these occasions; and every popular as well as sacred observance of this anniversary has been detailed by old writers, especially in a MS. diary at

(4) Others suppose the race for the *pallium* (a velvet or cloth-of-gold banner), still kept up at the Roman Carnival, and almost all popular Italian festivals, to have no other origin than the more perilous tournament, first introduced by Gaufred the Second of Anjou, who was killed, at one of these pageant combats (?), A. D. 1066. Urgent cause was there for the persistent opposition of the Church to tournaments, expressed in the edicts of Innocent II., Eugenius III., Alexander III., Clement V., and the third Lateran Council, prohibiting them under severe penalties.

the Pitti library, quoted by Richa. On the vigil the sixteen Gonfalonieri, with the twenty standards of the four quarters the city was divided into, escorted by a company of superbly-clad youths, carried the offerings of immense wax torches to this church, through streets adorned with rich draperies, and carpeted with flowers; next morning the Signoria, the Gonfaloniere of Justice, the captains of the Guelf Party, and the representatives of the *arti*, passed in gorgeous procession on horseback from the Piazza of the Signoria, bearing, with escort of troops and military music, the hundred banners offered by the guilds, with that of the Guelf Party, to remain for one year as trophies of devotion to their celestial Patron at his shrine, till finally, giving place to other offerings, they were converted into hangings and vestments for the altar and its ministers. Perhaps no scene of Mediæval festivity surpassed in the picturesque that for this occasion: draperies, embroidered with lilies, clothed the house-fronts, flowers covered the pavement; at intervals arose on stages, guarded by mounted troops, one hundred carved and glided devices, called *trionfi*, emblematic of subject cities or districts; while youths and damsels, dressed in silks, and glittering with jewels, performed dances in the open air; concerts, vocal and instrumental, awakened glad echoes; high-born ladies, in gala costume, paraded on foot through the principal streets; and in the afternoon ensued those races for the pallium, displayed on a car hung with gold brocade. *Pareva un soave luogo* (« it appeared a delicious place »), says an old writer, referring to that historic Piazza of the Signoria enlivened by the gay magnificence of this anniversary. But tragic incidents sometimes supervened amid this most sacred and popular of local celebrations, as on that eve of St. John, 1300, when the procession of the *arti* and their consuls was attacked by the *Neri*, provoked by which outrage the Government decreed banishment against the leaders of both Bianchi and Neri, the then dominant factions; and, this occurring while Dante held office among the *Priori*, the poet himself was consequently driven into exile.

Till the sixteenth century little was altered in the features of the great Florentine festival, which down to our own time has continued to delight und attract, most grand and characteristic of local observances, both in its solemnities and spectacles, the cathedral-rites attended by the court and magistracy, the procession to *San Giovanni*, illuminations, fire-works, races of classic chariots and horses, etc. But the principle adopted under the new Government is, that civic authorities should stand entirely aloof, leaving the ecclesiastical body alone to intervene and provide for religious commemorations. On the last recurrence of St John's day we had still the usual services in the cathedral and baptistery—but how changed, how cold were the aspects of this festival in 1861 compared with what it once was ! The rejoicings, the olden usages, the expression of popular gladness, all had vanished. And may we not ask whether this spirit of utilitarian indifferentism towards the public forms of religion be guaranteed from danger to moral interests—can really recommend itself to a popular life and temper influenced by Catholicism as inherited from age to age ? On that 24th June the Church, however, omitted nothing on *her* part for the occasion. After pontificating in the cathedral, the Archbishop, with his chapter and clerics, proceeded to the baptistery, where the relics of St. John were exposed on a temporary altar surmounted by the magnificent *dossale* (1) of silver, which, begun in 1366, was

(1) This beautiful object resembles an altar, divided into compartments, between which are pilasters adorned with statuettes of saints, each under a pointed canopy of exquisite miniature architecture in silver, the whole crowned by an architrave with forty-three tiny niches, canopies and similar statuettes. In the centre is a statue of the Precursor, by Michelozzo di Bartolommeo; and, on the compartments, reliefs in raised silver-work : the Visitation, the birth of the Baptist, his departure for the Wilderness, his preaching in the Desert, his baptising of Christ, the banquet of Herod, the Baptist's imprisonment, his decapitation. A large silver crucifix, with the Virgin and Angels at the summit, is the joint work of Belto di Francesco, Milano Dei,

not completed, under the hands of various artists, till 1477. On the Octave Sunday ensued an observance in *S. Giovanni* interesting in regard to the system of public charities, but unlike anything one is accustomed to see in churches. After High Mass, with a larger congregation than commonly meets here, was intoned the *Veni Creator*, whilst a deputation of gentlemen in full dress attended within the choir; the priests having retired, two deputies superintended the drawing of a lottery, from a moveable cylinder, placed on the balustrade in front, a little boy, in plain clothes, drawing out each lot after the cylinder had been set in motion, and an assistant proclaiming in loud voice the name of the person and number of the lot, fourteen prizes being announced, with titles of rank before several names thus vociferated, strangely to waken the echoes within sacred walls. This transaction finished, the priests returned to the altar, and the *Te Deum* was chanted to organ music. The profane performance might seem inappropriate, but is justified by its association with the name and temple of *San Giovanni*. In 1700 was founded a confraternity called the Congregation of St. John, by Cosimo III. (so noted among the Medici for his munificence to churches and priests), in that object of providing work and subsistence for the poor, ever since kept in view, by the annual distribution of dowries, 10 ducats each, for which charitable persons take tickets in this lottery, thus to have it in their power to choose the recipients of bounty. For this last anniversary, besides the dowries, were spent 300 lire in relieving poor families (1).

Amid the solemnities of the June festival, in the dim light and pressing of throngs around that beautiful *dossale*, one can hardly

and Antonio Pollaiuolo. Intarsio of lapis lazuli adorns the pilasters, and two panels are set with 42 miniature mosaics, illustrating the principal festivals, the whole on a basement of enamelled silver.

(1) During the past year the dowries conferred in Florence, of the class called *regia data*, were 574, of which 94 by presentation from charitable institutions, the rest by lot. The subjects chosen must be recommended by good character as well as by other claims.

observe more than the precious settings of the relics exposed below it, conspicuous among treasures of their class. That of the true Cross, set in silver studded with gems, and chiselled with emblems of the Passion, is said to be the identical relic presented to this city by Charlemagne. The finger of St. John, especially revered this day, might interest the most sceptical, when its history is known. It was presented by the Patriarch of Constantinople to Urban V., from whose hands having passed into those of his two successors, it remained in the keeping of Urban VI., when that Pope was besieged by the King of Naples at Nocera, 1386; lost and stolen during the confusion within the beleaguered town, and finally redeemed at the price of 800 gold ducats by Baldassare Cossa, then cleric of Camera in attendance on the Pope. Strange vicissitudes ensuing, that same Cossa ascended the papal throne in 1410, to be, after five years, deposed by the Council of Constance. From his imprisonment in Bavaria he was liberated, by desire of Martin V., at a cost of 30,000 scudi, advanced by Giovanni de' Medici (the father of Cosimo) to the Emperor. Retiring to this his native city, and making his submission to Martin V., that Pope received him here with favour, allowing him to hold rank as dean in the sacred college, which honours he lived to enjoy but a few months, and dying here, 1419, bequeathed the relic he had kept during and after his occupation of a throne, to this sanctuary, whither it was carried with a procession of all the clergy and magistracy. 2,000 gold scudi Cossa also bequeathed for the reliquary to contain this object; and how little his fortunes had suffered is farther shown by his testament, preserved in the archives here, 30,000 gold scudi being left to his two nephews, and other sums to Florentine citizens, among whom appears a name raised into renown by its present bearer—Bettino di Ricasoli; also to Pope Martin a white horse and ring. The Republic ordered in his honour every posthumous tribute due to a deceased pope, obsequies of nine days in the cathedral, attended by all the clergy and authorities, with such profusion of lights that, a chronicler says, the church seemed on fire; and presently arose that ma-

jestic monument, in this Baptistery, with the recumbent statue of the deceased, and reliefs of Faith, Hope, and Charity, by Donatello and Michelozzi, commissioned by the Republic, with those words on its epitaph: « Quondam Papa », which so offended Martin V., that he sent an envoy to require their erasure from the Signoria, whose only answer was: « Quod scripsimus scripsimus ».

About a century later that tomb was opened, and the body of the deposed Pope seen untouched by decay, with one eye open, and (as described) even lustrous! the mitre still on the head; but the pontific ring, as if to emblemize his misfortunes, fallen from the finger.

The first reliable account of the races for the Pallium at Florence's great festival is given by Villani in reference to the year 1288; but it is certain that the national devotions at the shrine of the Precursor may be traced up to A. D. 724. Muratori, (« Antichità Italiane », Diss. 29), collects all evidence for the early introduction of the Pallium-race at Italian festivities; but none that precedes the middle of the thirteenth century. Dante (Paradiso, canto xvi.) alludes to this practice in his native city; and it seems that the race, in its ancient form, was with riders, instead of unriden horses, as at the Roman carnival, and kept up till the change of government in Tuscany, at Florence, on St. John's Day. Lami concludes that the French seigneur, Archembold, invented this amusement in substitution for the tournament, deferring to the Church's sentence. As to the other spectacles on this day in Florence, the contrivances of the engineer Francisco d'Angelo (called Cecca, 1447-88) are minutely described by Vasari: his was the invention of the *nuvole*, or clouds, in fact immense cars, with decorative frames, where, amidst pictured clouds or trees, appeared living persons to represent sacred characters, and children enacting cherubim and seraphim. The grand car belonging to the masters of the mint, he contrived so that St. John the Baptist, Angels, and many saints were represented in a moving *tableau vivant* by men and children, exhibited every year for this festival, till 1807, after

which was destroyed this, with four other pageant cars for similar uses; by the French then masters of Tuscany.

Among the treasures of this Baptistery is one of extraordinary value no longer exhibited,—in form like a book, measuring, opened, nearly a foot in width, of massive gold, displaying relics of the instruments of the Passion, with miniature reliefs below each, representing acts in the awful history; eight large pearls, and several gems set on the burnished surface; and at the back, a French inscription, stating that this pertained to King Charles V. It fell into the hands of Piero, the worthless son of Lorenzo de' Medici, and after the expulsion of that family, 1495, was conceded by the Republic for extinction of a debt to Cardinal Piccolomini, afterwards pope as Pius III, by him eventually sold for 200 gold florins to the consuls of merchants, who presented it to this church. One more association of interest has attached to the tomb of Pope John XXIII., since it suggested to a learned Benedictine one of the best modern additions to ecclesiastical records, in the « *Storia del Concilio di Costanza* », by Padre Tosti.

Two hundred years after the death of Dante, the hope he expressed (1) in verse received its tardy fulfilment within these walls, and his bust was crowned with laurel beside that font opening, like a well, reached by steps, in the centre of this building, where its place has been no longer since, in 1577, that area was filled up and another font, precious for its sculptures by Andrea Pisano, erected in its stead. In 1330 all the authorities and citizens assembled to see the erection of the portals wrought in bronze by that artist, and the rule was set aside which forbid the *Signoria* ever to quit the Palazzo Vecchio during their period of office, that the Priori, with the Ambassadors of Naples and Sicily, might attend.

(4)

—con altro vello

Ritornèrò poeta, ed in sul fonte
Del mio battesimo prenderò il cappello.

Paradiso, xxv, 39.

Varied and romantic are local memories of the Past ; but we may now link the record of a great event pertaining to the Present with the associations gathered round this Baptistery and the solemnities in honour of its great festival. Recently has been traced to these celebrations the origin of that system among the glories of modern time, national Exhibitions of Art and Manufacture, for whose first idea precedence is claimed by Florence (see the periodical, *Esposizione Italiana del 1861*, first issued 15th July that year), but in whose fulfilment Italy has had to follow the example of other lands. She has done so, however, worthily; and the memorable 15th September '61, witnessed the inauguration of her greatest triumph in the collective achievements of Art and Industry, conveying her noblest answer to the calumnious assaults of anti-national faction and superstitious prejudice.

The practice of annual displays, showing progress in commerce and industry, was adopted by Florence first among Italian cities, and connected with her sacred anniversary above described. These *mostre*, on the festival of St. John, became the special pageantry of that day; and while the piazza around S. Giovanni was converted into a pavilion of azure draperies embroidered with the lily, spread over every house-front, along the principal streets were exhibited, on ranges of stalls, manufactures in woollen, silk, velvet, brocade, and the costlier wares of the goldsmith, in all which this city's produce was then supreme as to quality and quantity—an aggregate, says the historian Goro Dati, which « would have sufficed to adorn ten kingdoms ». Such was the festival of the Baptist in Florence of the olden time !

The story of Italian exhibitions, industrial and artistic, may be said to start from Tuscan examples. Under the government of Peter Leopold was ordered the first public exhibition of fine arts this country had yet beheld, in 1791. French invaders next set the examples, followed with more systematic procedure in the present century; and under their auspices took place at Turin, 1805, '11, '18. the first series for exhibiting generally all local produce, artistic, industrial, agrarian. After the legitimate

restorations, were founded in the same kingdom, under Charles Felix, triennial industrial exhibitions, the first of which took place in the suburban palace of Valentino, near Turin, in 1829, the number of exhibitors being 802; and with what success promoted in subsequent years appears from the steady increase of those numbers, till, in the last instance, at the Turin exhibition of '58, was reached the maximum of 1784, among whom 931 received prizes.

Two exhibitions at Genoa, within recent years, gave proof of the progress and energies that have especially marked the Piedmontese above other Italian states,—one in 1844, to honour the first Congress of the *savans* in this country, the other in 1854, on occasion of the opening of the railway between that city and Turin. In the papal states, Bologna, ever foremost, and in many respects bearing away the palm from Rome herself, first followed the example by instituting agrarian and industrial exhibitions, 1861; ordered in '53 to be thenceforth triennial; and efficiently promoted by the Pontific Commissary, who had governed the four legations since '48. The last Bolognese exhibition, 1856, was such an improvement on all preceding, that the halls and corridors of the University could scarce contain the numbers attracted to that locality chosen for the purpose. Nor should it be forgotten that the Lorraine Government in Tuscany, whatever its defects otherwise, acted laudably in favouring public interests and improvements through similar means; for it was in Florence, 1839, that the first exhibition of arts and manufactures unitedly took place under native auspices, to be triennial, and first held in the Palazzo Vecchio, with no very great *éclat* indeed, seeing that the exhibitors were only 66; but, on the last occasion, before the fall of that dynasty, 1854, their numbers had risen to 730, the prizes distributed 148: and from this Florentine exhibition were judiciously selected all the products of native art and industry deemed worthy to compete on a greater arena in Paris, 1855. Other exhibitions, exclusively industrial, were given here in 1851-54, with eminent success.

The grander idea of an Italian display to include every illustration of the art, industry, manufactured and natural produce of the whole peninsula, sprang from that, mooted within narrower limits, soon after the change of government in Florence, of a Tuscan exhibition to be universal in respect to these provinces alone; and the merit of the higher project rests with Signor Sella, author of several useful writings, and professor of geometry at the Technical Institute in Turin, who proposed this National Act the first day he sat in Parliament as Deputy for the province of Biella, his native place, 12th June, 1860; nor were authorities tardy in acting upon the happy suggestion, as, four days afterwards, the project was discussed, to be formalised in parliamentary phrase; and on the 8th of July following appeared the royal decree assigning 150,000 francs to the Ministry of Commerce and Public Works as subsidy for the National Exhibition, at the same time appointing a committee, to hold its inaugural session in Florence on the 20th August. This body was formed by appointments from different sources: by the Crown being named the president, Marquis Cosimo Ridolfi; the vice-president, Professor Amici; and secretary-general, Carega, Professor of Agriculture at the Florentine Institute: by the Ministry, seventeen members; and twenty-eight more by the several chambers of commerce at the principal cities, united under one Italian Crown, on the mainland and in Sicily (1).

(1) The objects admitted were of 24 classes, including the three of Fine Art, and the exhibitors 9000, among whom 230 of Rome, 200 of Venice; 7500 pertaining to the industrial, the rest to the artist ranks. 2000 prize-medals were distributed on the system of equality, without degrees in distinction; and clearest proof of success is in the fact that 440 committees, from the various Italian provinces, responded to the invitation—see the closing address by the Marquis Ridolfi, 8th December.

CAMALDOLESE SANCTUARIES

Emerging from a wild and sterile region, after long toilsome ascent from the Casentino Valley, one is refreshed and delighted by the fine contrast of scenery in the wide amphitheatre, amid steep forest-clad heights, that suddenly reveals itself to view, a grand yet lovely landscape, receiving its distinctive feature from the massive and irregular, but commodious buildings, its central object, that rise above the steep over a torrent on one side, the smile of fresh verdure expanding in front, the dark umbrage of perennial woods embosoming and sheltering beyond. There seems the promise of dignified repose and sober affluence in that substantial edifice, whose aspect conveys a welcome and memories from the Past that sanctify while cheering this Apennine solitude. At its ample portal I was received by a good-looking intelligent lay-brother, who showed me at once into the large saloon of the Foresteria, forming a considerable suit of well-appointed rooms for day and night. In its present conditions the Abbey of Camaldoli bears little trace of antiquity, save in one fine old cloister with round-arched porticoes and a pleasant garden in the midst of its colonnades. The church, consecrated after a restoration, in 1786, is of modern Italian style, richly decorated, with a few noticeable pictures illustrating the story of this Order; the chapter-house, like a

large oratory, is covered with frescoes on subjects of similar class; but no part of the sacred edifice has any architectonic feature venerable to look on. About the most ancient portions are the vaulted corridors on the ground-floor; also the Pharmacy (a usual appendage of Camaldolese as of Carthusian cloisters), whose cabinets contain some handsome specimens of cut and painted glass in the taste of the XVI. century. On the premises are all requisites for a complete monastic establishment—the well-stocked and productive *Cascine* (or dairy-farm), the Bakery, Forge, offices of the carpenter and shoemaker, the mill turned by the mountain-torrent, and the *Sega*, or workshop for sawing the huge trunks of the trees (an article of commerce one principal source of revenue to this monastery) by means of very complex mechanism invented by a Swiss engineer, 1845, and, for application here, entirely prepared by the handiwork of a Camaldolese lay-brother.

Nothing could be more agreeably proffered than the hospitality (long renowned as it deserves) of these good monks, allowing every visitor to feel at home, left entirely to himself all day, but at meals invariably entertained by one or more from their community, who, however, take no food at table with their guests; and the commensals I found myself seated among being all priests, we had, at dinner and supper, the society of several, always including the *Padre Priore*, a man of fine benignant aspect, with a smile and vivacity quite youthful, though his flowing grey beard told of an age not otherwise indicated; sometimes also another fine old man of manners correspondent to his station, being of the patrician Della Genga family, nephew to a Pope and brother to a Cardinal. This community now consists of fourteen fathers, under the government of the Prior elected for three years, mostly persons whose age or infirmity have required relaxation from the severer observances of the eremite-life, and who have therefore quitted the higher for the lower of their two cloisters. In 1808 the Camaldoli suffered, in common with other monasteries, the loss of all its property; but soon after the decree for dissolving its community had been

denounced here, came counter-orders allowing twelve to remain for the service of the church and custody of the buildings, but no longer to wear the religious habit. A precious library was, among other losses, then irrecoverably dispersed; and the sole treasure still left from its contents is the inestimable autograph volume (kept most carefully in the apartment of the Prior), a Comment on the Psalms, down to the CX., by St. Romuald, never edited, and in characters easily legible, without puzzling abbreviations. On the restoration, in 1816, Camaldoli, though far from reinstated in original affluence, again became, as it still is, one of the wealthiest Italian monasteries, again largely endowed with landed property, which now includes, besides the surrounding gardens, meadows, forests, and buildings sufficient for a whole regiment to lodge in, forty-two farms, some so distant as the Romagna provinces, others on the Tuscan Maremma, with several thousand heads of sheep and cattle, and some score of horses and oxen, the latter used for carriage of the timber, drawn down into the plain below these mountains to be there launched on the Arno and floated along its stream to Florence. At the foot of the ascent hither is an extensive farm with an old chateau-like villa serving for occasional residence to the fathers, and also to their guests; and on a height, not far from the Abbey, is a separate Foresteria where ladies are received, and (not less than the other sex) entertained at table by one of the monastic family—an attention I was sorry to find repaid with ridicule in the remarks indited by certain fair hands on the pages of a guest-book. The life led by these monks is easy compared with that of their brethren at the *Eremo* above. Alike, however, obliged to rise one hour after midnight for choir, they have the same duty of attending seven chanted offices during the 24 hours; every evening they meet in chapter for spiritual reading (Rodriguez was the author I saw on the lecturn for this purpose); and in their chapter-house they also assemble on the vigils of solemn feasts, for that self-accusation, and submission to penance imposed by the superior for the more venial transgressions, still kept up according to

the ancient monastic precept, though without the corporal chastisements formerly inflicted at these public confessions. Instead of perpetual solitude in the cell, they have the daily meeting for meals in the refectory, besides freedom to converse with all guests; and animal food is allowed on three days in the week by dispensation, which, to be renewed, must be expressly applied for, every third year, at Rome.

But feebly could the Monastic Institute be advocated, if its highest examples were confined to bodily austerities (whose excess, often instanced to extraordinary degree in its annals, is assuredly alien to the spirit of Christianity), or to any struggle in the spiritual life aimed at self alone. But nobler and unchanging claims are presented, and by such the Camaldoli sanctuary has been for ages distinguished, in high consistency with the worthiest tradition and precedent. Its charities flow in a perennial stream refreshing all the necessitous within reach. At present about 4000 peasant families of the Casentino are mainly dependant on this Abbey for subsistence; every mendicant receives food at its gates, and for some is set apart a pecuniary stipend, weekly or monthly bestowed; every Saturday is produced a regulated supply of bread from its oven (now, I was told, 600 large loaves) for applicants of the neighbourhood; and when the case of any destitute one who wants a bed to sleep on be made known, he receives from the fathers a kind of letter of credit to his parish priest, empowering the latter to supply, to their account, articles requisite. It was in 1848 their charities were more fully systematized to the extent since carried out year after year—the community having then, perhaps, wisely interpreted the signs of the times, as particularly threatening to *their* Institutions among other interests endangered by Revolution. And it was about the same period, I believe, that they received warning from a notorious brigand chief to supply a large sum of money by a given date, under threat of an armed invasion; after deliberating a time, they consented, sending word to the spoiler that he might come for his prize on a certain day; but before that day arrived they

heard of his death in a scuffle with the armed police, and not one sou of that money would they touch for their own use, dedicating it (so to say) to the Treasury of the Temple by distribution of the whole in alms! Under existing circumstances this community cannot but anticipate possible dangers to their peaceful asylum and social rights; which apprehension, I could perceive, they were possessed by, though tranquil, and never (in my hearing) giving way to bitterness or political animosities. In the year 1498 this Abbey was twice attacked by military violence: in the first instance entered by night, while the monks were at office, by infantry and cavalry forces under the command of Piero de' Medici, in a desperate attempt to recover his forfeited ill-gotten power over Florence; but, the second time, a force of 800, led in the same cause by the Duke of Urbino, was actually kept at bay by the valiant monks from sunrise to sunset, and finally baffled, with much slaughter (1) after vain attempts by fire and sword, by escalade and all other expedients of regular sieges!

(4) Forty killed, and several others, including the Duke himself, wounded. In 1450 another intended assault, by a company of brigands rather than soldiers, bent on the pillage of treasures supposed to have been deposited here for safety during civil war, was averted by a dense cold mist that rendered the monastery invisible even by day. The puissant Abbot, Basilio Nardi, not only defended Camaldoli from the Medici faction, but liberated the entire province from those emigrants in league with the Venetians against their country's freedom. He was appointed Captain of the Republic; and in 1504 again took arms to defend its territory against Cæsar Borgia. Vasari introduces him in one of his battle-pieces on the walls of the Council Hall at the Palazzo Vecchio. The now suppressed Convent of *S. Felice*, in Florence, where he died, was one of the eleven establishments of this Order in Tuscany, now reduced to only two. Another Florentine residence of theirs, which has vanished, gave its name to a district (properly that of *S. Frediano*) still surviving in popular use; and the term *Camaldolest*, applied to a local population, mostly of artisans, in this city, bears associations oddly contrasted with the original and venerable sense conveyed in that word; these profane Camaldolese having here

To behold how the precept and example of St. Romuald are still carried out, we must ascend from the *Badia* to the *Eremo*; a walk of about an hour through that forest whose solemn beauty, with the twilight and sense of seclusion, the silence and impenetrable umbrage of the everlasting pines, admirably suit the purlieus of a sacred retreat, where for 800 years has been maintained so marvellous an example of austerities, and renunciation of all the world's denizens live to enjoy or pursue. After making this ascent at different hours, my impression was that towards noon its scenery becomes most fascinating, if less awfully beautiful: then, we might fancy the revels of fairies, amidst the play of emerald light across the gloom, in those shades. And there is an embowered amphitheatre shut in by pillar-like files of lofty trees, its pavement of greensward freshened by the waters of a shallow pool, that seems fit trysting-place for preternatural beings or enchantress-spells like those Tasso has interwoven in epic verse. But the steep path soon brings us in sight of objects that dispel all profane associations: three plain wooden crosses on a grassy platform against the background of forest above, marking the limits of the demesne, within which no females are allowed by Camaldolese rule to enter. Passing these, we ascend through an avenue where the pines close overhead with still deeper gloom, and the perspective still more resembles the aisles of Gothic architecture, till at last we emerge on a wide platform commanding views of far-receding woodland and mountains, on one side bounded by low grey buildings with two weather-beaten belfries, enclosed within walls entered by a wicket-gate under an archway, but not before a bell has been rung, whose sound almost startles in the stillness. On the left opens a little chapel, inviting to solitary worship by its altar and beautiful relief of the Blessed Virgin and Child with Angels,

a renown for manners and speech analogous to that of *Trasteverini* in Rome—their dialect harsh and truncate, but their phrases and proverbs considered by good judges the genuine ore of the *patria lingua* in its native simplicity; and so racy that Lorenzo Lippi interwove much of it in the octaves of his *Malmantile*.

a terra cotta by Della Robbia. My first visit was at sunset, an hour of grandly subdued effects amid such scenery; but next morning I returned for the fuller inspection it was then too late to secure, in company with an intelligent Priest of the Conventual Franciscans. Received most courteously by a Padre who had been the canon of a cathedral, we were first conducted to the church whilst the community were chanting office; on the way whither an epigraph caught my attention, to the memory of a lay-brother who, discharging the duties of porter, was a model in his humble sphere, and died in the last century at the age of 112—*non morbo sed senio confectus*, a rare example of the longevity attainable in this austere, but most tranquil existence. The temple, profusely ornate with fret-work, gilding, stucco-reliefs, and fresco-painting, seems scarce in keeping with the character of this Order or the impressive solitude around; nor does it contain any vestige of antiquity, the entire premises having been twice destroyed by fire, and twice restored, in the thirteenth century, not to say how often repaired or altered in later times. St. Romuald's pictured story, carried along the upper walls, displays that academic and theatrical manner peculiar to the Italian school of the last two centuries, except indeed one fresco, conceived with more devotional and quiet feeling, the Vision of St. Romuald, who sees his monks ascending a luminous scale heavenward, by an artist named Drago, of Florence. (The same vision is represented, with inferior skill, in a chapel on the spot where it appeared, suggesting to the Founder of this Order the white habit thus first adopted). The Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, by Vasari, are a miniature series on panel, more pleasing than that artist's larger works, for the most part, prove; and in one chapel stands a bronze crucifix, with St. Romuald in marble kneeling below, the former by Giambologna, wrought in his happiest manner, and affectingly truthful. Near the high altar is a credence-table adorned with graceful *intaglio* reliefs (walnut), designed by the present Padre Maggiore, by whose hand also are two spirited statuettes—SS. Romuald and Benedict—in coloured clay. In different parts of the

church hang pictures, mostly copied from great masters—some few original (but these inferior)—by a lately deceased monk named Raffaello, who had certainly talent.

When we entered, a curtain, drawn across the chancel-doorway, concealed the choir, within which the Fathers were at their stalls, from an outer church, or atrium, where the lay-brothers were kneeling; and the slow, measured chant from these invisible worshippers had a certain mysterious effect. My companion, the Franciscan, was asked to celebrate Mass in the cell of St. Romuald, restored, 1726, on the site and exactly on the plan (if not with the very material) of that inhabited by the saintly founder, whilst but five disciples were assembled on this spot in his nascent order. A vestibule, like a narrow corridor, running along one side, a low but sufficiently roomy cell, containing the bed, with at one angle a fire-place, a little chapel, and a tiny cabinet, with just space to kneel before the crucifix and skull placed on a table, and a neat enclosed garden in front—such the antique domicile forming the *norma* to which all the other hermitages conform in plan, scale, arrangement; their inner walls and wainscoting of massive boards, and on an upper floor a deposit of wood for the fire constantly kept burning, as requisite either against cold or damp. On entering any occupied cell, the visitor announces himself by a *Deo gratias*, after which salutation I was admitted into one by the same Father who had first received us, to see the body of a recluse (dedicated to that life in strictest sense by never leaving his cell), who died, in odour of sanctity, 1478, and whose remains, disinterred about fifty years ago, in a mummy-like state, with the dried and blackened skin preserved, lie in the monastic habit, within a couch under a movable cover, in a cabinet entered off the chamber of the *Padre*, who desires to have this *memento mori* perpetually near.

The library, restored with much trouble in 1854, now contains 5,000 volumes (but a residue of its former wealth), in a large airy hall, built 1622, where inmates may study, or else take away books to their cells, at pleasure. Still is it not only rich

in Latin Fathers, but respectably supplied with classics of archæologic and scientific literature, as Montfaucon, Winkelman, Grævius, Saussure, ec., and *editiones principes*, filling two ample shelves, their dates from 1476 to 1495; the oldest a Commentary on the Decretals, in Gothic black-letter. This library was founded in the fifteenth century, by the Beato Ambrogio Traversari, and in the following enriched by 400 volumes from Padre Giustiniani, a noble Venetian who took vows here, and afterwards founded the Monte Corona Camaldoli in Umbria. Mabillon (*Iter Italicum*) eulogises its Greek Codes, especially a Homer of high antiquity; besides which was a priceless MS. treasure, one of the three extant originals of the Tridentine Council's Decrees, with autograph signatures of all the Prelates assisting (now in the Florentine Archivio.) Under French sway, in 1810, Del Furia, librarian of the Laurentian, was sent from Florence to value the Camaldolese collection, soon after which, all its most prized contents were carried either to that city, or (the supposed fate of some) to Paris, none of the Codes to be ever recovered.

Twenty-four hermitages stand within the quadrangle-walls that bound this sacred enclosure, only at certain days or hours to be quitted by its inmates; but of these domiciles, only fourteen are now inhabited; and one sole novice remains in the separate row of dwellings for that class, in part taken down since the prospect of their occupation has ceased.

The first Constitutions of this Order, drawn up 1080 (though the year 1012 is the determined date of its foundation), prescribe about nine months in the year of strict fasting; throughout the whole of Lent and Advent, and four days in every week, a diet restricted to bread, salt, and water; otherwise, a perpetual abstinence from animal food, and silence save with especial permission to speak. At the assembly in chapter the Superior used, once a week, to inflict bodily chastisement for such venial faults as the brethren had severally to confess, a practice discontinued in the present modification of the rule; and the law of silence is now dispensed with for certain hours on three

days in the weeks of Summer, two in these of Winter. Every Friday is still a fast on bread and water, with a little fruit. At night each lies down on a narrow couch, like those in ship-cabins, a coarse blanket without linen the only covering over his hard mattress. An hour after midnight the bell summons to matins, a duty never omitted, though frequently snow lies deep, covering every trace of pathways, and blocking up the doors of cells, so that the labourers expressly employed to clear it away, must be summoned half-an-hour earlier for their task of opening a path from each hermitage to the church. My informant, the Father ex-Canon, told me it had once happened that he could not attend that midnight office, his hermitage being actually buried in snow, too deep to be disencumbered till the sun had begun to melt it, towards noon. The duty of giving a certain portion of each day to manual labour, in the interval of seven offices in choir, is still enforced, and usually discharged by work in the garden, turning with the lathe, or bookbinding; in some instances, as the Camaldolese annals record, to the credit of the Order, by exercise of talent in higher walks, those of fine art. Supremacy over the whole Order is vested in the Padre Maggiore, who resides here, but only for three years in office, after which he retires into the position of simple monk, undistinguished among his brethren. Twice in the year this Padre officiates pontifically. Twelve times in as many months is allowed, for feast-days, the meeting at meals in the refectory. During the novitiate of two years, all the observances of the eremite life are strictly conformed to, so that the probation is a perfect foretaste of the career entered on after final vows; in his solitude, however, the novice pursues his theological studies for the priesthood, under professors, who give instruction in his cell, but omitting such branches of the ecclesiastical course as are superfluous for clergy who have neither to hear confessions nor preach in the round of duties confined to their own sanctuary. A singular form of intenser asceticism used to be exemplified within this retreat, by free choice of total and perpetual reclusion, confined to the cells for life; and

not a few dedicated themselves to this, as it seems at an outer point of view, fearful solitude, under sanction of the Superior, and with appointed consecration—a religious profession within the sphere of the religious state. In the Constitutions, drawn up 1575, is given the formula of this dedication: the Mass of the Holy Spirit was to be celebrated, afterwards all to accompany the recluse in procession to his cell, reciting the Penitential Psalms, the Padre Maggiore walking beside him; that cell being blessed and incensed, an exhortation by the Superior, and prayers ensued; finally all embraced the recluse before leaving him to his sacrificial solitude, that renewed the examples of the Thebaid, the anchorite-austerities of the fourth century. In the year 1510, out of twenty-seven monks here, seven were leading that life, which modern times have failed to exemplify, the recluse-existence having long discontinued. It is a worthier feature, not eliminated from modern observances, that admits in the range of duties the attendance on the sick poor, for whom a hospital, attached to the abbey below, has been open at intervals to receive ten to twelve patients at a time; and in 1790 these fathers incurred a debt of 3,000 scudi, solely for the purpose of supplying relief and work to the destitute in a distressed season.

As usual, in the vicissitudes of monastic story, that which was planted in humility and abnegation—the grain of mustard seed—grew up into a stately tree with the Camaldolese Institute, which, from austere isolation, alien to all the world's highways, eventually rose into power and splendour, as wealth and honours were forced upon it by an enthusiastic veneration. The Emperors Otto III., Henry VI., and Charles IV., bestowed or confirmed possessions on this Monastery, comprising three entire counties; and over three neighbouring towns the Superior ruled with absolute authority and title of Count, till the date when feudalism finally vanished under the reforms of Peter Leopold, 1776. By Papal dispensation members of all other Religious Orders are allowed to pass into that of Camaldoli without impediment from former ties. During the proscription of the monastic bodies,

after 1808, though the Abbey was still maintained, the Eremo fell into such desecration that the cells and even lateral chapels of the church became stalls for cattle, while goats browsed near the altar!

More than a year ago was passed the law prohibiting all religious communities from receiving additions to their numbers, which, if carried to its last results, must again reduce this celebrated sanctuary to desolation, when perhaps a similar profanity will be repeated; and among these Appennines, where none save monks would care to dwell, nothing else than picturesque ruin be the future aspects of Camaldoli. But the rural population of Casentino love and reverence the Order to whose open-handed bounty they have had recourse for ages past; and if this intolerant principle be fully applied, it can win no increase of loyalty to the new Government—perhaps may lead to social disturbances the most serious.

[In two albums, extending so far back as 1817, at the Abbey, I read comments in various languages, with some illustrious names. That of Sismondi (without date) precedes remarks, closing with the observation (noticeable from such a historian) that « the peasants of this valley would be in far worse condition if the property of the Convent should pass into the hands of any rich Florentine proprietor. » Under date May 20th, 1837, I read :—« William Wordsworth, *Inglese*, grateful for the hospitable reception of these benevolent monks, and for the courtesy which, from the severity of their Order, might not have been expected »—followed by a lengthier tribute from the Poet's fellow-traveller, Mr Robinson. Simply the date 1840 precedes the names « Brougham and Vaux, » and « Elizabeth Fry, » below a religious reflection on the scenery and mode of life contemplated here—but from *which* of these companion-visitors? The hand seems feminine. From other English ladies I was sorry to find certain *jeux-d'esprit*, in metrical form, sufficiently flippant and little becoming. In the fifteenth century this Abbey became the seat of a species of academy for discussing philosophic, scientific, poetic, and other literary questions, in which the most

distinguished Tuscan *seaborn* in that age of enthusiastically revived learning took part; but when a certain Father attempted to introduce a similar intellectual *palastra* at the Hermitage, the Superior soon suppressed it, as inconsistent with the life dedicated under austerer laws. Of these academic sessions remains an interesting record, finely coloured by the spirit of Platonic piety and classic wisdom, in the « *Questiones Camaldolenses* » of Landino, himself an active member, and one of the most admirable Latin writers of that age in Italy—aiming at the Ciceronian, and now and then introducing glimpses of the external scene that light up his pages with reminiscences of the forest-beauties and holy calm within this sanctuary. The form is conversational; the principal interlocutors, supposed to meet at the Monastery, without previous concert, for refuge from Summer heats—Landino himself, Lorenzo and Giuliano de'Medici, Rinuccini, and Leon Battista Alberti }.

From their chief sanctuary we may turn to an affiliated Camaldolese Institution, whose recent fate has been calamitous.

Monte Corona is an almost isolated height clothed with forests of oak and chestnut, and crowned by a grove of pines, amid one of the loveliest landscapes in Umbria. At its foot winds a placid river through cultured fields and gardens; a smiling peacefulness and evidences of rural well-being, the expression of calm happiness, pleasantly enchain the friendly aspect of the grey building, a broad front, comfortably nestled amid gardens and orchards on the banks of the river, opposite to the highway. All in that outside seems to bespeak quiet contentment and prosperity,—to promise hospitality bounteous, as in olden times; for we at once recognize here the monastic home, venerable in its simplicity, well preserved though antique, entering within whose premises, neatness, cheerfulness, well-ordered economy are apparent.

Being one of a party on my visit here, we were shown first into the *farmacia*, where medicines are sold at moderate prices: then, after hearty welcome from the Padre Cellario, who received us, into the spacious saloon of a *foresteria*, where

was already served a dinner, so good that certainly the restriction to meagre (perpetually observed here, nor departed from in entertaining guests) entailed no hardship. At supper we had the society of the Father Prior, besides the Cellarer (though neither sat down to eat, but only converse with us); and the intelligent-cheerful flow of discourse, the anxiety to give and receive information, struck me, in both these Padri, as proofs that, in their case at least, the cloistral life had neither chilled intellect nor depressed spirits.

This Abbey not being one of the houses where the rule of the Eremite Order is strictly carried out, but a centre for the administration of property, and cure of a parochial church, it is not here that the type of that austere piety observed by Camaldolese in all their *Eremi*, can be expected or exemplified. For that *norma* of the religious life, we should visit the sancteary on the height above, whose administrators were the fathers resident here. These latter, twenty in number at the time of my visit, are dispensed from the law of silence, and the Office at midnight, transferred till their hour of rising, four a. m.; but here also each takes meals alone in his cell.

Besides the immediate premises, they have numerous farms, which altogether give work to eighty peasants, without counting the several lay servants in offices, garden, orchard, etc. Here, in a large plantation of mulberries, are reared the silk-worms, the preparation of whose produce the monks superintend, thus securing an annual average of 4,000 lbs of silk to send to the markets of Foligno and other towns near. Lemons are cultivated so that their fruit is to be had ripe throughout the year; and the castor-tree yields abundant crops of its medicinal berries, kept in a store-house. Looking in at the wine-vaults (after appreciating their contents), I observed one receptacle, never, I believe, failing to be filled at due season, whose dimensions reminded me of the Heidelberg « Fass »; but fairer sights attract within the ample bounds of that sunny garden—flowers the choicest and loveliest, obviously under the skilful care of those who prize their beauties.

The church of this Abbey, founded by St. Romuald himself, about the year 1008, still (though renewed) retains antique features, with a simplicity and solid dignity unspoilt by modern details: the aisles with groined vaults, the apse, with ribbed Gothic ceiling, and, more remarkable than the upper compartment, a crypt, divided also into aisles by three rows of low massive pillars, with heavy capitals in a rude Corinthian, very probably a construction early as the eleventh or twelfth century. Entering this church in the morning twilight during the Mass of the Prior at the high altar, attended by a few peasants, besides the community at their stalls, its solemnity impressed me; and in the stillness of that hour seemed, like the rite itself, eminently devotional. Not was it unpleasant to sit, afterwards, by the blazing wood-fire in the wide-yawning chimney of a great vaulted kitchen, apparently about as ancient as the Abbey itself, while away an interval till we were called to meet our friends, the Prior and Cellarer, at a breakfast of delicious coffee with goat's milk, seasoned by a winding-up glass of alhermes, a liqueur prepared in the pharmacy with first-rate skill. Altogether, this establishment reminded me of the traditions of those monasteries renowned for wise administration of the things of this world, as well as for higher merits in regard to interests connected with the next, in the olden times that first saw—

« A gentler life spread round the holy spires;
Where'er they rise the sylvan waste retires,
And airy harvests crown the fertile lea ».

But the hour arrived for taking leave of our hospitable friends here; to commence, in the cooler afternoon, the ascent of that mount on whose summit stands the sanctuary, towards which there is but the outer court, less especially consecrated, for attendance to interests excluded from the contemplative life conforming to St. Romuald's ascetic purpose and ideal. Pleasant was that walk through the noble forest scenery, oaks and chestnuts of dense growth, that occasionally open into glades, allow-

ing glimpses of far-receding distances, bounded by gracefully sinuous forms of height beyond height, with that blending of wildness and loveliness that distinguishes the Umbrian landscape. At last we reached a grassy slope cleared of trees, at the summit of which gleamed from the umbrageous background of pine-grove the walls of a neat, cheerful edifice with a small church and belfry, a large cross, on a circular platform in front, indicating that here, where a gateway and rails inclose the inner demesne, began the consecrated ground within which no females could enter. We were admitted into the *foresteria*, built round a little square court, and consisting of a parlour with five small bedrooms, where presently appeared the Father General and Father Prior, to the former of whom (head of this branch of his order) we had brought a letter from an ecclesiastic at Perugia; and cordial, courteous in every respect, was their prompt welcome, this venerable superior indeed retaining, with the dignified humility proper to his monastic rank, the culture of that he had filled before abandoning secular life, being by birth a Neapolitan duke (1). The Prior and Father Master of Novices sat down with us (but to talk only) at the supper presently spread, and, as also our fare on the morrow, creditable to culinary skill, alike with what we partook of at the abbey below. I visited the church, now faintly shown by the dim softened light of tapers: small, without any character of antiquity or grandeur, yet at this hour and under such effects informed with the spirit of monastic piety, like a solemn welcome for the traveller, on this solitary height, to an existence more calm and holy,—

« The world forgetting, by the world forgot ».

The bell tolled at midnight for the office all rise to join in; and, though understanding that tired visitors were not expected to attend, I was awake to hear that sound, followed by the

(1) In the cloister, Padre Arcangelo, de Martino.

faint echoes of chanting, for not easy was it to sleep in such a bed as that of a Camaldolese hermit (1).

There were then in this community thirty-four persons, sixteen being novices, besides two postulants not yet enrolled in that latter class; and one of these, who kept us company in the *foresteria*, like a guest on the same footing as ourselves, was an officer of the Roman dragoons, in the full vigour of life, cheerful, unembarrassed in manners, who had been preparing for this total change of aims, existence, duties, for two years, within that period visiting various convents, but finally resolved to cast his lot with this severe order, and be transformed from the soldier into the hermit, with example of that inflexible earnestness in carrying out a resolve once embraced,—one of the most singular and admirable among contrasts to lighter traits often presented by Italian character. Another father, one of the two *visitatori* in each *Eremo*, whose attentions were assiduous, nay friendly, had been in the Pontific Gendarmes, and, after fifteen years in the order, was still young-looking, handsome, with erect bearing that bespoke the military man.

The day after our arrival being St. Michael, a festival here, the Father General celebrated High Mass; but, as the rule allows no music, either vocal or instrumental, only the length of the rite, the number of assistants, and incense distinguished it from earlier Masses; notwithstanding which the quiet, the profound recollectedness of the worshippers, kneeling motionless in their white vestments, the monks along each side, the novices on the pavement in the centre,—all so impressed, that I can call to mind few Italian festivals leaving aught so deeply traced in memory as this. The church, like those of Carthusians, has a suit of separate chapels, satellites to the chief

(4) No linen is allowed, a coarse blanket being the only covering over a hard mattress; for, though at the abbey below we were comfortably provided in this respect, the visitors of the hermitage have to conform with the same mode of living as its inmates, except indeed as to the substantial supper and coffee for breakfast.

temple, all beautifully kept and decorated with a chaste richness, among their ornaments several good copies from masters in art, judiciously preferred to indifferent originals, and a colossal crucifix in wood (from Bamberg) that struck me as a noble work. As with other contemplative orders, so with the Camaldolese, is to be observed the singular fact that, beginning in austere simplicity, they have gradually attained a magnificence that now characterizes their Italian churches even more than those of less severe Regulars.

This morning, under the guidance of the obliging *Padre Visitatore*, we went over every part of the premises, and received full information as to the method here followed. There are sixteen hermitages, all opening on a grassy platform, without portico or continuous range of buildings, each domicile complete in itself: a tiny chapel, a bedroom with a library of some thirty or forty volumes, a smaller cell for meals, and a deposit for wood, also the open fire-place with the permitted (indeed, during the rigorous winter among the Apennines, indispensable) consolation of a fire for several months in the year; to every hermitage is a garden, enclosed for private recreation, and stocked with choice flowers—dahlias, geraniums, fuchsias, etc. Religious pictures and prints adorn every cell; and that of the Prior is tastefully decorated with miniature copies from Raphael and other masters, all executed by himself, and admirably; this father being a man of various talents, farther exhibited by another work of his hands—a meridian—small, but evincing the skill of an accomplished mechanist. Ornamental plaiting in coloured straw is another industry practised by several here, with a minute and delicate finish like that of feminine labour. The novices live in a different method, their apartments opening on a corridor; but the same solitude, silence, and severance must be observed by them also; the lay-brothers are lodged round a cloister without the separation into different houses. It is exclusively in the cell that studies are carried on; but the library is a fine spacious room with well-stored shelves, among whose contents I noticed, besides ancient Fathers, exegetical and

ascetic writers, general history, natural science; voyages and travels, philosophy (Plato, in Latin, and Seneca), also art-literature, represented by Vasari and others; the only poet I discovered, Virgil. The economy of the establishment may be appreciated in other sections: the principal guest-house, superior and larger than that in which we were lodged, but on account of some repairs not then serviceable, with a few staterooms for cardinals or other dignitaries; the *dispensa*, where the white woollen habits and shoes (stupendously thick, one pair serving for six months) are dispensed to each in season; the *lavatorio*, where every one, from highest to lowest in the community, once a fortnight, washes his own habit with hot and cold water, and a kind of soap prepared here by the lay-brothers; the *forno*, where each, professed and non-professed, learns in his turn to bake the bread, of two qualities, both excellent, white for the inmates, and brown for the poor, to whom is distributed daily not only such bread, but also good soup, without restriction of numbers; and as, on these heights, idle pauperism could scarcely exist, we may be assured that in this instance the principle of monastic charities can lead to no abuse. It seems, however, there is need of precaution, for when darkness sets in, two powerful dogs are always unchained, to be at large till daylight about the premises. Besides the various chapels opening off the church, and a venerable oratory, dedicated to St. Michael, that stands in the adjacent pine-grove, is another for the novices, containing good pictures, mostly copies, with one beautiful original, St. Joseph and the Infant Christ, by Camuccini. In the Infirmary, the patients have not only careful nursing but cheerful quarters; and in the spacious Refectory, on a few festivals, all meet to take meals together, instead of in solitude. From the cluster of hermitages, leaving the inner inclosure, we pass into that demesne overgrown by the pine-forest, planted by these fathers when they first settled on this mountain, which extends its circuit about two miles—romantic and appropriate accessory that seems to enhance the character of sacredness, the sense of perfect seclusion. From

the terraces at its verge, reached by avenues through these majestic woods, is commanded one of the fairest views; the far-sweeping Umbrian valley watered by the Tiber, and; among the heights of its sublime boundaries, some with historic names—Laverna, Somma above Spoleto, the long heaving ridge above Assisi, and Monte Conero, near whose farther base lies Ancona, and on whose summit is another sanctuary of Camaldolese in the Marches.

As to the story of Monte Corona, it was founded early in the XVI. century by Paolo Giustiniani, a noble Venetian already professed in this Order at the Tuscan Camaldoli, which he quitted to originate this new society with some modification of the rule; and at the period of French sway it had the good fortune to be exempt from suppression, still left in the keeping of a few fathers, who assuming the secular garb, were allowed to retain their library, one of the few undespoiled in Italian cloisters at that epoch. It struck me as proof of vitality in this Order (despite the opposing tendencies of the day), that, at this period, five new hermitages were being built for an expected increase of the community! In the guest-parlour hang views of seven Camaldolese monasteries in Poland, two only of which, much shorn of their possessions, still exist, the sole establishments left to the Order beyond the Alps. In the Papal States (considered as before late dismemberment) they have seven; in the Neapolitan, three at the present day. The novitiate here lasts two years, and is very properly limited between the ages of nineteen and forty-five, earlier or later than which it might indeed prove difficult to learn a life-task like this. The postulate probation required is forty days; and after profession all are sent to some Eremitage of strict observance (in these provinces to that on Monte Conero) to study theology for three years before admission to holy orders (1). Neither preaching nor confessing (for the public) is practised in their Eremitic churches according to

(1) All their superiors, the general included (whose title is Padre Maggiore) are elected for a period limited to four years.

rule; but at Monte Corona is one confessional for strangers. The abstinence enforced allows of but one daily meal, no supper, at least during eight months in the year, beyond bread and fruit, with a little wine. The office at midnight, slowly intoned, lasts 3 1/2 hours, but the lay-brothers leave choir sooner, and all have fully seven hours' sleep. One day in each week is a fast on bread and water seasoned with fruit. Such life, I was assured, though trying at first, becomes easily endured, and generally salubrious, proof of which was convincingly afforded by the fact that within the previous year had died, at Monte Corona, three religious between the ages of 100 and 104! the tranquillity, regularity, concentrated and quiet duties, as well as purity of atmosphere on this mountain, no doubt contributing, among other causes, to such longevity.

The leave-taking of these hospitable monks was more than courteous,—truly affectionate; and I must mention to their credit, that after our party of three had been so well entertained for twenty-four hours, on our offering (as usual for like hospitalities in Italian cloisters) some pecuniary recompense, they refused in a manner at once showing that the overture could not be persisted in without offence. Over the gate of the outer enclosure are inscriptions that affectingly compendiate the ideal and aspiration of the life led here:—*« In montem saluum te fac—Esto fidelis et dabo tibi coronam, coronam ubi gloria victoriæ significatur »*.

I can scarce express the feeling with which, long after this visit, I learnt the fate of Monte Corona and its estimable inmates under the new government in Umbria. The edict for suppressing monastic institutions having been proclaimed in this province, as well as the Marches, soon after their severance from Rome, its enforcement reduced these fathers to dependance on stipends at so much per head, in lieu of the property confiscated. But the well-known terms of this law at least guaranteed quiet habitation of their cloisters till the gradual extinction of the no longer recruited ranks by death. After for some time living on doled-out allowances, with a lay administrator placed

over the demesne no longer their own, they conceived (or rather the Padre Maggiore for them) the idea of appealing to royal clemency in hope to secure exemption, at least from the severer sentence, out of regard for the celebrity and long-exercised charities of their house. That superior travelled to Turin, and had audience of the King, who merely referred him to his own *alter ego*, Lieutenant of these provinces. To the latter the Padre applied, his last resource, and was answered that, since he had presumed to refer at once to the highest in a manner slighting towards the subordinate authority, he should suffer for it by the immediate dissolution of his community. Consequently, a distinct clause in the law being set aside to inflict exceptional punishment, as though absolute irresponsibility pertained to the Royal Lieutenant, these friendless impoverished monks were driven out of their ancient home, both the Abbey and the Hermitage, with the only alternative of seeking protection from the supreme Pastor, who received them graciously and assigned some vacant convent for their shelter in Rome—the result of such treatment from the civil power being, not only their expulsion, but total dependance upon charity. In the pharmacy at the Abbey one lay-brother was allowed to remain for the sale of medicines; otherwise these picturesque and pleasant cloisters, venerable for three centuries, are left (I understand) in utter desolation—perhaps, as was the fate of the Florentine Certosa after 1810, to be ultimately let out in apartments for families. About the time of this dissolution the Perugia Gazette published that the Camaldolese had attempted to support reaction by sending funds (after forfeiture of all their property) into Tuscany or elsewhere! but there is nothing new in the expedient of first calumniating those it is intended to wrong.

LAVERNA, THE FRANCISCAN SANCTUARY

One September morning, I set out with a companion, on foot, from the little town of Bibbiena, capital of the Casentino province, to visit that renowned Franciscan Sanctuary, visible from afar long before we approach the foot of the mountain, where, like a beacon, it looks down from its rocky height and dark girdle of perennial woods. After toilsome ascent through regions wildly picturesque, we find ourselves near the foot of a rock-barrier, crowned by the dark foliage of that forest, out of whose umbrageous masses an extent of low grey buildings shows rather like a substantial farm than anything else. Here, at the lower level sheltered by precipices, stands a cluster of cottages, one of which proves to be a little inn, more comfortable than might be expected, where, in an old-fashioned kitchen, a blazing fire and excellent wine, at prices next to nothing, were luxuries to be appreciated by weary pedestrians on a day of autumnal chilliness, that seemed quite northern. Leaving this resting-place we began the ascent, within the proper demesne of the Convent, by a steep but well-paved road, merging from a point where a little chapel reminds us by its dedication of the fascinating powers over bird and quadruped ascribed to the Assisian Saint. Under a cloudy sky reigned solemn twilight within the shades of that primeval forest, till, emerging on a narrow

platform, we saw before us a low portico with round arches, the portal of a church, and the front of an unpretending foresteria, or guest-house. Through a long gloomy corridor we ascended to the first storey of that portico, affording through arcades an interior view of plain, white-washed buildings with small casement windows, substantial, neat, but utterly without claims to architectonic style. A lay-brother received us with civility, and showed us into a large, quaint room, with gaping fireplace, one huge bed in the centre, a long table, and a ceiling of bare wood-work. Here, presently, was served a dinner, in the usual conventual routine, plain and wholesome; two ecclesiastics, now in retreat before their admission to priest's orders, being our sole companion-guests. Soon came the hour for vespers, a service at whose close the friars, forming a procession, left the Church in silence, headed by a large black cross between tapers, to pass through a long external corridor into the chapel above the spot where St. Francis received the stigmas on this mountain. Devotions of some length ensued whilst the novices remained prostrate, the rest alternately standing and kneeling around a grating in the centre, that indicates the precise spot where the Saint was in extatic prayer at that awful moment; finally, silence following to the chant, all knelt, to remain motionless with arms extending crosswise in mute adoration. The Litany of Loreto was chanted in the procession on its return from this thrice-holy chapel to the church. Soon afterwards a friar, the lowly sweetness of whose manners much pleased me, accompanied us over every part of the cloistral premises. In the church, whose circular-arched aisles, grave and simple character, claim the merits of appropriateness, if no other, the most noticeable works of art are several terra-cotta reliefs by Luca della Robbia—the Nativity, with St. Francis and St. Antony of Egypt; the Ascension; the Entombment, with SS. Francis and Antony of Padua (coloured, in tints perfectly fresh)—among that artist's most admirable achievements. A beautiful and affectingly mournful head of Our Lord, painted on linen, presented by the Cardinal Protector to this convent some three centuries ago, is said

to be copied from the *Volto Santo* at St. Peter's, and so much revered that it is always exhibited, after lighting altar tapers below, by a friar with the stole over his habit. The legend inscribed, *Vera Imago Salvatoris nostri Christi ad Regem Abgarum missa*, tells, however, a different tale of its origin and claims from that orally given. Near it is a large recess filled with relics, the one most suited generally to interest being a letter from St. Francis to his disciples at this convent, partly torn, but still legible in its clear, vigorous character—objects all exposed with solemnity on the 1st May. In the covered way leading to the Stigmata Chapel is a series of frescoes not without merit, illustrating the entire life of St. Francis, by Fra Emanuel da Como, dated 1670, and restored by Ademollo (an esteemed Florentine artist), in 1840. The cell in which the Saint dwelt when here, said to be the identical building of that period, is now reduced to a vaulted chapel, over whose altar is set a stone with a Gothic inscription informing us that upon its slab St. Francis was seated when the Saviour appeared to him, enjoining him to persevere, and straightway draw up the rules for his Order's observance. The Stigmata Chapel, built twenty years after his death, is a lofty vaulted parallelogram with stalls like a choir, and above the altar another of Della Robbia's finest terra-cotta reliefs, the Crucifixion, with the Mother, St. John and Angels, figures left white on a blue ground. Through the grating in the pavement, we see a small marble relief of the stigmatisation; and the five silver lamps burning before the altar allude to those mysterious wounds, reflected or imaged in his from the Redeemer's. St. Francis contemplating a crucifix, with extatic expression, is another fine relief by Della Robbia; and in another chapel is a stone model of the Holy Sepulchre, executed by a friar (1674), large enough to be entered when stooping. Near to this, in a cavern, a flat surface of rock, now grated over, is shown as the bed of the Saint during his frequent sojourns here; and among the rock-platforms around are the recesses in which his first companions used to watch and pray, overshadowed by the same woods still

spreading their dense umbrageous foliage, through which we enjoy glimpses of beautiful distances, cultured lowlands and majestic mountains—the fair and fertile Casentino valley, one of Tuscany's most richly productive regions, with its grand natural boundaries. In the library—a long, dimly-lighted room, with wooden panelled ceiling—I found the Padre Bellori giving his lessons of Moral Theology to the novices, and conversed with this pleasant, intelligent ecclesiastic, after he had obligingly shown all the gems of the collection, 7,000 volumes, bound mostly in vellum, comprise, in Latin and Italian, theology and general history—nor are modern works of more varied interest absolutely forbidden; Gioberti, Balme, Rosmini, Wiseman, Ravignan, being authors (I was told) to be met with here, dispersed over the cells where they are perused. The Decretals of Gratian, a *princeps* edition of 1483, is among the printed works most precious; also remarkable, a very old edition of Dante, with Landino's Comments, and a Latin Bible (Old and New Testament) transcribed by a Friar of Cortona in 1229, rich in illuminations, its text more valuable for containing the disputed verse upon the « Three Witnesses ». Evening arrived, we were shown into another guest-room where a blazing fire was a cheerful sight, and a well-spread supper table did credit to the hospitalities of this convent. Three other guests, arrived since morning, having increased our party, the Father Guardian, the Prior, and Economist, gave us their company to converse, but not partake of that meal with us. They talked like men who had seen the world, who possessed and desired information; and as for the guests, two seemed of the gentleman-farmer class, intelligent, and cured from narrow-mindedness by the awakening effects of travel—for I learnt, to my surprise, that both had visited London to see the Exhibition of '41. Having done justice to the supper, we gathered round the fire; high were piled the crackling faggots, bright was the blaze, rendered more pleasant by a veritable war of elements without—roaring wind and pelling rain—the anticipative winter of Apennine quarters—that completed, in this cloistral domestic scene, the

character of genuine northern, quite distinct from southern, sociability. How appropriately (it occurred to me) might my favourite notion be carried out, amid such cheery influences, of gathering some monastic circle round the hearth, for each severally to tell the story of a life, and reveal what world-experiences had led him at last to seek, in religious retirement, that peace the world cannot give. But early as halfpast eight our chance-gathered party broke up for the night's rest; and I, wishing to rise for the midnight office, was alike ready to go to bed at this nursery-hour, following the habits of the community. Soon after 12 o'clock, I felt, with my companion, the large old-fashioned room we had shared, to descend through corridors and down stairs, all dark (the wind allowing no lamp to burn), on our way to the church, reached not without difficulty. And on no account would I have missed that midnight office, awful in its stern measured chant, as the melancholy wind made apt music in monotonous accompaniment. It was one of the three nights in every week when this community practise the discipline, or scourging with iron chains, after lights are extinguished, during the whole period of a *Miserere*, chanted slow as could possibly be; and, in the total darkness, those wailing voices, dirge-like, but too subdued for anguish, the solemn import of the Latin verses, and the strange harsh clashing of chains, raised in imagination a vision of purgatorial punishment, with awfulness, yet not void of hope, more impressively even than the pages of Dante. Not only to ear, but to eye, as well as soul, spoke with adoring eloquence another passage in this night-worship, when all moved in procession to the Stigmata Chapel, and there, chanting to the sound of the fitful gust without, repeated with more effect the devotions that had impressed me at Vespers, brought to their climax of solemnity in that last act of silent adoration, the motionless kneeling forms, the extatic attitude, amid the sanctities and mysteriousness of place and scene. At six a. m. we rose again to find the Convent and its rocky basement completely enveloped in clouds, veiling all the outer world from sight. A breakfast of good coffee and

fresh toast was restorative before we took leave to plunge into that nebulous abyss in descending the mountain ; but not to quit the premises without inspecting the *foresteria* provided expressly for the poor, with ample kitchen, long refectory, and many bedrooms, all respectably appointed, evincing the regard for *their* comforts ; while beyond, an apartment for ladies (of course outside the enclosure) holds promises of not less than rural hotels in this country can generally afford. The trifle offered in return for hospitality to two guests was evidently the utmost expected, or usual, nor by any slightest hint *demand*ed from us.

Since its foundation this convent has never been disturbed, even under the French dominion that swept away so many things revered. Its possessions (by slight extenuation of the rule of poverty) comprise the immediately surrounding woods, sufficient for fuel, a garden of legumes and herbs, three or four horses, and a pair of mules. One hundred might be lodged here ; but at this period I found a community of eighty persons, 32 being priests, and four novices, whose studies are limited to theology. From these gates the poor are never sent away unsolaced ; and pilgrims, whose numbers here, at some festivals, particularly that of the Stigmata (17th of September), are immense—in the course of one day known sometimes, I was assured, to reach 3,000—are invariably entertained so far as means allow, night's lodging in the *foresteria* being given to the extent of the building's capacities, and even the church used for the same purpose. The convent has its pharmacy, from which medicines are supplied gratis to indigent patients ; and the druggist appointed to its charge will visit such with food, as well as potions, at whatever distance and whenever wanted, within the range of this district. In the last instance the festival of September failed to draw hither the usual concourse of humbler pilgrims, but many guests of other condition, mostly ecclesiastics,—such the gathering from which classes, that fifteen visitors had to bivouac for the night of the 17th in one room ! Only two days before my visit, 1,000 peasants, on their way from beyond the Apennines to a great fair in the Casentino, had

received hospitality here. Except the trifling property above mentioned, Laverna is entirely dependant upon alms, and 40 friars are out on the quest every day except festivals, the circle they perambulate including the whole province, and their gains, almost exclusively in kind, deposited in a store-house at Bibbiena, or in the few other magazines the convent owns, to be gradually carried up the mountain by horses or mules. Farmers and rural proprietors are accustomed to bestow so much per week, grain, legumes, bread, and at the vintage more or less wine, on these poor friars. But the beauty of the system is that, while supported by and continually appealing to charity, it is a centre whence charity ever flows: the balance of reciprocal bounties being thus kept up, the best justification for such institutions is perhaps supplied in the fact that they maintain themselves for centuries without suffering in credit or in means.

SICILIAN SANCTUARIES

Monte Pellegrino and the Convents of Palermo.

AFTER the discovery of the relics of St. Rosalia, in 1624, devout offerings soon supplied means for constructing the commodious road by which we now ascend Monte Pellegrino; and presently the spot where were found those revered remains, become a place of European pilgrimage (hence its new designation), was inclosed within a double chapel, contiguous to a residence for twelve priests, to officiate here with the rank of canons. This mountain, so striking a feature in the scenery round Palermo, clothed profusely by the massive, fleshy foliage of the Indian fig, but otherwise sterile and precipitous, boldly rising from the wide plain between its base and the city, is the ancient Mons Ertā, occupied and fortified first by Pyrrhus, afterwards by Hamilcar, who, with a Carthaginian host, for three years encamped on its height in the midst of foes, from time to time descending to battle with the Romans, or invade the nearer shores of Italy. The ascent by the winding road, partly supported on arcades, is easy, the views as one advances more magnificent at every turn. Not far from the summit is reached a long rock-bound glen, wildly picturesque in its solitude: here, on the morning I made the ascent, was sud-

denly heard from the rock-boundary a plaintive strain from the *zampogna* of a shepherd keeping his flocks on these heights,—an artless, but indeed thrilling music, that sent the thoughts to Theocritus or Virgil's Eclogues, and might have been compared, by classic poetry, to the flute-note of a faun dying away amidst the echoes of Grecian hills. A level path leads through this valley till, on doubling a steep headland at one extremity, we at once come in sight of the canonical buildings, sheltered by a lofty overhanging precipice, with a few cottages—one a rustic *osteria* for refreshment—that cluster around. An outer chapel, first entered, seems neglected and decaying, its only work of art a small statue of the Saint on a porphyry column, besides medallion reliefs of Ferdinand I. and his queen, the Austrian Caroline, two personages, the curse and ruin of their country, whom one would desire not to remember here. Thence, emerging into the open air, we enter the *sanctum sanctorum*, or grotto-chapel above the tomb, where prevails a solemn dimness, partially illumined by silver lamps pendant before the altar, whose light gradually discloses, as the eye becomes accustomed to such gloom, the singularly blent features of art and nature in this wild sanctuary. Its vault of living rock expands into the form of a cupola adorned by fantastic pendants, like the honey-comb vaulting of Arabian architecture, with a heavy network of leaden pipes to carry off the droppings of damp; around appears little of the work of man, save in the shrine itself; and the rudeness of the cavern-like interior brings into relief the splendours of altar and costly offerings, most interesting amidst which sacred objects, thus set in nature's framework, is the recumbent statue of the Saint, by Tedeschi, displayed dimly by taper-light through a double grating: as at the moment of death, a death that seems rather the rapturous transit to beatitude, that « melts in visions of eternal day », than a painful crisis of mortality, the ecstatic and lovely countenance, as well as the graceful form, executed with consummate skill, though this work belongs to an inferior school of modern Italian art, and suffers in effect from the cumbrous magnificence of its golden

robe, the offering, valued 2,000 ducats, from Charles III; the brow crowned with roses, also golden, a profusion of jewelled rings on the fingers, a broken sceptre in one hand, whilst a little angel holds a garland of gold lilies, to place this also on the head,—there is altogether an excess of pomp injurious to the artistically-beautiful and truthful in this figure. Doubtless, in this dedicated solitude, many hearts have been relieved from the weight of sin or sorrow, many burdens lightened to suffering humanity; and not, therefore, in vain has such costliness and elaborate care been bestowed in honour of the spot where the relics of a long-forgotten recluse were discovered, to give new impulse and tenderness to the piety of ages ensuing. Reflections on the purifying influences naturally derived from such a scene, one of Sicily's distinguished men of science, Ferrara, has recorded in his description of this mountain (see his « Stor. Nat. di Sicilia »).

The multitude of productions to which the story of St. Rosalia has supplied subject, in prose and verse, form a considerable series in Sicilian literature, and one most curious result of the devotion to the memory, whilst such little actual knowledge of facts can be brought to bear on the biography of the saintly heroine. First appeared (1627-31) two Latin works on her life and the invention (*i. e.* discovery) of her relics, followed by a third in Italian on the same topic, all by Giordano Cascini, a learned Jesuit. Not many years afterwards followed « La Rosalia », an epic poem in octaves, and various other poetical tributes to the same memory, by Pietro Fulloni and others. « The Rose plucked from the Garden, and distilled by Penitence and Love; Oration on the Glories of the Royal Virgin and Hermit of Palermo », by the Abate Tramontana (1690), is one of many effusions, mystically enthusiastic, in adaptation of this sacred theme to devotional literature; and the title in Spanish, prefacing the composition of a Sicilian priest, Calascibetta, expressively indicates the popular feeling entertained towards St. Rosalia:—« La Rosa di Palermo, Antidoto de la Peste y de todo Mal contagioso, S. Rosalia virgen esclarecida, fina amante

de Jesus, su celestial vida (1) ». In the literary annals of the same age are also mentioned two sacred dramas on this story, « L' Umiltà Trionfante », by Gennaro, and « La Santa Rosalia », by De Giudice, native poets of some repute.

Religious orders of both sexes, early introduced, soon became numerous, and in some instances very wealthy, at Palermo, where monasteries and convents at present number 64, of these 23 being for females. One traveller in Sicily, (1820), enumerated, within this city and its suburbs, no fewer than 71 convents, 8 abbeys, 5 seminaries, 18 religious conservatories for the education of girls, and 2 for that of boys (2), while, among a population of 180,000, ecclesiastics and cloistered religious then amounted to 40,000. Fifteen hundred is said to be the present average of nuns, who have much more liberty here than is generally allowed to the veiled sisterhoods of other countries. To their convents belong many of those overhanging grated balconies, that form an Oriental-looking feature in these streets, and from which the recluses can look down on the gaieties of the world they have abandoned; or, more consistently, attend with eye and mind on the numerous religious processions that pass below (3). Before the Norman conquest, eight monasteries, Benedictine and Basilian, existed within these walls; and even prior to the Norman epoch, monastic communities were influential for promoting intellectual interests in Sicily, as is the in-

(1) « The Rose of Palermo, Antidote against the Plague and all contagious Maladies; or, the Celestial Life of the illustrious Virgin St. Rosalia, the tender loving and beloved of Jesus ».

(2) Sayve, « Voyage en Sicile ».

(3) Several of those latticed terraces, projecting from houses in the *Strada Cassaro*, belong to nuns, whose convents are at a distance, communicating by subterranean or covered ways, through which the veiled Sisters, with the girls they educate, repair to enjoy the evening coolness, to tend their flowers, or feed their bird; on these high places, the gilt gratings effectually concealing them, but not that animated scene below from their sight.

ference of Mongitore:—« Cœnobiarum multitudo in Sicilia doctorum numerum ac discipulorum catervam mirifice adauxit ». (Bibliot. Sic.) The Benedictines obtained many Palermitan churches, by concession or restitution, in the years 1148, 1384, 1629. The Carmelites, migrating from Palestine, founded here their first European establishment in 1118, and had eventually six houses in Palermo. The Cistercians had, at one period, five; and one might be willing to believe what Matthew Paris tells of these Fathers (but not consistently with other narratives), that the Emperor Henry VI., among other bequests intended to atone for evil deeds, left them a portion of the ransom sent from England for Richard Cœur de Lion, to make silver censers sufficient for their whole Order, but that the honest monks refused a donation from wealth ill-gotten. Dominicans and Franciscans settled here in the thirteenth century, soon after the origin of their Orders, the former whilst their sainted founder was living. All the regular clergy, in fact, turned, as if instinctively, to the shores of Sicily for encouragement, influence, success in their several missions; but the mendicant friars had soon to suffer a sanguinary repulse: considered generally partisans of the Anjou dynasty, at the massacre of the Vespers all in their convents who spoke French were instantly put to death (Palmieri, Storia, Cap. xxx). In the fifteenth century arrived here the Order instituted for the redemption of captives, once so active in rescuing Christians from slavery. In the sixteenth followed the austere observants of the Franciscan rule, called Minims of St. Francis di Paola; in the seventeenth, the Ministers of the Infirm, or Crociferi (founded by St. Cammillo de Lellis); likewise in that century the Theatines, and Oratorians. But, above all modern Orders, did the Jesuits soon rise into importance, wealth, and ascendancy in this country. Introduced into Palermo by Laynez, second general of their Society after St. Ignatius, their first college here was founded in 1539; next, in 1583, their *Casa Professa* (for the finally professed), with its vast and magnificent temple; and by the year 1633, the fifth of their establishments in this city had been opened by these fathers, whose total wealth in Sicily, before the suppression under

Clement XIV., amounted to 7,800*l.* sterling per annum, equally divided over various convents and colleges, then affording education gratuitously to the poor, to all extern pupils indeed, and, at very moderate terms, to boarders of higher class. The number of professed Jesuits in Sicily was at that time 300; and in each city where they were fully established they had five houses distinct in destination,—the Novitiate, the Convent of Studies (usually called after St. Ignatine), the House of Missions (*Domus Propagationis*), the Casa Professa, or Gesù, and the Convent for Spiritual Exercises, or Retreats, of eight days, for both ecclesiastics and laics. The first Museum of Natural History that Palermo possessed was founded at their college, 1730, by P. Ignazio Salnitro, containing, besides other objects of scientific value, a collection of rarities from India and China. Among other regulars the Augustinians have here one of their greatest establishments, subject immediately to the general of the Order at Rome. One of the most extensive, though a poor convent, in this neighbourhood, is the Capuchin, at about a mile's distance from the gates, founded in 1632, and celebrated for its cemetery, occupying a suit of spacious, lofty corridors, excavated in the living rock, lighted from above, though underneath the cloistral buildings. Here not only the frars, but citizens of all ranks, in great numbers, are buried, the bodies, owing to certain properties in the air or soil, remaining partially preserved from decay. After being left a year immured in a vault guarded from damp and air, they are severally removed into these public corridors, and placed erect against the walls, the males dressed in a cowed habit similar to that of mendicant friars; the females, laid in a corridor apart, mostly attired as might be the living, and seen through the glazed fronts of their coffins, though many, scientifically embalmed, are placed upright: thus presenting, in their mundane costume, a semblance of life startling and horrific (†). In a glass case, is a skull crowned, with

(†) Münter gives an account of the mode of preserving these bodies different from that I received on the spot: they are, says that traveller, severally placed on an iron grating above a rapid stream, after

the name below, « Philip of Austria, King of Tunis », dated 1611. Some coffins are left closed conformably to the wishes of families, and locked up, the keys being kept by the survivors; and many bodies, less successfully preserved from decay, are reduced to the state of skeletons, merely clothed with the shriveled skin, the hair still growing on the head. Altogether such exposure seems revolting; but the Palermitans are punctual in visiting these remains of relatives or friends, as a pious duty, which some persist in performing every day; and a beautiful custom prevails of burying young unmarried females with a crown on the head, and a palm (both of metal gilt) in the hand. In this suburban convent I found a community of 160 Capuchins, supported entirely by alms, but dispensing in kind a great part of what they receive, giving food to all applicants at their gates, so that the average number daily nourished by them amounts to at least 100.

Next to the Cathedral and Palatine, the most venerable and characteristic Norman temple here is that of *S. Maria dell'Ammiraglio*, founded by George Rozias of Antioch, Grand Admiral, or (according to Morso) son of the Grand Admiral Christopher (or Christodorus), under Rugiero I, and completed (as an extant diploma shows) in 1143, since which period its original character remained unaltered till about the end of the XVI. century. when it was tastelessly modernised by the Nuns of *La Marturana* (a convent so called from its foundress, Aloysia Marturana, a noble lady) on whom this church was bestowed in 1436—hence the name now commonly given. The central apse and the whole western side, with the mosaics that covered it, were removed to give place to a modern tribune incrustated with marbles in barocco style; and other alterations, materially changing both interior and exterior, were at the same time carried out by the Vandalism of a corrupt age. Yet still the Marturana Church retains an olden solemnity, that might dispose to dream or call up

the entrails have been taken out; and, after being thus exposed for six months, became completely dried and incorruptible.

visions from the romance, the chivalry or tragic vicissitudes of that Past so eloquently borne witness to by the monuments of Sicily. The lofty vaulting, the colossal mosaics in quaint but stately forms on golden groundwork, the rich encrustations of coloured marbles and porphyry, and the Arab inscriptions dimly distinguished in the gloom, give to this sanctuary a character proudly mournful that disposes to religious awe. Fortunately preserved from destruction, among other mosaics on its walls, is still seen the group representing the coronation of Rugiero by the Saviour, with the founder, George Rozias, kneeling at the feet of the Virgin, above whose figure is that of the Divine Son, invoked by her prayer written in Greek on a scroll in her hand: « George, first of all princes, who erected this edifice to me from its foundations: Son, preserve him from all evil, and grant him remission of sins, for Thou only hast power, being God ». Mary wears embroidered robes and a long veil; the Saviour hovers above in a halo of glory, dressed in flowing robes of purple; in the head of Rugiero, whose figure is of smaller scale, a marked individuality may be noticed, this king wearing a blue gold-embroidered dalmatic, which, Morso observes, as well as the mitre-shaped crown held over his head, the sandals, and other details of dress, all except the *fascia*, a consular symbol, were ecclesiastical ornaments, conferred, significant of peculiar privileges, by the Popes, and worn by all Sicilian kings at their coronations and other high occasions, finally to descend on their persons into the tomb. In the XIII. century the judges of the Pretorian Court used to hold sessions, and a public notary to exercise his office in the atrium of this church; but its walls witnessed an assemblage of more momentous import when, in 1282, was here convened the Sicilian Parliament after the massacre of the Vespers, and the ambassador sent by Peter of Aragon proposed inviting that King from Africa to espouse the cause and accept the crown of Sicily, which being unanimously agreed to, representatives were chosen on the spot to convey homage and escort the King from the coast of Barbary, whither he had sailed under pretext of a Crusade, but with ulterior

views to this intervention in the liberated Island. Many other churches in Palermo, though less antique, scarcely less magnificent, well deserve attention; and there is generally, indeed, an expansive, brilliant, joyous character in these temples, that corresponds to the spirit of national religion in Sicily. The great Dominican church is a good specimen of the Romano-greek; remarkable for its superb chapel of the Rosary, rich in art and adornment of every description; and within these walls it was that the first literary Academy founded in Sicily began its sessions, in 1568. *S. Francesco*, originally a Mosque, is distinguished by the elaborate Saracenic architecture of its front, and the Arabic inscription on the clustering pilasters of its porch: *In the name of God, the pitying Merciful: there is no god but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God.* The chief church (formerly) of the Jesuits, vast and resplendant, clothed with inlaid marbles, gilding, bronze-work, and fresco-painting, is one of the largest and richest of the many temples (more noted for splendour than beauty) where St. Ignatius's followers were settled in Sicily. The Oratorians have another of the finest among the modern — *S. Filippo Neri*, at once solemn and splendid, rich in paintings of merit, richest in that exquisite altar-piece by Raphael, enshrined in a chapel all gleaming with precious stones; agate columns, and variegated marble. *S. Maria della Catena*, (the Theatine church,) so called from the chains of the port having been formerly attached to its front, is a building of the XIV. century, in warm reddish brown stone, of pointed style, whose elaborately moulded Gothic façade stands out, conspicuous with good effect, against the background of sea and mountains.

Besides regular religious Orders, Palermo has numerous associations of laics, dedicated to offices of piety or charity, and meeting in their respective chapels for worship every festival; eighty ranking as sodalities, more than fifty as pious congregations. The hospitals of this city seemed, under the Bourbons, well administered, and sufficient for all requirements. In the Middle Ages most conspicuous were those of the Teutonic Knights and Templars, who had seats in Parliament, their powerful and wealthy cor-

porations uniting the ecclesiastic and political character. In the last century was still kept up the hospital for pilgrims, as described by Pirro. S. Spirito, the greatest of these establishments now in being, receives all patients, supported by revenues amounting, at one time, to 32,000 scudi per annum. The mendicant Asylum, originally endowed with 8000 scudi per annum out of the privy purse of the beneficent Charles III, maintains about 890 poor within its walls. The Lunatic Asylum, with revenues of about 2,000*l*, sterling, accommodating 130 pauper patients, and a large number of other classes on payment, pleasantly situated in the suburbs, with extensive gardens and plantations, struck me as the best ordered and most cheerful retreat of its description I had ever visited. Constant employment or amusement, when possible; trades for the poorer class, according to what they have learnt; work in the kitchen and garden; books, dancing, and even a theatre in the open air, are means that have effected wonders where, not many years previously, the chain and scourge had been commonly applied to the malady most demanding mild treatment. All these patients hear Mass on festivals, and many on other days also, as their condition admits. The admirable Order of Hospitalers (Fatebenefratelli) have an establishment here in which, since 1836, have been reserved 150 beds for patients under homoeopathic treatment.

About a mile beyond the gates of Palermo is a cemetery, planted with cypresses, whose dark foliage and lofty stems are visible from afar, the extensive platform they rise from being elevated above the surrounding valley, so luxuriantly beautiful, in which the Sicilian metropolis stands. Spacious buildings here adjoin an ancient church, originally attached to a Carthusian monastery, bearing traces of past magnificence, though now most forlorn, inhabited only by two old custodi, and apparently abandoned to the fate which threatens, of total decay. It was once the intention to inclose this entire demesne with a lofty portico and colonnades, in dark grey stone; but that undertaking being abandoned after advancement to a certain stage, the

few arches complete only suffice to add another feature of desolation. The church, in no way remarkable externally, presents, in the interior, an aspect of gloomy antiquity, spacious, lofty, dimly lighted, and stained by damp: its square pilasters of dusky stone supporting rounded arches, above which rests the wood-work of a roof with bare rafters, exhibiting traces of paint. On the pavement, before one of the three altars, is a recumbent statue in complete armour, erroneously said to be that of Roger, Count of Sicily, who, we know, is buried not here, but at Melito, in Calabria.

To this church the Palermitan population was streaming for the Vespers of Easter Monday, A. D. 1282, when the massacre commenced which has become so great a subject for history, poetry, and romance. Fazello, the historian under Charles V., mentions an eclipse of the sun on the day its foundations were laid, in the twelfth century; and here, exactly 500 years after the blood-stained Vespers of Palermo, was formed the public cemetery, an appropriation of the spot carried out in a manner to awaken the remembrances of other and far more recent tragedies; for along the central avenues are buried, on one hand the victims to cholera in 1837, on the other those of the revolution in 1847 and 1848, and, apparently, the number swept away by each destroyer nearly equal. These sepulchres are all nameless, constructed of dark stone, without symbol or inscription; and those who can recollect the kindling of high hopes and proud aspirations that greeted the Italian movements of that period in their incipient surging, may well be saddened by this dreary memento of the youth, talent, and enthusiasm for which was prepared, in the sequel, an untimely and bloody grave. One turns from the mournful cemetery of Santo Spirito, with relief, to the prospect visible from within its boundaries: the city, with its many cupolas, oriental-like and splendid; the bright, blue Mediterranean; the precipitously bold outlines of Monte Pellegrino; and, farther, mountains of majestic forms rising in distinctness such as peculiarizes the effects of Sicilian landscape; the nearest declivities

of that valley overshadowed by orange-groves, with white villas and convents standing against umbrageous masses of plantation; the whole scene so brightly beautiful, that we might say it looks (in the words of Byron) « as if earth contained no tomb ». It seems strange that, whilst Italy, England, and France have supplied so many ideal treatments of the tragic story enacted on this spot, Sicilian literature has not yet produced, in poetic or dramatic form, any enduring monument to the fatal Vespers: as yet having appeared only prose illustration of this stirring theme on the Sicilian side of the Straits of Messina. Amari's history—indeed a master-piece—is remarkable for its convincing presentment of the subject in the light of a national, but not long-prepared movement, instead of referring so much as do other writers to the individual agency of Procida, erroneously supposed its chief promoter. Authorities are now agreed in considering the outbreak that gave such fearful celebrity to this cemetery of Santo Spirito spontaneous, unprepared, and immediately provoked by the insult of a French soldier to a Sicilian lady, whose lover killed the offender on the spot. But Amari infers there is no contemporary evidence for assigning even any part to Procida, or assuming any intent to place the island under the sceptre of Peter of Aragon, not whose sovereignty, but the republic, was first proclaimed, and for six months maintained ter the massacre. The much higher number given by some chroniclers for the victims at Palermo, he reduces to not more than two thousand.

Considered in connection with recent extraordinary events, Palermo's Sanctuaries acquire new interest; and, happily, new claims to respect established by those inhabiting their cloisters or serving at their altars. Shortly after the entrance of Garibaldi, one of the journals under the revolutionary government bore witness, « all the monasteries in the capital have vied with each other in showing what attachment to the holy cause of liberation prevails within their walls; all have sent (i. e. for the wounded) bandages, lint, and offerings in money » (*Unità Italiana*). Presently took place an affecting ceremony, the recon-

secration of the church at the Franciscan convent, La Gancia, first scene of bloody action in the rising against Neapolitan rule, April 1860 : sacred vessels and ornaments, broken by the royal troops, among others a Crucifix mutilated by a sabre-cut, some stained with blood shed in the holy place, were now carried in procession, with what effect to the feelings of spectators may be imagined. In the relentless bombardment of four days (during which about 670 projectiles were thrown against the unprotected city), twenty-seven sacred buildings, besides private houses, suffered more or less injury, including the venerably-historic chapel of the *Incoronata*, four parish churches, a Benedictine Monastery, two Monasteries of Nuns, the convent and church of the Dominicans, the Theatine convent, and the church of the Oratorians (see the list given in the *Siècle*, 10th July). But most desecrated and outraged was the above-named Franciscan centre; and the fact of its being marked out as a focus of revolutionary operations, leads to inferences, not hitherto contradicted, respecting the sympathies of its religious community. On the 4th of April, La Gancia was attacked at daybreak; 80 peasants, who had taken refuge in the church, were destroyed by grape-shot from a cannon posted in one of the corridors; a priest, one of the superiors, was slain at the altar! Well was deserved by these Friars the honour paid them by the victorious Dictator, who, because the bells of their convent had sounded the first signal of Revolution, presented to them another destined to ring for the festive commemoration of that day, every 4th April in future. Notwithstanding their first sanguinary check, the Paternitans still maintained not only their vigour and resolve, but the spirit leading to seek and rely on auxiliars of Religion in the struggle for freedom. On Sunday, the 13th April, at five churches priests on their way to the altar were greeted with *vivas* for the Immaculate Virgin—Italy—Liberty; and, at high Mass, the most solemn moment was signalised by the cry, *Viva Maria—Viva Victor Emmanuel in the name of God!* On the 21st of May, six days before the entrance of Garibaldi, in the perustration of the environs by the Neapolitan General, three

churches were pillaged, in this proceeding no more spared than the numerous country-houses either similarly treated, or burnt down. The almost universal sympathy evinced by the clergy, and in many instances the co-operation of friars and priests in the very combat, on the side of Sicily's liberators, forms one striking feature in this marvellous and brilliant history. But one body was soon marked out, and condemned for imputed unpatriotic tendencies, adherence to retrograde principles &c.—the Jesuits, proscribed at Palermo as every where in Italy, by the instincts and representatives of Revolution. Their expulsion, ordered by the Dictator, was effected without delay, so that very soon were these fathers in the aggregate embarked for Civitavecchia, where Papal authorities had, for the first time, to recognise unwillingly the validity of passports signed « Garibaldi »; and not long afterwards appeared in the new Palermo Gazette an edict to the effect that 18,000 ducats per annum, raised on their confiscated property and that of the Redemptorists, included in the same sentence (as this more modern Society has usually been, wherever Jesuits have suffered), should be assigned to the department of Public Instruction; their libraries, collections of natural history, and scientific cabinets &c. thrown open to the public, and the funds vested in their colleges by parents for education of children, appropriated to similar institutions for the same purposes. The Jesuits have, within recent years, fared even worse; but we might desist to see distinctly formalised and established the accusations justifying these, or any rigours against them, however patent the fact of general prepossessions against this celebrated Order throughout Italy.

The very last celebration of St. Rosalia's festival might well, for strange meanings and novelties, have thrown all precedents into the shade. In July 1860, the civic authorities had deemed it prudent to counterorder the public fêtes, in the then critical and excited state of the whole Island; but nothing proper to the sacred details of observance was omitted. It is well known what peculiar prerogatives attach to the Sicilian Crown in virtue of the legatine office conferred by the Papacy on the first Nor-

man who wore to transmit that diadem, with all its rights and titles. This office, considered, since the union with Naples, as vested in the person, not of the king, but his Viceroy at Palermo, though immediately exercised by the Prelate styled « Judge of the Monarchy », has been allowed a species of ritual expression at great religious anniversaries, when Majesty's representative, enthroned near the high altar apposite the officiating Prelate, receives marks of honour resembling those paid to a *Legale a Lutere*. On the 15th July, that year, St. Rosalia's festival assembled a grouping of display yet unprecedented, and contrasts stranger than fiction ever exerted itself to imagine, within this Norman Cathedral. From an early hour the National and the « Dictatorial Guard » had been on duty within and around the Church; presently, in all the pomp of Spanish etiquette, arrived the Senators (1) in long black silk robes, with sleeves and collars of gold-embroidered white, driven in two ponderous gilt chariots shaded by white plumes and overspread by the wings of the Imperial Eagle, heralds with drums and trumpets sounding in the van; but One whose appearance was greeted by the shouts of thousands louder than the burst of military music, came in a common hired coach. Entering the church, that man was received at the portal by the Archbishop and Canons with holy water and aspergillum, as royalty or its representative; and with this venerable retinue passed up the nave to the splendid sanctuary, a scarlet canopy supported over his head, that soldier in the red blouse who sat on the viceregal throne, his broad-brimmed Calabrese hat on his knee, his black handkerchief loosely thrown round his neck, but acquitting himself with all the propriety required by his novel position during the Pontifical High Mass that followed; after which ceremony, the civil officers returned in the same state to the Royal Palace, but now escorting in one of their gilt coaches the Liberator of

(1) The municipality of Palermo, as also of Messina, bear this dignified title, « Senate », being composed of a Pretor, and six assessors of patrician rank.

Sicily ; and there in the post of honour, the long-robed Magistrates opposite, visible to all through the glazed panels, was the place of the Hohenstaufen, Anjous, Bourbons, of the Viceroy of Spain and Naples, this day filled by Garibaldi !

Monreale.

The Monastic Institutions of Sicily were early developed with an extent of privilege, prosperity, and splendour, almost unparalleled ; and their sanctuaries soon became, after the conquest of the Normans, especially under William II. (1166-89), conspicuous to that degree that still impresses. By the great saint, Gregory I., were founded and endowed six monasteries of his own (the Benedictine) Order in this Island. On the final extinction of the Saracenic rule, 1060, about the same number, out of many deserted, are supposed to have been still inhabited ; and numerous ruins attest how many must have fallen into decay, from violence or poverty, within the two centuries of Moslem sway over Sicily. Here did the venerable retreats of piety and learning remain, almost alone in Europe, exempted from the shocks of political tempest, at the close of the last and opening of the present century, that elsewhere spared nothing, left nothing untouched by more or less radical change. The Sicilian Benedictine abbeys are still among the first, for opulence and beauty, in the Catholic world ; that at Catania has been the recognised royal residence of the reigning family whenever visitors to the city at the foot of Etna. The same monastery and S. Martino (near Palermo) contain two of the most precious archæologic museums south of the Alps ; and Monreale is the wealthiest of the four metropolitan Sees, with four suffragans in its province. Remembering the luxuriant loveliness around its sacred pile, I retained a mental picture of this last which received a sort of obscurity from the intelligence that, for the sake of its commanding height, about three miles inland from Palermo, it had been made a strategic point for the last few days before the victorious

entrance of Garibaldi into that city, on the 27th May. How fared the peaceful inmates of those cloisters, and of the picturesque little town adjacent, on the same eminence, was not stated by newspaper reports; but at this juncture in the story of the Sicilian people and their church, some notice of that truly regal sanctuary may not be without interest.

The Norman William, first of that name to reign in this island (1154-66), remorseless and voluptuous, but apparently led into evil rather by perfidious counsellors than innate perversity, abandoned to unworthy favourites and pleasures, shut himself up in the impenetrable recesses of a gorgeous palace, more like an Eastern sultan than a Christian legislator. (1) Posterity's inexorable judgment was pronounced in the epithet current soon after his death, « William the Bad »; and a legend sprang from the same traditional hatred, recording how he had buried in a hill-side his vast ill-gotten wealth, and diverted the course of a stream thus perpetually to conceal the unhallowed spot; but before many months had passed, his son and successor was admonished in a dream, or by a vision of the Blessed Virgin, where that wasted treasure lay hid, and « William the Good » (in all respects contrasted with his father) having sent workmen to dig, presently were disinterred the gold and gems,

(4) By him was ratified, with Adrian IV., the treaty placing Sicily under a species of vassalage to the Holy See; and some Sicilian historians go so far as to assume that the evil counsellor, Majoni, Grand Admiral, and treacherous favourite of this king, who conspired to obtain the crown for himself, actually brought about this convention in order to expose William to the odium of his subjects. In the year 1156, in a church near Beneventum, did this Norman king receive investiture, with solemn ceremonial, from the English Pope, of the Sicilian kingdom, the Duchy of Apulia, the princedoms of Naples, Capua, Amalfi, and the Marches, on condition of annual tribute to Rome, in 600 *schifata* (the coin equivalent to a Spanish doubloon, about 72 francs), for Apulia, and 500 for the Marches, after which formalities William presented to the Pontiff and cardinals a profusion of gifts, wrought silver and gold, silken draperies, etc., evincing what the wealth and manufacturing skill of the Sicilians must then have been (*v. Giannone and Palmeri*).

to dedicate which in act of gratitude to Heaven, this worthier descendant of the great Ruggiero determined to erect a sanctuary on the spot. Conformably with this intent, arose on the height of Monte Capeto, at the southern extremity of the « Golden Shell » (the poetic name given to the Palermitan valley), the vast and stately church, with contiguous cloisters, founded by this king in 1174; and the conviction that zeal in the service of God was the surest means to win blessings and prosperity on his kingdom and dynasty, is the distinctly avowed motive of his undertaking, as the words of his extant diploma, without allusion to supernatural intervention, still attest. Surprisingly rapid was the growth of that holy edifice, for in those ages the people were ready to work with alacrity, asking no recompense, at the erection of those « peaceful fortresses », as Wordsworth calls them. After only eight years this church and monastery rose in beautiful completeness, of the Norman Pointed style, but with other features of the Roman Basilica, (1) the cloisters richly elaborate, the cruciform temple with noble arcades of granite, three apses, triangular roof, with rafters painted and gilt; the walls one field of burnished gold, storied with groups from the Old and New Testament and ancient hagiography, the whole surrounded externally by a graceful portico, with colonnade of pointed arches, the façade profusely adorned by mouldings, pinnacles, reliefs, and Scriptural representation in mosaic, of the Byzantine school, alike with those in the interior. Denon observes, in this architecture, a peculiar blending of the Saracenic with the Mediæval Greek. Agincourt considers it the monument that most contributed to inaugurate the new style improving upon, indeed totally superseding that rude and heavy architecture prevailing before the twelfth century. Del Guidice, in a description, published at Palermo, 1702, labours to decide whether the artists engaged were Greek or Sicilian; but Serradifalco shows that native architects and mosaicists were, in all

(1) Length of nave and chancel, 304 palms; of the transepts, 130 | width of nave and aisles, 90 palms.

probability, alone employed here as in other temples raised by the Norman kings.

Fortunately are preserved the bronze portals, executed 1186, by Bonanno of Pisa, with the entire Old and New Testament History, to the Ascension, illustrated in their 42 reliefs—more to be prized because the only other works by that artist, the portals of Pisa Cathedral, were destroyed by the fire in 1896, except indeed those of the south transept, which present a similar arrangement of sacred subjects as the Monreale portals: historic scriptural groups in compartments, the Saviour and the Virgin enthroned above. Serradifalco describes as « the Assumption » the scene in which Mary is here represented; but not such subject (that I am aware) is to be met with in any art-treatment so early: the Virgin appears indeed enthroned, but in the attitude of prayer, with three Angels erect as *in attendance* on her, whilst before the opposite figure of Christ enthroned, Angels and Cherubs are *adoring*. The loss of beautiful details from the exterior of this thurch, cannot be remembered without pain. The external portico, the acute-arched atrium and rich ornamentation of the façade, with its mosaic figures, have disappeared; nor is the exterior now so characteristic as it must have been before the false taste of the *Renaissance* laid a disfiguring hand on antiquity.

But the interior remains in all its olden grandeur; nor shall I ever forget the first impression on entering this, indeed—

« Fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
Our hopes of immortality, »—

just as the shades of evening had begun to fall, while not a sound broke the silence, not a figure was moving along those vast aisles, or serving at those superb altars; and the colossal mosaic of the Saviour, looking forth and blessing from the apse above the chancel, seemed to dominate, an awful vision, over the sacred scene. Again, at the High Mass celebrated by the mitred abbot, on Sunday, the majestic gravity of the chant and

swell of the organ seemed in devout accord with the whole character of the temple; and when the cloud of incense enveloped that grand colossal form, above priests and altar, it acquired still more the aspect of dreamy awfulness. The simplicity of general design must have been more noble when (as Serradifalco clearly proves) the primitive building contained only one altar—having now, indeed, not more than three; as originally, in place of that of the holy Sacrament (erected 1129), was the *protasis* for the offerings of bread and wine, retained in the Siculo-Norman church, as to this day in the Ambrosian rite at Milan; and instead of the Madonna's altar, in the corresponding lateral apse, (placed at about the same date), stood the *diaconicum* for the consecrated vessels.

Singular among other features are the peculiarly-stilted Norman arches, enhancing, by their long-drawn colonnade, the effect of aerial loftiness; the granite shafts and finely-chiselled white marble capitals; the open-rafter ceiling, which, thanks to its diaper ornamentation, has not the bleak sterile look of similar, but not so decorated, roofs in the earliest Basilicas at Rome. But most striking is that solemn mosaic series that illustrates with epic grandeur the whole argument of Revelation, and, within certain limits, the *fasti* of the Church,—the ancient covenant, the progenitors of Christ, and the twelve Prophets forming one section; the evangelic history, till the fiery descent of the Spirit, another; the glory of the Church, in the miracles, virtues, and sufferings of her Saints, filling a third compartment; while the angelic Hierarchy, in circlets interwoven like links of a chain, extend high above on the attics; the Redeemer in the central apse, one hand blessing, the other holding an open book, with the words (in Greek), « I am the Light of the World; » and « The Omnipotent » inscribed above in the same language; below that divine form the Blessed Mother, with the Child and two Arcangels, designated as « Mother of God, »—« the Immaculate, » or « all pure, »—« *παρθενα*; » in the lateral apses, SS. Peter and Paul, each alike in attitude of blessing and holding a book, but with neither keys nor sword for symbolism;

and above, the martyrdom of those Apostles. These mosaics have analogies with the miniatures in the *Menologium* of the Emperor Basil, at the Vatican, showing the common influences of Byzantine art. And here also is represented the Greek hagiography in the figures of Veronica, with her miraculously-impressed handkerchief, and the stylite Saints, Simeon and Daniel, whom we never see in Italian churches of Latin, but only in those of the Greek rite. Arrangement—general design—conform to consecrated tradition, just as, on smaller scale, the mosaics of the splendid Palatine chapel, erected by King Roger, 1129, and still preserved in full integrity, within the Norman palace at Palermo—Foreign to the unity of these sacred groupings are other figures of locally marked interest, as,—above, the throne for royalty placed (by prescribed usage of Neapolitan cathedrals) opposite the episcopal, and a specimen of richly elaborate marble-work—the crowning of King William by the Saviour, who, seated, places the circlet on the head of the figure standing before Him, vested in a jewelled dalmatic, whilst angels bring the sceptre and globe from above (1).

Here, could we commune with the dead, might be evoked the shadows of crowned Ones distinguished by the blessings and maledictions of their people and posterity. In one aisle lies William

(4) Lucius II. granted to King Roger the dalmatic, crozier, sandals, and even mitre, as symbols of that peculiarly-privileged legatine office conferred on the Sicilian king, to transmit for ever to his successors, by the Pope. With all these symbols were their bodies laid in the tomb; and thus were found, in the last century, the remains of Frederick II. and Henry VI. (his father), on the opening of their mausolea in the cathedral of Palermo—strange antithesis, when it is remembered that both those sovereigns were excommunicated, Frederick repeatedly, though indeed absolved on his death-bed by a Sicilian archbishop! Serradifalco supposes the dalmatic, in the Monreale mosaic, *not* the legatine vestment, but that assumed originally by Roger, on his taking the royal title, in imitation of the Byzantine and Frankish emperors, this vestment having certainly been imperial *before* its adoption for ecclesiastical use, first appropriated to deacons of the Latin church by St. Sylvester.

the Bad, in a porphyry tomb on an isolated platform; and near him, William the Good, in a white marble sarcophagus. Deceased at the age of 40, after drawing up a testament full of sentiments of piety (contradictory indeed to his actions), the former was interred here with pomp; and again, in 1811, was his body exposed to view, on the fracture of the sarcophagus by a falling beam in a conflagration that fortunately caused no material injury to this building. Those remains were then so perfectly preserved that the description of his person by the contemporary historian, Romuald, archbishop of Salerno, could be at once verified; and the King of Naples ordered a portrait to be taken, showing this king in death, with the traits given him in history—tall, robust, and corpulent, the hair and beard red, the forehead narrow, the countenance handsome, but altogether unpleasing.

In 1189 was laid near him the body of his worthier son, prematurely cut off at the age of 36, whose preceptors in boyhood, and chief councillors in manhood, were both Anglo-Normans—Peter de Blois, and Palmer, a prelate. Generous, just, bounteous towards the clergy, strongly influenced by religious feeling, he seems a type of the beneficent and pious sovereign of the Middle Ages. The esteem of contemporaries for his virtues was remarkably expressed by Pope Alexander III, at whose desire the prelates and magistrates of Lombardy unanimously agreed that William II. should be included in the Italian league with the Emperor Frederick, while all attested that he was a prince who loved justice and peace; that he had so ruled Sicily as to bring about a state of public morals allowing the traveller to sleep in fields or on the public ways without danger, for verily « there was more safety in the forests of Sicily, under such a prince, than in fortified cities of other kingdoms ». If these praises be open to suspicion, as coloured by contemporary flatteries, it may be added that, half a century after the death of this king, they are confirmed in essentials by the chronicler Riccardo of San Germano. Strange that the remains of so virtuous a ruler should have been left without sculptured record

for centuries ! as they were till 1575 , when a superb mausoleum was raised by the Abbot Archbishop , which , shattered by the conflagration in 1811 , is now only an imperfect restoration , with the epitaph (of rare truthfulness for a royal tomb) « *Principi optimo et religiosissimo.* ». Here also , near her husband and son , lies Margaret , queen of William I. , whose epitaph is in the rhymed Latin verse called Leonine. And since the rites that consigned these crowned ones to the grave , no similar funereal pomps have wakened the echoes of Monreale , except in the year 1270 , over the remains of the saintly king Louis , first transported from his death-scene in the Crusaders' camp on the African shores , to this temple , where the magnificent *requiem* celebration was attended by the king his son , and all the flower of France's chivalry ,—that revered dust to remain here , however , only about one century , finally transferred to Paris , but not without compensation to this church from his then successor , in several relics , most precious being one of the thorns from the Crown of Agony , obtained by St. Louis himself from the Greeks and Venetians.

Not less worthy of the royal founder than this church is its monastery , whose vast premises originally stood within well fortified walls and towers , sufficient for protection against another Saracenic invasion , but now almost totally swept away. As soon as completed , King William invited to the occupation of these cloisters a band of Benedictines from the Trinità , their great monastery near Salerno. From that time Benedictines have been permanently here , never ejected , though at one period declined , their community being placed by Alexander III. under immediate protection of the Holy See , at the same time that he granted their abbot all the episcopal insignia , as , centuries before , Pope Zachary had done on behalf of « the Abbot of Abbots , » superior of Mount Cassino. In 1182 Monreale was raised , by Lucius III. , to the rank of Metropolitan See , and the new abbot , consecrated by that Pope , became first in a line of prelates henceforth bearing the high-sounding title , « Lord Abbot Archbishop ». The cathedral , cloisters , and territories were

exempted by Alexander III. from all interdicts or excommunications that might be inflicted on individuals, neighbouring places, or the entire realm; and sanctuary-privileges were conferred for all fugitives, however suspected or incriminated, from whatever pursuit. Jurisdiction in cases of conscience otherwise referred to Rome, was, at the same period, granted to these abbots. King William, his queen, and their courtiers frequently visited the new Sanctuary, so beuntifully endowed; and as the pursuit of pleasure also brought the nobles of Palermo to this picturesque spot, and the gay train, with horn, and hound, and hawk, were now frequently seen sweeping over these breezy hills to the chase, a town gradually rose around the monastery to provide for their convenience; and the former name appropriately gave place to that still in use, « The Royal Mountain ». Thenceforth progressed the growth of prosperity and influence, as in the usual exemplifications of monastic story; for, in fact, the salient features in cloistral annals convince, not only of the utility, but, under the circumstances of the past, the absolute necessity for those institutions. Even the darker side of the picture is fraught with negative testimony, at least, to the pure and high purposes originally embodied. At that period, so disastrous to the Church in Italy, of Papal residence at Avignon, laxity of discipline led to a decline of the community here, till at last, after the dissipation of the revenues by an imprudent abbot, in 1371, not one monk remained in these cloisters; but Gregory XI, having restored the Holy See to Rome, effected restoration here also, by ordering the four suffragan bishops of the province to select twenty Benedictines, approved for merits, from other monasteries, for the nucleus of a new religious family. The year 1473 is noted as date of reintegration in the spirit and discipline of the Order at Monreale, thanks to the zeal of the Abbot Dusimo, a Spaniard; and not long afterwards, his successor, Giovanni Borgia (related to the reigning Pope), received into this asylum the fugitive king, on whose head he had himself placed the crown, that unhappy Alfonso II., who shrank, unre-sisting, before the invader Charles VIII., here to find the pence

and security denied him on his throne at Naples. The laxity and worldly abuses that crept into the Sanctuary at this period, nor were uprooted till the Council of Trent, receive some strange exemplifications in these cloister-annals. Who, in admiring Titian's splendid portrait of the handsome but sombre-looking young man in red velvet Hungarian uniform, at the Pitti Palace, would suspect, in that haughty soldier and illegitimate scion of princes, an Abbot Archbishop of Monreale? Created Cardinal at the age of *twelve*, his enjoyment of additional honours by promotion to this See could not have been long, for Ippolito de' Medici was only 24 when he died at Itri, on his way to Naples. poisoned, as historians assume, by his cousin Alessandro, the tyrant of Florence. Yet are to be noted, in that same and the following century, abbots signalised for active beneficence and virtues, as, among other eminent examples, Ludovico de Torres, who founded the theological seminary, and a library, the aggregate of his donations; Venero y Leyva, who (1620) surrounded the town with strong walls, bestowed on it a court of justice, and further benefit by the levelling and paving of its hitherto neglected streets. A chair for civil and canon law was instituted in this seminary by the same Spanish prelate; and various musical instruments were introduced in the choral service, for which his successor, Alfonso de los Cameros, provided an organ of the finest capacities. This last-named Abbot Archbishop used habitually to spend 7,000 gold ounces (the Sicilian onzia, about 13 francs) in charities, when making visitation of his diocese; and left Monreale (translated to the see of Valentia), followed by the tears and blessings of thousands, after remitting all debts due to him, and distributing his personal property to the poor. At more modern date one abbot constructed, at his own cost, the convenient road, with fountains, by which we now reach Monreale from Palermo. Among spiritual peers in the Sicilian parliament these abbots exercised the third suffrage. Their double office has necessitated a kind of effacing (so to say) of the local in the general, the monastic superior in the metropolitan; for it is no longer by the abbot himself that the cloistral community is go-

verned, but by the prior, likewise styled abbot, whilst he who actually holds that office resides in his palace, adjoining the cathedral, apart; both, however, the actual and nominal abbot, sat among spiritual peers in parliament. The wealth of Sicilian monasteries, impaired, not by revolution, but through the abolition of feudal tenures and customs pertaining to that system, under the viceroys in the eighteenth century, is now, though still considerable, far from what it was before the Bourbons ascended the Neapolitan throne. When Ferdinand the Catholic reigned the abbey-lands here yielded in leases the amount of 17,000 florins per annum; and Monreale then received annually 1,000 florins from the crown for support of its cathedral. It is only about a century and a half since these revenues were estimated at 50,000 Roman scudi after deduction of 9,898 scudi for expenses of worship, subsidies, periodical charities, etc. (1); but at present about 2,000 pounds sterling is said to be all the income left for support of this establishment. The prerogatives of the *Monarchia* assigned to the Neapolitan Crown the absolute and immediate appointment to sees, subject only to a *placet* from Rome; and during vacancies the Bourbons used to appropriate their revenues. Consequently when the See of Monreale last became vacant, under Ferdinand II, that King postponed the nomination (for obvious reasons) nine years—the oppressor of his people thus oppressing the Church!

When I visited this monastery not more than thirty-two fathers and novices formed its community; small, indeed, relatively to the extent of premises. Intelligence and courtesy I found prepossessing,—when indeed are these qualities failing to the Benedictine Order?—in all I saw of its inmates. Of the ancient buildings little remains save one wing, with lancet windows, in ruinous state, besides those beautiful cloisters, with 200 arcades resting on light double shafts, fluted, spiral, twisted, interwoven, inlaid with mosaic work, chiselled with miniature reliefs, fabulous animals, winged horses, dragons, and other

(1) See Rocco Pirro's « *Sicilia Sacra* ».

fantasies starting out of the minutely-elaborate capitals—one of the most singular and imaginative specimens of their style and epoch, and to be classed with those celebrated cloisters of the Laran and Ostian basilicas, both belonging to the same century. Two impressive pictures are among the objects that rest in memory after a visit here,—one by Velasquez, representing the disinterment of the treasure on this spot by William II.; the other, a finely conceived allegory, St. Benedict distributing blessed bread to the saintly founders of all the orders that adopted his rule, by Novello, called (because born in this town) « Il Monrealese, » an artist, indeed, the glory of the Sicilian school in the seventeenth century, but little known out of this island and Naples. The library now contains about 8,000 printed volumes, and 800 codes, these last including not only deeds and donations, important to monastic annals, but many documents of interest to national story. By the present abbot they had been arranged (some time before my visit) in order for publication; but as the then Government, habitually regardless of intellectual and literary claims in Sicily, would advance nothing towards the expense, which the reverend editor could not meet from his own resources, there lay the precious collection, shut up from all cognizance of the learned world! Efforts were made, several years ago, to obtain the entire series for publication in France, but the Benedictines, very properly, refused all overtures for the purchase of records so important to this their ancient sanctuary. Some of these codes have illuminations; but one, a Bible of the fifteenth century, was purloined of all its gilt and painted initial letters by some dishonest curiosity-hunter! Of the same epoch is a Dante, in remarkably clear calligraphy, but without miniatures. A volume, printed at Palermo 1835, contains the « Catalogue of all Editions of the Fifteenth Century, and Codes of the Benedictine Fathers at Monreale ».

But another book, written in glorious characters, is presented to view from the windows of the great corridor, and from a loggia on the upper story—the panorama of the Palermitan valley and bay, city and port, which, if aught that Nature

can display be suited to elevate or tranquillise, might surely answer that purpose in the life of religious retirement, for it seems like a continued manifestation of heavenly goodness and love.

St. Martino.

So early as the seventh century the monasteries of Sicily had attained, in regard to wealth and usefulness, to the character of studies flourishing, and the number of inmates settled within their walls, a rank entitling them to vie with those of Rome. But, in the mournful contrast that resulted from the blighting effects of Moslem dominion, a totally opposite picture is presented by the Church of the eleventh century in this Island, where the Catholic hierarchy was then represented by a single bishop, just tolerated under the protection of the Emir at Palermo; and of numerous cloisters were left only about half-a-dozen still inhabited by monks at the period of the first incursions by the Normans, before the final and glorious triumph of the cross over the crescent. An affecting scene is drawn by chroniclers, showing how those deliverers, after one of their earlier successes, found a cloistral community engaged in prayer for that victory, whence was hoped release from the infidel and from degradation. The six monasteries founded and endowed by St. Gregory were all pillaged and burnt at an early period of the Saracenic invasion in the ninth century. Among these, it is said, was included that of St. Martin, about ten miles from Palermo, reduced to ruins that were used for stabling cattle till the year 1346, date of the restoration; but this account, once accepted on the authority of the first abbot, who wrote the history of the Benedictine monastery that now rose on this site, has been disproved by the diligent researches of Amari; and the latter, in his admirable work on the Saracenic dominion in Sicily, shows that none such foundation had existed previous to that on which the busy monks now reared their stately cloisters; if ruins therefore covered the same spot, they must have pertained

to buildings of different character. The new structure was completed in 1332 by the labours of the monks, working with their own hands, and residing the while in wooden huts thrown up for temporary accommodation around, the first families of the metropolis contributing what sufficed for their immediate wants, after the governor of that city, Rolando, had bestowed large possessions, to be held by feudal tenure,—such the high credit and ascendancy of the monastic institution here at the time the Italian Church, owing to the absence of the Popes, was reduced to the lowest stage of depression. A manuscript, on parchment, quoted by Rocco Pirro, describes the circumstances of this foundation by the Sicilian monks:—

« Istud cœnobium decoratum nomine, sancte
 O Martine, tuo suscepunt habitandum :
 Rejactis vaccis et eorum sordibus inde,
 Sex fratres, quorum caput extitit Angelus Abbas, » etc.

At the Imperial Library of Paris is another manuscript history of this establishment, compiled by a Sicilian writer in the seventeenth century, and sent to the French Benedictines of the Congregation of St. Maur. Under their newly elected superior, Angelo of Salerno (known in his writings as Sinesius), who first ranked as prior, then as abbot, this cloistral family comprised, before many years had passed, sixty fathers and novices; but that abbot, during the thirty years he held office till his death (in esteem for sanctity) 1386, received into the Benedictine order, for this or other houses, no fewer than 300 postulants. By him their new church was improved, till it became conspicuous for majestic beauty; and the revenues were so well administered that the abbey of St. Martin could exercise charities according to the high standard of traditional beneficence in this monastic institution, at its gates being daily fed more than fifty poor throughout the year; that too, it must be remembered, in a mountainous and still solitary spot, miles from any town or village. When Monreale, at some distance among these

mountains, rose after falling into decay, to be restored in the latter years of the fourteenth century, several brethren from this sister establishment were sent to increase the new community in those more ancient cloisters. Frederick III. exempted St. Martin's from all taxation, and Pope Urban V. from every interdict, with the proviso that doors should be closed and the excommunicated excluded before celebrating here the rites prohibited in other churches, whilst the awful sentence was in force. About the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Abbot Præcopus introduced in this community its well-organized system of studies in philosophy, theology, and sacred Scripture. In 1589 rose a new church with a cupola, but so defectively constructed that, after a few days, the latter fell in, crushing under its ruins thirty-four marble monuments, never, unfortunately, to be replaced; and for this the artificers, by the merciless law of that period (not, perhaps, through any unusual straining of severity), were put to death by the gallows on the ensuing festival of St. Benedict. The abbot spent 7,000 scudi (or Roman crowns) for the speedily accomplished restoration of that cupola; and 8,000 were expended by another abbot, in the next century, for the embellishment and enriching of the church with pictures by esteemed masters, vestments, sacred vessels, etc. The revenues amounted, early in the sixteenth century, to 961 Sicilian ounces: in 1647 (period to which Rocco Pirro refers) they reached 20,000 scudi per annum; and at the same time the community here comprised seventy-five monks with forty lay-brothers. About sixty was the number of inmates at the date of my visit, only fourteen of these being in priests' orders; and it seemed to me that the immense edifice might well accomodate some 200, the theological seminary and novitiate included; nor is there here the least indication of that neglect or decadence too often giving a gloomy aspect to the largest convents in Italy.

The road from Palermo to San Martino soon begins to ascend steep declivities, quitting the cultured valley for wild and desolate regions, and traversing a squalid village, Rocca di Falco (the hawk's rock), whose cottages, mostly built against the

precipitous cliff that rises immediately behind, have neither glass to their windows, nor the slightest sign of comfort; but no beggars accosted me, and something like industry seemed to redeem the otherwise wretched character of the place. The ascent hence leads into regions more grandly romantic, wild, yet still rich in the luxuriant features of a tropical clime,—olives, fig-trees, pines, fields covered with shumac, or with the unpruned redundancy of the giant cactus, and aloes shooting up their superbly tapering massive foliage, that in some parts extends a dense hedgerow along both sides of the rugged way. Suddenly we come in sight of a facade, vast in dimensions, that strangely contrasts its palace-like architecture with the barren heights rising steep and rocky beyond, and its girdle of woods picturesquely growing in scattered clusters, the oak and ash conspicuous beside the dark evergreen of the solemn cypress and fan-like pines. This facade, finished as we see it in the last century, on a lofty terrace, with mullions and stone balconies to each window, and Corinthian pilasters carried along a central compartment, seems altogether more palatial than ecclesiastic in character. Worthy of any royal residence might be the immense vestibule, with its broad double staircase, colonnades, and walls painted in fresco, its Sicilian marbles, and alabaster, in rich profusion; and, at one extremity, the sculptured group, finely executed, though not in pure or classic taste, of St. Martin dividing his cloak with the pauper, by Marrobitti, a native artist of the Bornini school. The church is entirely modern in style and decoration, heavy and ungraceful; far too much disfigured by whitewash and stucco to allow any effect of solemnity. But beautiful art-objects are among its contents: the stalls of its choir in walnut, with figures of saints and exquisitely-varied ornament in high relief; the colossal pictures illustrative of the Benedictine annals, by Matsys, and a fine altar-piece by Monrealese of the representatives of all the orders that have severally adopted this rule, including the military one of St. John Alcantara. The museum, filling an extensive suit of rooms, was founded by the Abbot Salvatore Biasi, in the latter half of the

last century, and soon became renowned for classic antiques, natural history, and Mediæval art, several of the former classification among its contents being engraved in the illustrated travels of Houel, who, visiting this house in 1782, was allowed to add largely to his portfolio by drawings here. It seems appropriate and worthy of the monastic institution, that within the walls of establishments so essentially conservative, invested with so many titles to inviolable preservation, should be accumulated records from the intellectual story of the Past; only one might desire relaxation of the cloistral rules for admitting both sexes to view these treasures bequeathed by mind and industry.

The ample collection of Greco-Sicilian antiquities, vases, sarcophagi, urns, candelabra, statuettes, and miniature busts; the Saracenic utensils in bronze; the complete series of coins of Popes, of the Medici and other sovereign families; the large and precious set of Faenza pottery, painted from designs (mostly mythologic) ascribed to Raffaele; the marbles, shells, sulphurs, etc., illustrating the mineralogic wealth and natural history of this island; pictures anterior to the invention of oil-painting; and, among interesting Mediæval objects, a beautiful triptych with sacred groups carved in wood, of the fourteenth century—in a word, the aggregate wealth of this museum would require weeks, not hours merely, for appreciative study.

Next to it most attractive at St. Martino is the library, one of the finest in possession of the Benedictines, and occupying a stately apartment filled by books, of which not only the printed, but the MS. collection is first-rate in character. Among the latter, I examined a Bible of the eleventh century, with many miniatures, barbaric, as we might expect in the then deeply declined art-conditions; a breviary, bound in chased silver, with vividly-tinted illustrations, presented to this monastery by Urban V., as the norma for celebration at the altars of its church; another magnificently illuminated breviary, of the fifteenth century, the work of a monk, who spent thirty years on this exquisitely-finished task; among printed volumes—a Chinese dictionary, the

Koran in Arabic, and a complete edition, in folio, of Luthor's works, with corrections and additions in his own hand (afterwards adopted in print), in one place being inserted, « *Ego monachus et papista!* »

Another treasure is the correspondence, throwing much light on contemporary events, addressed by Giuliano Majoli to King Alfonso and the Viceroy of Sicily, in the earlier years of the fifteenth century, when that Benedictine father was much employed in state affairs, being entrusted by the king in 1438 with a mission to the Bey of Tunis, in the object of negotiating peace: not only successful in this aim, he so ingratiated himself with the Bey, that the latter induced him to remain at Tunis two years, finally sending him back to his king loaded with honours and gifts, among other such tokens a sumptuous mantle of crimson velvet, still to be seen, converted into two copes, in the sacristy of this church. The « *Beato Giuliano* » was the title given by the popular voice, though not by any decision of the Church, to that able and energetic father after his death.

Passing from the library to the refectory, I could not but gaze long at its ceiling, to admire one of the finest frescoes by Novello (« *Il Monrealese* ») — Daniel in the Lions' Den, and the Prophet carried by the Angel into the Wilderness,—a truly noble work. Nor, *apropos* of the refectory, should I omit grateful acknowledgments for hospitality to one presenting himself (as I did) a total stranger, without introduction or claim, reminding me of the experiences of that French tourist above mentioned, who tells us how, after enjoying his stay in these cloisters three days, the usual period for every guest, he was allowed to remain longer on the terms prescribed by local rule, namely, that the visitor should, in some manner, make himself useful to the community or the church,—a requisite the good monks were satisfied by his fulfilling through the labours of his pencil, to illustrate his published travels, from their museum. At that epoch (about eighty years ago) some exclusiveness might have been excused, even in monastic hospitalities; for the same tourist informs us it was then necessary all should consign the sword

worn according to the fashion of the day, at the porter's office, because many depredations had been committed on these premises by brigands, who presented themselves well dressed, powdered and laced in XVIII. century finery, with the pretensions of respectable travellers desirous to see this celebrated edifice.

One might regret the absence of solemn forms and architectural grandeur in St. Martino; but, as a centre of artistic and literary wealth, of learned pursuits and well-directed munificence, this takes a high place among the sanctuaries of Benedictines. Neither during the convulsions or tremendous reprisals of the year '48, nor in the more extraordinary recent revolutions of Sicily, do we find it associated with any events or disasters proper to political annals,—an immunity secured, perhaps, in part by the remoteness and wildness of its romantic situation: but it remains to be seen whether an anti-ecclesiastical policy will spare or condemn the magnificent abbey of St. Martin (1).

San Niccolò of Catania.

The Benedictines of Sicily are eminently the aristocratic Order in the Church; and if what one tourist-writer asserts—that to be enrolled in their ranks were required, at this great monastery, four quarterings of nobility among the postulant's claims—be exaggeration, in principle this patrician character is still maintained; though I might except the instance of an Englishman, received into the order at Monreale, without any such recommendations. At S. Niccolò (Catania) the fathers have mostly, if not all, three rooms, a servant, and a horse, for the uses and attendance of each; and these cloisters are the appointed resi-

(1) As yet no confiscation or other disturbance has been suffered, under the new Government, in Sicilian cloisters, the houses of the Jesuits excepted. At S. Martino indeed some magnificent embellishments have been recently carried out.

dence for royalty, or its immediate kin, whenever such guests may visit Catania; not unfrequently used for this purpose whilst the Bourbons were on the throne of Naples. Yet this splendour and privileged superiority result from no decline, no dereliction from a higher standard; securing a state of life undisturbed and affluent, the Order affords a dignified retirement for the best connected and educated among the clergy, from whose ranks have been produced many distinguished ornaments to letters and science in this Island. Where the handsome and regular, but somewhat deserted streets of Catania verge inland towards the slopes that form the lower region of Etna, and a strange blackened desert, like a frozen sea of dark tossing waves, extends its rugged surface between the picturesque city and the cultivated lands beyond, rises the vast stately edifice, with a church of heavy modern front, still unfinished, one of the largest monasteries in the world, San Niccolò dell'Arena, whose revenues are said to be at present about 1,000*l.* sterling per annum.

Into this province the Benedictines were first introduced by Count Ruggiero, who invited them hither from Calabria, in 1091. Their first abbot in the community here built the church and cloisters of the present cathedral, St. Agatha's, and became bishop of this see, while his monks filled the stalls of canons, thus occupied long as this mode of identifying the cathedral and monastery continued in practice—namely, till 1568—when they gave place to a chapter of secular clergy, by permission from Rome. One of them soon afterwards founded an establishment at Licodia, on which was eventually conferred the church and hospital dedicated to St. Nicholas, already an ancient foundation of Catania, by a benefactor count named Policastro. In 1359 the monks of Licodia removed to the city; and the old buildings disappeared before their more stately home, completed, after twenty years' labour, in 1578, but soon destined to destruction, through the terrific earthquake that desolated Catania in 1693—just twenty-four years after having escaped from a danger yet more dreadful, that of being overwhelmed by the lava-torrent

that surrounded its walls, but still spared the edifice so nearly approached. Early in the following century the whole was restored in the present form and scale, with showy rather than beautiful architecture. Its front, on the inland side, overlooks an extensive terrace-garden, whose luxuriance of growth, brilliant flowers, and large-leaved tropical plants, deliciously contrast with the gloomy lava-waste beyond: here rises the tall oleander, covered with gorgeous bloom like embodied sunshine; the lilac and *dulcamare* blend their softer tints; orange-trees hang out profusely their « golden lamps » from dark-green foliage; and cypresses shoot upwards their solemn spires, funereal guardians in the centre of this scene, whose loveliness surprises the more when we learn that its ground is the same deposit of lava, spreading black and sterile (but for the huge fleshy foliage of the Indian fig) far around; when we observe the deep foss, traversed by a slight wooden bridge, between the cloisters and gardens, telling where the fiery torrent suddenly stood still, arrested as if by awe before the home of religion.—Emblem of those holy influences before which « the desert shall blossom as the rose, » this reclaimed soil, won from desolation by industry, presents one of those peaceful triumphs wrought by monastic toil, often met in the pages of story, but seldom thus palpably displayed to view. Built round two great quadrangles, the inner structures overlook other gardens laid out in that formal quaint style once favourite, and a portico of fifty-two marble columns surrounds the principal cloister with noble perspective. The interior is handsome, commodious, and in the best possible keeping; a grand double staircase of white marble, with columns and colossal groups in stucco relief, illustrating the Old Testament and lives of Benedictine saints, on its walls, ascends to lofty corridors, extending from 253 to 794 palms, on which open apartments so roomy, that to call them « cells » would be quite a misnomer. Of two refectories, the largest measures 143 palms, containing tables at which 160 persons might be seated. A community of eighty-four, fathers, novices, lay-brothers, fourteen being of the second class, was settled here at the time

of my visit ; and on three days of the week , when silence (*i. e.* reading instead of talking) is observed at meals , monks and novices dine together. An inestimable library occupies two halls, the larger measuring 115 by 57 palms , and lofty in proportion: 18,000 printed volumes , comprising 200 *princeps* editions of the fifteenth century, and 300 MSS., forming the treasures of this collection , apart from which is the *archivio* with 3,000 parchments, many pertaining to the earliest period of the Norman dynasty, therefore of value both for monastic annals and Sicilian history.

Among other rarities here are the constitutions in the vernacular idiom of this Island, dated 1254 ; a Bible in semi-Gothic characters of the twelfth century ; and a calendar, in Rabbinic Hebrew, by the Rabbi Emanuel , on parchment , date probably 1240, in the author's handwriting , supposed the original of another copy at the Bodleian. A Cæsar, printed at Rome, 1469, may be noticed also among many productions of the earliest typographic art. The museum, founded by Amico, a Benedictine, one of Sicily's most conspicuous savans in the last century, ranks with the finest collections of antiques, especially in the Graeco-Sicilian remains of the Island, disposed over five spacious halls; but since its foundation, little, at least in the present century, has been added, rather indeed serious loss sustained, for almost the whole of a precious numismatic series has been dispersed, except the copper and leaden coins, mostly Greco-Sicilian. For the rest, out of the treasures of this aggregate, may be signalized,—bronzes, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan ; lamps, Pagan votive offerings, and terra-cotta vases, with figures of beautiful design, mostly red on a black ground (a few red on black), at least 300 belonging to the highest class of such works in Graeco-Sicilian art ; antique bas-reliefs, evidently from a flourishing epoch in classic sculpture, and some most interesting for their uncommon subjects, as the death of Hercules on the funeral pyre , and a very curious scene of initiation into the mysteries of Bacchus,—the neophyte, a young female ; the hierophant, an old priest, full of odious cunning ; the other figures beautiful ; the whole engraved in the volumes both of Montfaucon

and Grævius (Thes. Antiq. Rom., t. vi.), who saw it at Rome, where it was conjectured to be part of a composition representing more fully the iniquitous excesses of the Bacchic worship. Mediæval objects, in ivory, porcelain, glass, comprise many for sacred uses or ornament; and a *presepio* is the handiwork of an ingenious monk in these cloisters, representing the Nativity, with numerous ivory figures, multiplied by mirrors, in a setting of coral, landscape-background and accessories supplied as in the carved and painted scenes conspicuous in almost all churches at Naples during the Christmas week. But there is another and more modern museum in this monastery, entirely formed by a single collector, one of these learned enthusiasts whose labours have added lustre to the scientific claims and literature of Sicily—the prior, Padre La Via, who has dedicated his life, as far as ecclesiastical duties have allowed, to the pursuit of mineralogy, and formed a cabinet of objects illustrating this science, which, if not among the largest, is certainly one of the most complete in the world—indeed perfect in its specimens of one class, the formations of sulphur, here exhibited in every stage of crystallization, in every variety of developments. One of two rooms is appropriated to Sicilian specimens, containing the entire story of this produce in the island; the other compartment has a wider range; enriched from almost all countries—China, Siberia, Chili, as well as the European, with beautiful examples of gems in their primitive state, particularly the ruby and diamond, of platina, malachite, and precious stones. La Via was formerly professor of agriculture at the Catania University, his lectures in which capacity are published, as also his scientific treatises comprised in the acts of the « Gioemia Academy, » founded at Catania in 1824 by his own co-operation with other professors. His chair in that university he had lately been deprived of, through absurd jealousy on the part of Neapolitan authorities, imputing liberal opinions to the venerable man; and the affliction was reserved for his declining years of seeing his valuable library in part destroyed by the brutal soldiery after the taking of Catania in 1849, though, indeed, superior orders to the royal

troops had enjoined respect for all religious establishments in that sanguinary siege, and the pillage that ensued (1).

(4) I have mentioned (p. 458) the fate of the blind Professor Tedeschi (deceased 1868) and his family during those orgies of military vengeance at Catania, but can now correct that account on authority of a most accredited witness, one present at the scene, by whom I have been personally informed. The Tedeschi family were in a house on the outskirts of the town,—the Professor, his mother, a son twelve years old, and two daughters, one a nun, who had left her convent in the idea of finding surer safety at this crisis by her father's side. From another floor of the house troops were fired on, as from other houses while the struggle continued, on their first entrance; not satisfied with punishing their assailants, they broke into the apartments of the unoffending also: the Professor and the rest implored for mercy, pleading his character, his position, the innocence of all amid these conflicts; at least, he begged, they should refer to a superior officer, who would guarantee and protect. They did so, and the answer was—the soldiery might act as they chose! There and then ensued (in presence of my informant, a pupil of Tedeschi), the murder of the aged mother, of the young boy, and a beautiful girl of nineteen, the outraging of her sister, a consecrated religious, who survived her wrongs with loss of reason in consequence, she being still a lunatic in an asylum. After the war had ceased, the Professor appealed to Filangieri, narrating the tragic story, and, for sole answer, was taken by the shoulders to be turned out of the room. The attack on Catania begun on Good Friday, and the pillage lasted till Easter Sunday, with loss, by systematic spoliation under superior orders, the aggregate of which was calculated (as I learnt from a resident) at one million sterling. Whilst these scenes were passing the King, whose troops thus served his cause, was attending the rites of Holy Week and receiving holy Communion from the hands of Pius IX in the castle chapel at Gaeta; his party, and his journalism, which styled him (as afterwards did that of Rome) *par excellence* « Il Religioso Monarca, » vaunting the sacredness of the alliance, the identity of cause between the Prince and Pontiff! But I know not how to describe the results of this and analogous facts (the taking of Perugia by the Swiss etc.) in the historic oppositions and inconsistencies of recent years, than as absolute ruin in the moral sense: as having, so to say, a dissolving effect on popular religion in Italy.

The amiable padre received me most courteously, and readily showed, also (still more to the purpose) explained all his treasures, answering every question with a patience I could not but admire, seeing how little my claims to his attentions or to acquaintance with his favourite science. Anxious for testimony from his own lips on the realities of late revolution and reprisals (1848-9), I heard from him report darkly horrific of the Neapolitan proceedings at that siege—atrocities, as he expressed, whose acts were « of a description savages would not have thought of perpetrating; » and evidence from authority thus respectable was surely worth noting; nor can I understand how, among Catholics, any should be anxious to gloss over or apologise for the disgraceful facts attending that royal triumph in Sicily, whose outrages spared neither consecrated persons nor sacred places, age nor sex. Is it not due also to the native clergy, who, to extent not elsewhere verified, have identified themselves with the late revolutionary cause in this Island, to consider what their provocations and motives in joining the ranks of opposition against the government that so easily fell before an invader, strong through the support of a whole people?

Another father in this community, Tornabene, still held (at the date here referred to) the professorship of Botany at this university, enjoying merited reputation for his writings—the « Historic Picture of Sicilian Botany, » « The History of Typography in Sicily from 1472 to 1836 », and other treatises.

As to the great church of these cloisters, recollections are most distinctly connected with the music of its organ, one of the largest and finest in the world, constructed by a Calabrese priest, Del Piano, who is said to have had no education in principles of mechanics,—a simple and lowly-minded man, possessed by but one earthly desire, when he came to lie on his deathbed, that he might be buried beneath this glorious instrument, work of his hands, which is capable of producing the tones of every instrumental music, to roll and swell, to burst in trumpet-like exultations, or die away in softest flute-notes. Well do I remember the Voluntary after High Mass, that filled those aisles with

strains of jubilant melody, alternating long-sustained cadences with wild clashing and warlike notes as from a chorus of cymbals. In architecture this church exemplifies the modern Romano-Corinthian, ponderous and faulty, spoilt in effect by the glare of white stucco, and serving (like others of recent origin), to show how utterly the grand old type of cathedral-buildings bequeathed to this country by the Normans, has been disregarded by art in the last three centuries. Profuse decoration is alone noticeable here, besides some artistic objects of merit, as a picture by Camuccini, on subject interesting to the Englishman,—St. Gregory I. giving the mission to St. Augustine for the conversion of our country; and, in the choir, the elaborate carvings of the stalls, in walnut-wood, a multitude of groups from the Old Testament, and statuettes of Benedictine Saints, principally the work of Bagnasco, a Palermitan. Inlaid in the pavement is a meridian of white marble, constructed by Waltershausen and Peters, when at Catania, engaged in preparing the chorographic chart of Etna—more than 152 palms in length, and serving to indicate the latitude and longitude, the declinations of the sun throughout the year, and the height of Etna; its figures of the zodiac from designs by Thorwaldsen. Some pictures within the monastery are superior to any in the church, as a St. Catherine of Siena, by Paolo Veronese; a fine but coarsely treated Entombment, by Caravaggio; a holy Family by Monrealese; and the portrait of that artist, by himself, in the garb of a Franciscan.

In the sacristy is a picture of the miraculous attestation of this church's most prized relic, a nail of the Cross: this a doubting sacristan had the temerity to throw into the fire for verifying of the tradition that no flames could affect it; thunder and lightning ensued, a fearful tempest shook the edifice to its foundations; and the terrified monks, rushing to the spot, found the rash sceptic stretched senseless on the pavement! This relic, a Thorn and a fragment of the Cross, were all bestowed on S. Niccolo by Eleanor Queen of Sicily, who died in a convent, 1342. In and near Catania the Benedictines once possess-

ed five monasteries: at this, their revenues are reported by Rocco Pirro as once 13,000 gold scudi per annum.

Besides other claims, these fathers of Catania possess titles that must insure reverence from all the rightly-feeling: they are not only learned and cultivated, but charitable to extent conforming with ancient precedents of their Order; a distribution of bread to the poor is made at their gates twice every week, to the amount of eight cantare (1,200 lbs.) each time; and a certain number of poor girls annually receive clothing from them.

THE PATRIMONY OF ST. PETER

On the evening of the 11th September 1860, taking a walk in Florence, I was surprised by signs of unusual excitement, and presently saw, on the piazza of the Cathedral, a throng headed by a standard-bearer with the tri-color flag, joined by recruits wherever it passed, and accompanied by the usual cries of *viva* now familiar here and in all the cities of united Italy. At a loss to account for this, I followed in the wake, till at last, at the windows of a principal street, the whole was explained by a document exhibited in many copies—the proclamation of the King announcing the invasion of the Papal States. It seemed as if all Florence responded in one emotion of joy; and as this demonstration developed itself, a regular procession of banners and torches formed in this central quarter, thence to cross the Arno, and meet crowds streaming from every ingress upon the esplanade before the Pitti palace. That wide space being completely full, and the coloured flags waving picturesquely in the lurid torchlight, a double file reaching across the slope in front to the great portal, there presently appeared lights at the windows and balcony, on which a group stepped forth surrounding one recognised as the Prince di Carignano. Exulting cries, *vivas* for the King, for Italy &c. ensued, continuing some time, till a gradual dispersal as orderly as the mustering of

the throng. Later, however, other similar companies visited the Pitti; and I sat at my window on the *Lung'Arno* admiring the fine effect of the returning groups, lights and banners and dark moving masses, that crossed the *S. Trinità* bridge, defined amidst the dusky forms of large architecture above the pale-gleaming river. But there was matter for sadness; and what a contrast here to the popular manifestations I had witnessed, twelve years ago, in honour of that Sovereign against whom defeat and misfortune were now thus eagerly invoked! No impropriety or violence disgraced Florence's populace this night; a lady might have walked among them without fear; no cries of *morte* were heard; and the very decorum, the self-command in the whole proceeding struck me as the feature most ominously significant of the irreconcilable feeling, the feeling shared by thought and intelligence, against the Tiara.

In ancient times, when Emperors of the West used to be crowned at St. Peter's, they took solemn oath, in the hands of the Pontiff, to defend the Church and especially the possessions called after the Apostle's name, « Patrimony of St. Peter, » a term now so frequently brought forward by journalism, perhaps but vaguely understood as to the true limits of its application, or the meaning attached to it at various periods. All properties whatsoever—houses, farms, revenues, allodial estates—conferred upon the Roman Church, were originally distinguished by this title; and the immense estates of St. Gregory I. in Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, etc. formed a Patrimony of the Holy See more than a century before the temporal dominion of the Roman Duchy was ceded, by free act of its people, to his successor, the Second Gregory (715–31). Even when this Duchy pertained to the Greek Empire, in the fourth and fifth centuries, the Vicariate of the Pontiffs extended far beyond the territories over which they eventually became Sovereigns, comprising the whole of the Neapolitan States and Sicily, Umbria, Etruria, Picenum, Sardinia, Corsica—in all which then provinces of the empire, when ever episcopal Sees became vacant, the necessity of consecration by the Chief Pastor, for the nominee of the

Chapters, was never disputed by the jealous Court of Constantinople. In their primitive circumstances, all property acquired by free gift was applied by the Popes to the maintenance of the Roman clergy and of the poor, to the support of the Lateran Palace (or Pontifical household) and the expense of lights at the great Basilicas—an item not inconsiderable. Even under Paganism the Popes were enabled, as did St. Soter (A.D. 175) and St. Cornelius (A.D. 254), to support a numerous clergy and the poor, not only in Rome but many distant cities, out of this fund so honourably acquired; and from early times the more important estates were administered by agents, usually deacons, chosen from among esteemed Ecclesiastics at Rome, who swore fidelity at the tomb of St. Peter before entering into such duties of secular office. *Patrimonium* was the term in use before the sixth century for an aggregate of ecclesiastical possessions formed of several *massae*, comprising *fundi*, or farms, in considerable number. The Sicilian lands yielded fruit so abundantly that St. Gregory (A.D. 590) ordered his agent, the Deacon Peter, in that Island, to lay out fifty pounds weight of gold in the purchase of grain and other produce. Giannone, a writer decidedly hostile to the Roman Curia and its claims, indeed asserts that its estates, though so extensive, yielded not more revenue than 1,100 scudi per annum. Of all these, and also the estates in Calabria, the Holy See was deprived, under Gregory II. and Gregory III., by its despotic enemy, the Iconoclast Emperor, Leo, before the confiscations by whom the wealth of the Papacy, derived from these and other sources, has been estimated at 8,500 talents of gold. In 872, were still possessed certain patrimonies within Neapolitan confines; but long before that date, the developments of the Papal Sovereignty had reached their more splendid extent by means sufficiently well known. Pepin, Charlemagne, Louis, had generously secured or restored provinces ever since held to be the legal, though oft disputed possessions of the Holy See. We have next to consider the most celebrated and munificent donation ever made in the Church's interest—that of the Countess Matilda, A.D. 1077, the famous

Princess, who at the time of her death, A.D. 1115, was reigning over the Marquisate of Tuscany, the Duchy of Lucca, Parma, Modena, Reggio, Ferrara, Cremona, Spoleto, and Mantua (only the year previous reduced to her obedience)—of all which dominions she made the Holy See her heir, by a testament which, the first copy drawn under Gregory VII. being lost, was renewed in 1102, with prospective reference to whatever new aggrandisements might be realised, under Paschal II. In the notes to the somewhat barbaric Latin poem on her story by Donizzo, a contemporary, this testament is cited :—« Pro remedio animæ meæ et parentum meorum, dedi et obtuli Ecclesiæ Sancti Petri, per interventum Donini Gregorii Papæ VII., omnia bona mea jure proprietario, tam quæ tum habueram, quam ea quæ in antea acquisitura eram, sive jure successionis, sive alio quocumque jure ad me pertinent, et tam ea quæ ex parte montium habebam, quam illa quæ in ultramontanis partibus ad me pertinere videbantur ». Only one authentic copy from the original, but in a fragmentary state, is preserved in a tablet, now in the crypt of St. Peter's, set within the wall over an altar in that section called Grotte Vecchie, where the most interesting monuments of the ancient Basilica are seen. The authenticity of Donizzo's transcript (given by Muratori, *Script. Rer. Ital.*, tom. v.) has been questioned (v. Cantù, *Storia Universale*, v. iii., Epoca x.); not so the *fact* of the donation, publicly alleged after the death of Matilda, but disregarded by the Emperor Henry V., when, descending with his armies to occupy the whole extent of lands and cities included, and now justly claimed by the Pontiff, he pretended that the feudal dominions had escheated to the empire, and the allodial, among those held by the Countess, to himself, as her nearest surviving relative. Paschal II. (1099-1118) first applied to the province of Viterbo, thus acquired, the title « Province of the Patrimony of St. Peter, » instead of *Etruria Pontificia*, its former designation; and this, together with the Delegation of Orvieto, is now commonly understood as « the Patrimony, » more strictly, however, without that adjunct; Orvieto being in fact a distinct province. Civita Vecchia, though

a separate Delegation, is included among the cities of the Patrimony, sixteen of which were anciently Episcopal Sees, though seven only retain that character. This province had in mediæval times its own coinage, with the keys for device, and the epigraph « S. Petr. Patrimonium. »

In 1227, Honorius III. conferred either the whole, or (according to some writers) only the cities of Viterbo and Montefiascone, on John ex-king of Jerusalem, to be governed by him for the Church. With a population of about 114,000, its principal towns, besides the two above-named, are Civita Castellana, Acquapendente, Ronciglione, Bolsena, Sutri, Nepi, Bracciano—eleven of these ranking as *governi* (i. e. having their own magistracy). Almost in the centre of this picturesque and fertile region rises that Ciminian Mount (visible from Rome), whose primæval forests were long regarded with superstitions awe, nor ever penetrated by Roman legions till the year of the City 444. Abundant productiveness is the blessing of the soil, partly due to volcanic qualities verified in many parts, and finding vent in the hot-water springs, known as the Bolicame (celebrated by Dante), near the chief city. The pasturage and cereal produce, the flocks and cattle of Viterbo, have been for ages in repute; and various minerals, sulphur, alabaster, rock crystal, pozzolana, thermal and medicinal waters, charcoal and wood, among objects of its commerce or sources of wealth. The city of Viterbo, occupied by the Piedmontese force and governed by Duke Sforza Cesarini, as Commissary of their King, from the 23rd September to the 11th October 1860, at that date retaken for the Papal Sovereignty by the French, after protest from that nobleman on the same day, and from the marquis *epoli* (Commissary-General of Umbria for the Piedmontese) under date, Perugia, 9th October—this ancient place, of about 13,000 inhabitants, is intimately connected with the annals of the Papacy, having been long the Papal residence in the thirteenth century, and scene of the conclaves that elected Clement IV., Gregory X, Martin II., John XX., Nicholas III., besides another not usually ranked among historic Pontiffs, Visdominus, whose strange fate

it was to die on the very day of his elevation to that highest throne ! During the residence of the Popes at Avignon, Viterbo completely threw off her allegiance to them, and adopted independent municipal forms, at the head of which government she placed for a time the powerful family of Vico, and afterwards, Silvestro de Gatti, who was deposed and despoiled of his riches by the Emperor Louis, A. D. 1328. Fiercely turbulent factions, supported by the rival houses, Colonna and Orsini, ever struggling together and ever preying upon their fellow-citizens, continued the scourge of this city till, in 1355, she was again reduced under Papal rule by the warlike Cardinal, Egidio Albornoz, who here made his celebrated answer, when required by Urban V. to give account of the immense sums entrusted to him in his legatine office, by displaying in the court of his palace a car loaded with the keys of towns and fortresses recovered by him to the dominions of the Church ! In the French invasion of the last century Viterbo offered gallant resistance. During the captivity of Pius VII. she became the chief city of an *arrondissement* in the Department of the Tiber. The change of government effected here on the 11th October '60 has been represented as in every way acceptable, and supported by the sympathies of the better-disposed; the Piedmontese authority as unpopular, maintained by intrigue or terrorism ; and it was said that only one *employé* of the Papal government had resigned under the invaders. During the troubles of '48-49 neither this nor any other town of the Patrimony became the scene of violent agitation or bloody conflict. Orvieto, which cannot be *strictly* considered within the Patrimony, was taken by the Piedmontese, being abandoned without contest by the small Pontifical force quartered there, on the 12th of September '60, and is left still under the new government of the Italian Kingdom ; the march of the French, expected at Rome to have been made for recovering this district to the Papal dominion, not having ensued, though an address, with thousands of signatures, was presented by its citizens to Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon, invoking their liberation from priestly sway.

The Comarca, the other province protected and guaranteed

by the French, ranks as a first-class Delegation, comprising thirteen minor *govetni*, (most southern of which is Subiaco), its whole population about 160,000, this region, the immediate environs of the metropolis, being now under the authority of a Cardinal, whose office—« President of Rome and the Comarca »—was created by Pius IX. For etymology both *Comes* and *Marcha* (limit) may be assigned; and we have the equivalents supplied by Du Cange, *confine*, *limit*—*frontière*, *commarque*—in regard to this term applied to the Roman province, with the present limitation, since 1316, instead of that « *Districtus Urbis* » previously used in public documents. The former presidency of the Comarca, created by Leo XII. in 1827, was a prelatie office, dependent on the Cardinalatial Congregation of « *Buon Governo* », and ranking next to the Legation of Urbino and Pesaro. By Gregory XVI. it was raised, in 1831, to a first-class government administered by a Council of four, two Roman Princes, with two others chosen from the wealthier provincial proprietors. Almost all places of consequence within this district are now guarded by French troops. And to the Papacy remain only the additional provinces of Velletri and Frosinone, about 600,000 subjects (including the Roman population), and a revenue reduced from 14,447,950 (the estimates for the year '60) to 1,207,000 scudi, exclusive of receipts from the metropolis, as these resources, after the invasion, were calculated in January '61.

In the budget for '62 its revenues were set down as three million, and expenses nine million scudi. But to assist the Pontificate in these embarrassments was instituted, in the Autumn of '59, a new and hitherto surprisingly successful method of aggrandisement. In ancient times the foreign subvention to Rome was by regularly assessed taxes from Kingdoms that had placed themselves under protection of the Holy See, and paid tribute in return: thus did Rome receive annually, from Aragon 250 *oboli* of gold; from Portugal, 2 marks; from Poland, 100 marks; and from England not only 1000 marks of silver, but the *denarii Sancti Petri*, a separate taxation which yielded 290 marks per annum, by the same title about the same amount being advanc-

ed from Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Other Kingdoms, considered under its suzerainty, acknowledged their submission to the Pontificate, by another species of tribute : from Naples 8000 *ounce*; from Sicily 3000; from Aragon 2000 *ounce* of 5 sequins. The *Liber Censuum*, compiled, 1192, by Cardinal Cencio, Apostolic Treasurer, enumerates a multitude of possessions in all parts of the known world, from which the Holy See then derived annual fruits. In the XIV century were systematized, if not introduced, by John XXII., the *annates*, or tribute from every benefice of a first year's revenue from each new incumbent; and another great source of wealth at that epoch was the delegating of Papal Vicariates in Italy, for which title and office Benedict XII. received annually 10,000 florins from Luchino Visconti, from the Gonzagas, the Carraras, Obizzo d' Este (for Ferrara); and from the Scaligeri, for Verona and Vicenza, 20,000 florins (v. Cantù *Storia degli Italiani* c. CX.).

The lately revived collection of the « Peter Pence », on a voluntary and popular principle, is very different from the ancient in form and method; but its results have been astonishing. By the end of two years (in August '61) it had yielded more than four million scudi, or about 22 million francs, of which 8 million came from France, 1,775,000 from Ireland, 2,000,000 from Austria, 1,500,000 from the United States; and 100,000 florins from Hungary. From England, up to June in that year, had been advanced 22,800 francs; and the provinces of the new Italian Kingdom, even the cities recently severed from the Roman dependance, did not fail to contribute more or less liberally. In Rome was early formed a Committee, of Princes, nobles, and Prelates, for collecting within that city, holding its meetings at the Ōrsini palace, and assigning deputies to farther the object in each parish; and this body soon became an « Archconfraternity », recognised and privileged as such by the Pontiff. The Italian tributes have flowed into this exchequer, not only in money, but to great amount in jewellery and other valuable objects, largely advanced from the editorship of the *Armonia* at Turin. Such success has proved how great the moral ascendancy of the

Papacy even at a crisis of political depression, and in spite of all opposition from the Italian National movement. Such display of reverence and affection commanded in adversity, bears a great lesson with it; but are not its meanings rather in favour than contradiction of the theory that prefers a spiritually constituted domination, an essentially popular and unworldly character for the Principdom of the Supreme Pontiff? (1).

(1) The *Annuario Pontificio*, an almanack of the Papal Court and Government, appeared for 1864 in characteristic style ignoring, absolutely assuming null the changes in the States of the Church resulting from the disasters of the two previous years. The Governors of the provinces, therefore, are inserted as before the late invasions and revolutions: Cardinal Milesi named as Legate at Bologna; Mgr. Pericoli as Delegate at Spoleto. The Legations of the Marches, Romagna, and Umbria, and the Prelatic Delegations of Ferrara, Ravenna, and Ancona reported « vacant ». Its pages told that the Holy See had Nuncios at Brussels, Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna, Munich; Internuncios at the Hague, Florence, Modena, Rio Janeiro; and a Chargé d'Affaires at Lucerne; that in Rome, the powers diplomatically represented were:—France, Austria, Spain, Russia, Prussia, Portugal, Bavaria, Belgium, Naples, Modena, Holland, Tuscany, Wurtemberg, the United States, Brazil, Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Peru; that the provinces, comprising Rome and the Comarca, still in the possession of the Papacy, had a population of 699,403; the States of the Church, as here contemplated in their totality, 3,434,688; and it is singular to find the census for Rome, 184,049, exceeding the amount of all other years within this century, nearly 2,000 above that of the previous. In the Sacred College, the living were then sixty, thirty-six of these having been created Cardinals by Pius IX.

LITERATURE IN ROME

COULD any exponent of public opinion or patriotic desire be found in the literature of the day at Rome, then indeed would its produce at the present epoch possess high historic value; but in proportion as political feeling here gains depth and generality is its expression checked, its slightest manifestation watched with jealousy. Yet in the literary annals of Rome, during the last ten years, may be traced both the effects of pressure from without and of resistance within, at the same time a yielding to the necessity of change, and a clinging to old precedents. Much erudition and patient enthusiasm in the research and study of antiquity, a good deal of pedantic trifling, and a scrupulous purism carried to tedious excess in style, general sterility in the imaginative walks, but a sort of traditional cultivation of poetry, dressed up and garnished to the standard of academic requirements—such are the distinctive features of this literature, which, perhaps, conveys the severest charge against the repressive system here suffered in the patent fact that, amidst all the marvellous vicissitudes and thrilling interests that have agitated Italy within this decade of years, Rome, her historic capital, has sent forth no expression of mind corresponding to, or echoing back, those great realities, remaining in cold passionless placidity, except so far as by one party are proclaimed loudest

animosities, to all appearance forgetting and ignoring the mighty drama that has almost reached her gates! An official gazette, whose principle is to ignore everything disagreeable to government (*e. g.*, the taking of Ancona, never alluded to in its pages till months after the event); the *Osservatore*, a palid satellite; another little paper, thrice a week, calling itself the *True Friend of the People*; and the well-known but unpopular *Civiltà Cattolica*, founded by the Jesuits in 1850, are the only organs in which political questions can be treated. Besides these we have here the *Analecta Juris Pontificii*, of French editorship, and purely ecclesiastic character, mostly dedicated to the proceedings of sacred congregations and their decisions or decrees, given in the original Latin; and, from the same editors, the weekly *Correspondence de Rome*, now in its third year, alike appropriated to serious subjects, but including archæology and belles-lettres; but that styled *Journal of Religious Sciences*, produced every two months, to which able writers sometimes contributed, sunk before the rivalry it wanted strength to resist in the more actively-conducted organ of the Jesuits. Professor Scarpellini, Astronomist of the Capitoline Observatory, keeps up, almost entirely by his own pen, the *Correspondenza Scientifica*, a small bi-monthly that does credit to its name and founder; and, about a year ago, was initiated the *Minerva Romana*, for three issues monthly, by Sig. Giucci, who has laudably exerted himself to maintain the promise of a journal devoted to art and letters—in the former walk supplying that intelligence as to new undertakings and the activities of the studio, interesting to many, but most difficult to obtain here, where, strange to say, no other purely artistic periodical had yet established itself!

Talent and learning claim their due honours in the *Civiltà*, edited with ability by the Fathers Curci, Liberatore, Taparelli d'Azeglio, Bresciani; and the archæologic reports in its pages are about the best and fullest for information as to all undertaken or discovered here; but one can scarce see without painful surprise the extent to which a cultivated religious society damages its credit, and opposes the intelligence of the age by such theories

as have been hazarded on the questions of Italian nationality, liberty of conscience, the Papal Sovereignty &c. The principle of intolerance, even justification of physical force for compelling to religious obedience and conformity, with the but too consistent apology for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (given, indeed, in the words of some French bishop, but emphatically indorsed by the acquiescent editor), seem, indeed, as advanced in these pages, an example of moral audacity one would scarce expect in a periodical supported by any public at the present day, nor probably could find out of this charmed circle. Another view, alike broadly asserted, that *all* Princes of Europe, Protestant not less than Catholic, are bound to intervene, if necessary, by arms, to support the temporal power of the Pope, may be met by honest objection to the odious nature of the position consequent, and surprise that *this* should be desiderated by the ecclesiastical press for the Holy See—placed towards its subjects, by this hypothesis, in a light the most hateful that can be conceived.

The proceedings of the « Accademie » have not been interrupted by political tempests. Father Secchi, Astronomer at the Roman College, read, on the last occasion I am informed of, before the « Arcadians » a treatise on meteorologic laws, worthy of its author's repute. At a late *séance* of the Roman Archæologic Academy, Visconti made one announcement interesting to antiquarians beyond this sphere—that the excavations at Ostia, suspended for a year, had been resumed, and that in the *Mithræum* (or Mithrus Temple), most remarkable among ruins there brought to light, had been just opened a chamber adorned by paintings of graceful design, near the staircase by which the neophytes used to enter for initiation in that sanctuary. Some fine mosaics found in the excavations of a villa, supposed imperial, about a mile beyond the Porta Portese, where Signor Guidi long since undertook researches, were then also mentioned by Visconti, and the promising works more recently commenced at the extensive ruins, supposed a villa of the Gordian Emperors, on the Via Prænestina, where precious marbles and mosaics had rewarded the labours ordered by Cardinal di Pietri, on the

intelligent suggestion, and with the co-operation, of Signor Fortunati, whose discovery of the St. Stephen Basilica, and painted sepulchral chambers on the Latin Way, some years since, claimed general gratitude for that gentleman. His own volume on the subject, with lithographs of all the inscriptions found in those ruins, has placed the archæologic student under farther obligations to Fortunati, and approved his learning in this walk; but one may regret the continual preference for a costly and ponderous scale of publication, manifest in this and other works of its description at Rome, one of the local literary traditions being that every performance of solid merit ought to appear with corresponding externals, as weighty and conspicuous, therefore as expensive, as possible! The inestimable works of Canina are exemplification of, this; and that most profound of the Italian archæologists who have illustrated this City and her range of environs, has left his writings confined to the narrowest circulation, indeed, for the most part, to the shelves of public libraries—here, where of all places, to answer their due purpose, they should be in the hands of every intelligent student.

It was in a posthumous publication the name of Canina last appeared, in one of the most earnestly thought-out and complete additions to the great series over which that well-stored mind expended itself: « Topographic Exposition of Ancient Rome and the Campagna, » divided into three epochs—the anti-Roman, the regal, and consular—the Campagna, however, considered only in the two earlier—with elaborate charts, and (in the author's usual method) copious notes, garnished by citations from the classics, at almost every page; the whole intended to form the complement to a larger production whose first volume came out in 1837; and indeed a crowning achievement, at the close of a long career, that nobly finishes its cycle of intellectual operations. These writings, in their totality, might justly represent the genius of Archæologic letters in Italy: sustained and sonorous in style, self-possessed and serious, indefatigable in research and analysis, perfect in command of the range of classic literature available for lighting up its subjects, and withal

distinguished by a deep vein of poetry, not announcing itself in sentimental ornament or episode, but pervading and illuminating all with a calm subdued enthusiasm that fascinates almost insensibly. It is known how far Canina agreed with modern German authorities, Niebuhr and Bunsen—not with Nibby and Burton—in leading questions of Roman topography; but space would fail for following out his well-argued theories; and I need only add that, in regard to the learned scepticism of the German historian, his pages supply absolute contradiction, tracing the minutest events, the comings-in and goings-out of his beloved heroes, Romulus, Remus, and Numa, not less confidently than might one writing about the eighteenth century, and with a degree of credulous gravity that sometimes raises a smile. One specimen of the lighter and picturesque occurs in these posthumous volumes, when the social usages and daily habits that centered in the forum of old, are in question. The brother of the celebrated De Rossi has brought scientific contribution towards the intelligence of catacomb antiquities, so ably promoted by the latter, in modest form of a report on an ichnographic machine invented by himself for ascertaining the levels and extents of those subterraneans. By this means he has overthrown the theory of the immense distances, from their common centre, attained by, and the intercommunications supposed to unite, these hypogees: the radius to which they extend he shows never to exceed three miles from the Aurelian walls, and, though various Christian cemeteries have been opened beyond, these latter, however similar, do not pertain to the same system; each catacomb, strictly so called, forms an independent series of corridors, united to no other, and in every instance has been followed the direction of the vast volcanic strata—that granular tufa forming the principle substance of the undulating ground around this City, but with careful avoidance of vallies and preference of heights. It seems disenchanting, after all we have heard of mysterious vastness in these asylums for the persecuted Church, to learn, on accurate admeasurement, that the entire area they occupy is reduced to little more than a single quadrat:

Roman mile (2,463,778 metres); but reverential interest returns to higher pitch, when we are informed that within those narrow limits the actual length of excavations, for the most part in two, many in three, four, or even five storeys, descending deeper and deeper, attains to three quarters of the geographic figure of Italy, namely, 588 Roman miles, without including the countless chapels, irregular spaces, and hollows, that form so many adjuncts to the galleries permeable.

The important work, long expected from the elder De Rossi, in which about 12,000 epigraphs from these subterraneans, all collected by himself in fifteen years of labour, are to be engraved, in proper classification and with illustrative context, has been much delayed; but its first volume has at last appeared in print, beautifully produced by the press of the Camera. Its sequel was to have been brought out by the press of another distinguished illustrator of Christian monuments, whose premature death must be lamented—Ignazio Mazzoni, of the order of Hospitalers known as « Fatebenefratelli », who died here the 21st of March '61, having been invited by the Pope, a few years since, to settle in Rome for the purpose of here completing and producing a great work, long the occupation of his life, « Critico-chronologic and Monumental Illustrations of Ecclesiastical History. » Born at Milan, 1815, this earnest-minded man had in youth entered the religious society dedicated to the service of the suffering, and was appointed, 1842, to take charge of insane patients in the convent-hospital of St. Servolo, on one of the islets in the Venetian lagoons. Amidst the cares of that responsible post he found time to project and commence his undertaking, designed to exhibit the story of each century in a section supplying all its monumental records, the symbolism, art, and even geography of the Church's progress. Serious losses were suffered by him, after incurring considerable expenses, during the Crimean war, but a liberal donation from the Austrian Emperor sufficed, I believe, to indemnify. At the well-known establishment of the Mechitarist Fathers on the neighbour-islet in those lagoons, had this publication been initiated, with support-

from many subscribers, among whose names that of Pius IX. stood for eight copies; and this highly-promising, indeed unique work, had reached the close of the eighth century (seven preceding sections in print already distributed), through labours pursued by the author with his own press and a corps of assistants transferred to Rome, when sudden illness, brought on by excessive application, closed the useful life of Padre Mazzoni. Another interrupted and ambitious task, leaving promises unfulfilled, by the press in Rome, is the « History of the Popes » (strange to say, the first yet produced in a modern language here!), conjointly written by two able professors of the Sapienza University, the Canon Audisio and Passaglia (so celebrated for his great work on the Immaculate Conception, and still more for his recent ecclesiastico-political writings) Begun years ago, this was designed to extend over twelve large tomes, published by subscription, whose amount for the complete work would be 70 scudi, each life adorned by a fine engraving from the mosaic head of the Pope in the series at St. Paul's. An enterprising printer vested 1700 scudi in the purchase of the new types requisite for the costly style desired, and 100 scudi had to be disbursed for each copper-plate. Might not the learned professors have considered that from Rome, of all other places—where not one page, manifesto, playbill, or catalogue can appear in print without passing through the ordeal of the severest censorship in the world—every treatment of a theme so provocative to local sensibilities must meet with reserved, if not distrustful acceptance? They calculated, it seems, neither on this nor other dangers: political vicissitudes, war and revolution ensuing, led to rapid fallings-off in their list of subscribers; in the Neapolitan States alone was at once lost the quota of 200 scudi per month; and the discouraged enterprise fell before the shock, never probably to be resumed. Father Passaglia must be honourably mentioned also for one quasi-political work, that even a Roman press could produce: « The Pontiff and Prince; or, Theology, Philosophy, and Politics brought into Accordance in regard to the Civil Sovereignty of the Pope »; given in form of dialogues

between those three personified sciences, far superior in calmness and breadth of argument—by many degrees also more liberal—than the legion of pamphlets on the ecclesiastical conservative side in reference to this vexed question. The story of its publication is curious: its author, known to be of the moderate liberal party in politics, submitted his MS. to the Pope, who, after suggesting a few alterations, declared approval. Advice from such a critic being of course complied with, the corrected sheets were submitted to both the ordinary and an extraordinary consorship, appointed express; by these were required alterations so numerous that Passaglia in despair appealed again to his Holiness, and after one of those encounters between oppositions often (whether correctly or not) reported of the Vatican interior, the performance was allowed to appear in print, but without date or note of place, not even the name « Roma » on its title-page; as if the Eternal City were ashamed of such reasoning independance in any literary form. Moreover, an appendix of some length, aimed to modify Passaglia's argument in favour of religious toleration, was inserted by another hand, and actually printed (such at least rumour's statement) without the knowledge or consent of the writer whose name is put forth! That the political and religious authority are distinct, but not hostile to each other; that this sovereignty may be perfectly reconciled with the true interests and progress of civil life under its sway—such are the leading arguments sustained in these pages.

On the scanty list of political publications may be placed an answer to La Guéronnière's famous brochure, « *Esame di un nuovo Opuscolo*, « etc., brought out here in March '61, which would have value could we ascribe to it any official character; but it was no secret that the editorship of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and probably the pen of Father Curci, not any author in Government connection, had been engaged; nor has this pamphlet the authoritative tone of the official. Its arguments meet the imputations against the Papacy, to show how opposite the real nature of its acts to that represented; that the counsels of France, though

not invariably followed, had been so whenever the conscientious persuasions of the Pontiff accorded with them : thus was undertaken , as advised , the organisation of an army , in the greater part native volunteers , though , in the absence of that conscription which Rome has never adopted , the enrolling of foreigners was necessary ; when it was proposed that the French troops should be withdrawn from Rome , and the Austrian from the Legations , this government assented , though not without apprehensions ; the reforms counselled by the ministers of the Catholic Powers at Gaeta (1849) were not only admitted in principle , but carried into effect , though some postponed for cogent reasons ; and those urged after the peace of Villafranca , after being well weighed , were adopted in the sense France intended , though the Pontiff , prudentially (and here is the irremediable , the question of questions , taken little into account by this pamphlet) , desired *to defer their promulgation till the return of peace and the restoration of the provinces usurped from his dominions !* As to counsels more generally conveyed : the municipal system had been long since reintegrated with a degree of free action unknown in France ; the administrative decentralisation , admitted in principle , had commenced ; the enfranchisements lost to certain provinces , in consequence of the French Revolution , might soon have been restored ; finally , the Presidentship of the Italian Confederation , offered after the war , was assented to , subject to the requisite examination of what such high office would have imposed , for ascertaining that nothing therein implied could be repugnant to the character of the Father over all Christian nations ; and this conditional acceptance ensued immediately after the proposal . As to all those demands requiring from the Papacy voluntary renunciation of rights , such as the accepting a sort of vassal sovereignty , over the four Legations in the Piedmontese crown , with sole reserve of an undefined suzerainty , and compensation , or the farther extension of that plan to Umbria and the Marches under a Neapolitan protectorate , the language here used so strongly asserts resolve against every species of abdication , the purpose of the Holy See to maintain its temporalities

against all attacks, that we may consider this passage in the *Esame* an announcement authorized and most important, respecting the great question here treated. The writer fears that the purpose declared by France not to abandon the Papacy to *revolution*, only understands that term in the sense of democracy or red republicanism; not that of revolutionizing incursion under the standard of monarchy.

Padre Garucci's *Velri Ornati*, among the most valuable works ever issued by the Roman press, is an instance of that mastery in archæologic science that applies it to its highest purposes, the illustrating of Truth. The first section only of a work to extend over five volumes, it comprises the entire series of glasses, in form of *tazze*, ornamented with Christian figures gilt, by a peculiar process, from the monuments of the primitive Church, altogether 318, though in the interesting context, 340 are described. Contrary to other theories, Garucci supposes that these vessels were not for sacramental uses, but for the *Agape*; and for other festivals both in the church and the domestic circle, for the funeral as well as the wedding. His second volume promises the paintings of the Catacombs; and those subsequent will be appropriated to the Christian Sarcophagi in their entire series, from Italy, France, Spain; the Mosaics of Rome, Ravenna, and Milan; the paintings, sculptures, and decorative Art generally, in ancient churches and elsewhere, so that in the scope of this great undertaking will be comprised the whole range of Christian Monuments prior to the VIII. century, at which period begun, under Charlemagne, the mediæval influence, causing total decline to the classic and antique. The celebrated Père Martin, alike with Garucci of the Jesuit society, was this Father's collaborer in the great work, to the fatigues of which the former fell a victim, dying at Ravenna, 1856. I had once the pleasure, in an interesting interview with Garucci, whose unassuming and cheerful manners at once prepossess, to hear his project and idea in these enterprises of intellect explained by himself; also to examine, what he obligingly showed me, the yet prepared material for two other works, one on the Lateran Museum, with engravings

most finely executed ; the other on Italian Numismatics from the earliest period down to the fall of Empire, illustrated by 300 plates, each to contain from 8 to about 20 subjects, derived not only from Roman collections, but from all countries where such antiquies have been found ; the letter-press of this publication not to be diffuse, but conformed to the excellent principle the Padre prefers to follow of giving, namely, the *results* not the *process* of antiquarian research to the public. Father Marchi, another of the most learned Jesuits at the Collegio Romano, recently deceased, gave up to Garucci all the designs for his two projected volumes on the painting and sculpture of the Catacombs. The work on that range of illustrations to which Marchi devoted many years, is, even in its incomplete state, greatly valuable to the study of Catacomb antiquities, though only treating the constructive, the ichnographic part, its sequel left wanting through the failure of encouragement to the author, who, after 1848, lost all the hundred subscribers previously secured, and could issue no other section beyond that revolutionary period in which the Jesuits suffered so much and unjustly.

Another and much less pretending contribution might be admitted on the list illustrating Rome, in the comic aspect, and dedicated to one feature in the *memorabilia* of the Eternal City which no pen had yet been engaged upon : « Historic Notices respecting the Origin of the Names of Taverns, Coffee-houses, Hotels, and Inns existing in the City of Rome » (*Notizie Storiche intorno alla Origine dei nomi*, etc.), by the Chevalier Ruffini.

Among titles whimsically assigned, more frequently by the popular voice than by the taste of proprietors, to such establishments, some are characteristic of the Pagan, others of the Papal Metropolis. Thus, the *Café Macel dei Corvi* (« Slaughter of the Ravens ») is so called from its proximity to the sepulchre of Bibulus, first of that family surnamed Corvinus, permitted the privilege of a monument near the city-walls, conceded in honour of their ancestor, Marcus Valerius, whose combat with the gigantic Gaul was brought to issue by the raven's talons tearing out his adversary's eyes. The inn, restaurant, and café *Dei*

tre Re stands on the site of a house where once lodged three gentlemen, in the Year of Jubilee, so liberal of their purses that their expense and largesses seemed like those of kings on coronation-days. Mine host, observing this distinguished conduct, began to whisper among gossips that they were veritably three kings, on pilgrimage *incognito* to obtain the indulgences of the « Anno Santo » : hence the name first popularly, then professionally, assigned. In that Jubilee-year when Dante made his visit to Rome (1300), Pope Boniface VIII. was desirous to assure himself whether, at any previous period, so vast a concourse had been gathered here for devotional purposes : no chronicles could inform ; but at last was brought before him a pilgrim aged 107, who assured his Holiness that when he first repaired hither for the indulgences of the ecclesiastical centre, nothing like the multitude of strangers now collected was seen, his memory serving him perfectly well, though that initiation into pilgrim-life had been a century previous ! The devout centogenarian left his name to the street he lodged in ; and we have to this day the *Via* and *Caffe del Pellegrino*. We might be surprised to find in this consecrated city an *Osteria del Diavolo* ; but its name was determined by the popular voice in an orthodox spirit, out of abhorrence for the original *padrone*, a graceless one always blaspheming, of whom we are here informed, that « before long, this impious man fell into the hands of justice, paying thus the penalty of his iniquities. »

The publication, in five volumes, of the Greek Bible edited by Cardinal Mai, a few years since, connects that illustrious name with an enduring monument from the Roman press. This is from a Vatican Code of antiquity considered certainly not less than fourteen centuries, and the careful labour of some Oriental transcriber, probably in Egypt, which, so far back as 1475, we have evidence was deemed the oldest known MS. of the Sacred Books in that idiom ; and this, it is believed, was the very code transmitted with most scrupulous care by Leo X. to the Cardinal Ximenes in Spain, for assistance in the compiling of his celebrated Polyglot. The Septuagint edited by Cardinal Caraffa,

and published by order of Sixtus V., 1587, was founded principally, though not exclusively, on this and other codes which also had been collated for its text. Cardinal Mai first conceived the project of editing the whole work, Old and New Testament, so long ago as 1828. His earnest desire to render the publication faultless led to delays, till death interrupted him in the midst of his incessant labours; and Cardinal Altieri, his executor, referred the question to a committee of *savans*, whether this edition, thus carefully prepared, should be published or not. The affirmative decision being soon agreed to, soon the work appeared, prefaced by an interesting account of the project, method, and labours in the several stages of its preparation by the Cardinal editor, supplied from the pen of a Barnabite father, Vereellone. We are told how, as it could not be permitted to confide so precious a MS. as the original Code to the hands of compositors, the Cardinal adopted the plan of sending, as copy, for the old Testament, a good edition of the Sixtine Septuagint (that of 1587), altering in the proofs every passage not agreeing with the Vatican Code, and finally going through the toilsome task of confronting the whole, every word, accent, and point, in the newly-printed sheets, with the ancient MS. For supplying the portions wanting in this Code, he used two other Greek MSS., also highly esteemed, called the Codes of the Queen of Sweden, among those treasures acquired for the Vatican from the library of the abdicated Christina; and these deficiencies were numerous; for the Code now published as the Bible of Cardinal Mai (by which title it will be known to posterity) wants the first part of Genesis to the 27th verse of the 46th chapter, the Psalms intervening from cv. 27, to cxxxvii. 6; in the New Testament, the first fourteen verses, 9th chapter, of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the entire Epistles to Timothy, Titus, and Philemon, and the entire Apocalypse. Professor Spezi, who holds the chair of Greek Literature at the Roman University, rendered assistance to the Cardinal in this undertaking, for which his name receives honourable mention.

To that distinguished Cardinal, originator of the palimpsestos, and discoverer of Cicero's *De Republica*, I had the honour of being presented, some years ago, shortly after he had brought out six quarto volumes of a work long preparing, and which still occupied him, being destined to reach a tenth volume—a compilation of Epistles and Treatises, by Greek and Latin Fathers, for the first time brought to light out of the archives of the Vatican. The first volume is appropriated to writings by St. Augustine; the latter mostly to miscellanies in Greek; one has among other contents Syriac Epistles on Catholic Festivals, by St. Athanasius, only one Syriac MS. translation of which, made in some monastery from the Greek, now exists,—these last two languages being supplied with Latin translations by the editor. Many contents of this compilation may be attractive to other besides theological students,—as, a Greek comment on the Koraun, of the ninth century, a History of the Manichean Heresy, a Dialogue between a Byzantine Christian and a Manichean. The last volume possesses interest artistic as well as literary—containing a comment on the Greek Liturgy by St. Basil, illustrated by finely-engraved outlines from the miniatures of a Vatican MS., displaying the Greek Pontifical Mass, according to the Liturgy of St. Gregory Nazianzen. treated from the mystical, or rather imaginative point of view: the deacons, for instance, are angels, because their ministry is compared to the angelic; demons with horns and claws are seen vanishing in fire when the unbaptized or excommunicate are adjured to withdraw before the consecration, and at this moment the Bishop celebrating is surrounded by lambent flames, while the Redeemer appears above, encircled by Cherubim. An explanation of the Greek rite from the Cardinal's pen, forms a sequel to this. Remembering Lady Morgan's description of the Mgr. Mai, when librarian at the Bologna University, some 35 years previously, it seemed to me that now, in his 72nd year, this illustrious ecclesiastic Prince was essentially the same: the dark vived eye, the pale placid countenance, the quiet benign manners, all still corresponded to that portrait of such distant date. — The press of the Propaganda, a few years ago,

printed at expense defrayed by the Pope a work (it is believed) undertaken at the express desire of Pius IX.—*L'Eglise Orientale*, by Pitzipios, a native of Scio, once in official employ at Constantinople, who resided some years in Rome, supported by a pension from the private purse of his Holiness. His four volumes are each devoted to a particular aspect of its general theme—the « Separation; » the « Reunion of the two Churches; » the « Apostacy of the Clergy of Constantinople »; the « Sole practicable means for re-establishing Order in the Oriental Church ». The writer's strongest position is, that the reunion with Rome, effected and solemnly proclaimed in the Council of Florence, 1439, exists *de jure*, ec., to this day, because never abrogated or modified by any posterior Council. The history of the Florentine convocation and sessions forms an important episode; and in exposing the Constantinopolitan schism is shown the gradual decadence, open simony, and depravation of that clergy since the fall of the Byzantine Empire. Other interesting chapters are those on the ritual and dogmatic differences between the Greek and Latin communions, supplying curious details of religious usages in the East, the ignorance of the clergy, and the trivial arguments in vogue for defence of their system. One may be amused at the *jeu de mots* solemnly put forward in the collection of Greek canons called « Pedalium »—from the initials of the five patriarchates, Constantinople, Alexandria, Rome, Antioch, and Jerusalem, forming the word κεφαλι (heads), to which the clergy have gratuitously added οἰκουμένης (of the universe); but Pitzipios shows that, even as an acrostic, there is neither wit nor propriety in the motto, for, Rome having been rejected with anathemas from the practical system, no word can be fashioned out of the remaining initials except AIKA (« alas ! ») —

To notice all works of high merit by *foreign* writers in Rome would be beyond my limits. If the honours of such literature, due to her unique character as an intellectual centre, be not exclusively her own, Rome has at least the glory of having fostered talents and facilitated their performance in these instances; but such a celebrity as Theiner, the Prussian Father of the Oratory,

now Archivist at the Vatican, cannot be omitted from any review of literary produce at this centre. His contributions to Church history and biography, in different languages, may be considered classic, especially the continuation of Baronius, in three Latin folios, bringing ecclesiastical annals down to our own time. His « Life of Clement XIV » unacceptable to the Jesuits, and too delicate a theme for treatment under such a censorship the Roman, besides various other works, he has preferred publishing elsewhere. In a minor publication he gives report, most honourable to the Papacy, of the assistance afforded by its bounty to the emigrants of the French Revolution, no fewer than 24,000 of whom were supported by Pius VI. His last, and one of the most important additions to ecclesiastic records, is a compilation of official documents from the Vatican archives, throwing light, (at present more than ever desirable) on the temporal relations of the Holy See in past ages.

Passaglia's four Latin tomes (more than 2100 pages) on the Immaculate Conception, furnished with a vast array of authorities on that dogmatic question, patristic and liturgic, Greek and Syriac, do not come within the scope of criticism, and need only be noticed here as a splendid example of typographic skill, from the Propaganda press. It may be regretted (and I imagine many Catholic readers will share that regret) that from the same press *could* be issued in our time, (in the Winter of '61), an account, backed by lengthy attestations, of a Madonna-picture that moved its eyes, exciting I know not what raptures of ignorant devoteism, some few years ago, in a church at Civitavecchia! The Catholic world has a right to expect from Rome all that confirms faith and elevates the devotional spirit; but these are pretensions that tend to infidelity. Whether such biographies as have been frequently appearing here in late years, the cheaply-sold lives of persons beatified by the present Pope, can satisfy the intelligence of the age, or convince, in every case, by their proofs of the miraculous, is a question not to be answered without hesitating.

The ninth volume of the Abbate Coppi's « Annals of Italy, from 1750 to 1847, » intended as continuation of Muratori, is

method scrupulously minute, in tone calm and unpretending to a degree that reminds of that great annalist himself, reaches the middle of the year, its prescribed limit, in the last part, which describes the first surgings of Italian Revolution (especially at Rome) with dispassionate appreciation; and most singular is it to find, in an ecclesiastical work from this centre, the perfect frankness with which the inner workings of so solemn a transaction as the Conclave are here treated—tacit admission that from the intellect of our times no great fact, historic or social, can or ought to remain under the veil of mystery. We thus learn, that at the last of the Church's comitia, June 1846, at the first scrutiny of votation, were for Lambruschini, 15; for Mastai, 13; for Falconieri, 5 voices; no other cardinal having in his favour any number equal to the lowest of these;—that at the final session, from which Mastai came forth as pontiff, more than two-thirds was the majority decisive; and after this momentous election, the Cardinal so long at the head of government under Gregory, and considered still powerful through the party at his command, had no sooner retired into his conclave cell for the night, than he fainted away. What disadvantages the writer of national story who attempts to publish *here* must labour under, need not be pointed out. Coppi avoids them by printing at Florence; but it may be remembered that the first narrative of the Roman Revolution of 1848, came out in Rome from the pen of another priest (Superior-Generat of the Servites), who treated that subject with ability. I have noticed the sterility observable in the imaginative walks; but must except from this complaint against literature here, the political novels of Father Bresciani, an instalment of which used to appear in every number of the *Civiltà*. Granted his aim of opposing revolution in whatever form or degree, and only bringing into relief the dark side, conspiracy, treason, irreligion, crime, it must be allowed that this talented Jesuit displays much knowledge of Italian life, a penetrating insight, and powers of lively description, though over-wrought execution and redundancy often fatigue the reader; notwithstanding which, place among the best

modern Italian fictions certainly is claimed by his « Ubaldo and Irene, » « Lorenzo the Conscript, » « The Countess Matilda, » « Lionello, or the Secret Societies »—none, perhaps, so much read as his « Jew of Verona, » that most sombre picture of the struggles and principles that obtained transient success in '48. The poetic gift seems best asserted here on the female side, by the Countess Orfei, Teresa Gnoli, Rosa Tadei. Don Giovanni Torlonia, whose premature death is lamented, wrote poems evincing the earnest and visionary bias of a cultured mind, northern in its cast, and nurtured to reflection by studies of the German and English genius. Giuseppe Checchetelli, a journalist on the revolutionary side in '47 and '48, has produced several tragedies and libretti for operas, mostly on themes from Italian story, with finish and harmony, but fashioned on that *norma* of cold classicism no longer answering to the feeling or requirement of the age, even in this country. The poetry produced in Rome, in fact, almost confines itself to the walls and coteries of the « Accademia ». Few are likely to purchase or read such an octavo volume as the « Poetic Portraits of the Roman Pontiffs, » in a series of sonnets by Signor Ripandelli, one sonnet to each Pope, unless, perhaps, to see how the obligatory compliment is fitted to *all* among these subjects of such various merit. Not long since was brought out the CIII volume completing Gaetano Moroni's « Dictionary of Historico-ecclesiastic Erudition, » (published at Venice, though compiled in Rome), a marvellous fabric of industry, but most unnecessarily diffuse and full of tedious minuteness, betraying the ecclesiastical courtier in almost every article, and by its unexpected length disgusting subscribers, so that the consequence is (by natural reaction) a depreciating reception of a work valuable for its immense amount of local and antiquarian information. Among other illustrated works of late produce may be signalled, the « Sciences and Arts under the Pontificate of Pius IX., » with plates and descriptions of all buildings begun, restored, or embellished in and near Rome during this epoch, the designs by Petri, a young artist whose death, since this publication commenced, has left

regrets ; also the « Sacred and Sepulchral Monuments sculptured in Rome in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, measured and drawn by Francesco Tosi, Architect »—a work rewarded by a prize medal from the Academy of St. Luke. It is matter of complaint that the Minerva Library, the amplest for public use here, but inadequately fulfils the promise of supplying everything issued by the press in this city. As for the Vatican, *that* has ceased even to profess publicity, no longer accessible for the four hours on five days in the week once permitted; nor can one pass through those splendid halls, museum and library combined, without a pang at the thought that (save for officials and a privileged few) this inestimable collection is reduced to a tomb, rather than a treasury, of literature in MS. and print ! And the Sapienza, the best public library for modern works here, has been closed to all external reader since the Winter of '61, in consequence of a political demonstration by the students within those University-buildings, reiterated indeed and sufficiently marked to alarm a timid government; nor checked by any conciliatory measures—expulsions and arrests being preferred to milder means. Yet why thus punish, for the fault of a few native collegians, the studious in general, the stranger, and the unconcerned ? *Ab uno disce omnia !* and in this we see exemplified what regard for the public, or public opinion, prevails here.

Turning away from Rome, one must regret the loss sustained to historic literature by the death of a learned enthusiast at St. Marino, his native place (that tiny Republic till lately within the confines of these States)—the Count Borghese, who had formed a vast collection of Roman medals and epigraphs, for use in the illustrating of a work on the imperial City, intended especially to treat of her political administration, a few essays only having been the published results of Borghese's labours; and soon after his decease, at the age of eighty, the French Emperor sent an agent to negotiate with his heirs for the purchase of the whole; but whether including MSS., together with antiques, I have not ascertained.

The average value of books printed in the Roman States was estimated, in 1859, therefore before their late dismember-

ment, 1,776,810 francs—lower than in any other Italian states excepting only the miniature Duchy of Modena; and (of course) the S. Marino Republic. The press throughout the Papal dominions had then 72 establishments, most conspicuous being those of the Camera Apostolica and the Propaganda, the latter employing 300 labourers. At that period the highest number of printing-houses was in the Neapolitan States, 280; next ranked the Piedmontese with 1000; in the city of Turin alone, 32, containing 193 presses. The Lombardic provinces under Austria had 62; the Venetian, 80 printing-houses; and in the city of Florence were 36, containing 132 presses. In average value the Piedmontese were producing the highest annual amount, i. e. 6,372,810 francs, next to which ranked the Neapolitan book-trade, producing three millions (see the *Rivista Contemporanea*).

No more appropriate illustration of the claims and origin of Papal Sovereignty has yet appeared than that edited by Father Theiner, from the Propaganda press:—« *Codex Diplomaticus, or Collection of documents relating to the history of the Temporal Government of the States of the Holy See* »—the first volume (an ample folio) of a work promised greater development; a compilation of original documents, in all 779, from the Vatican Archives, extending over periods from A. D 756 to 1324. An intelligent preface, in French, explaining the scope and method of the publication, informs us that the Archives, here so liberally drawn from, contain the acts, registers, etc., of each Pontificate, in order more or less chronological, beginning with that of Innocent III.; but from earlier periods comparatively little—all the documents prior to Adrian I. (772) having perished, except those of St. Leo I.;—and, for subsequent epochs, a part only of those relating to ecclesiastic, not political, affairs under John VIII. and Gregory VII., two of Benedict X. (1058), and a single one of Nicolas II. (1060). Of the celebrated donation of Matilda remains no authentic copy, though that given by Cencius Camerarius is here supplied. From the Avignon Pontificates are preserved abundant records, especially those throwing light on the internal administration of the Papal States while their rulers were absent. A remarkable fact, here established, is the stipu-

lation between the German Emperors and the Popes, that the former should not be recognised nor crowned at Rome before confirming by oath the donation of Pepin to the Holy See. That the formal cession of the Exarchate was a *restitution*, in the eyes of the imperial benefactor, is implied in the very words used by Louis the Debonnaire—*per donationis paginam restituerunt*—referring to the act of his predecessors. On its confirmation by Louis the Pious, A. D. 817, were given to Pascal I. the City and Duchy of Rome, the Exarchate of Ravenna, the Pentapolis (or five cities on the Adriatic, with their dependencies), Anagni, Alatri, Perugia and Benevento; moreover, (and this extent of territorial donations over which the Popes have long ceased to hold, or claim, any regal rights, is a most singular feature in the history of their power), Capua, Arpino, the Upper and Lower Calabria, the *patrimonium* of Naples and Salerno, Sicily and dependent islands, with those of Sardinia and Corsica! Even the gift of Carlemagne comprised, besides the Duchies of Spoleto and Benevento, and the Exarchate, Parma, Reggio, Mantua, the provinces of Venetia and Istria, the island of Corsica, and other less noticeable places. The document, for solemn ratification, A. D. 774, was laid first on the high altar of St. Peter's, and afterwards in the Confessional, on the tomb of the Apostle. Again did a *privilegium* granted to Pope John XII. by Otho II. (A. D. 962), include all the same cities and districts, with addition of Fondi and Gaeta, of Naples and Sicily, the latter under the express conditions that « God would deliver them up into his (the Emperor's) hands. » And again was precisely the same extent of possessions confirmed by Henry III. to Benedict VIII. (1020), with similar proviso (« if God should give them up into his hands ») respecting Naples and Sicily. Henry V., through his ambassadors, addressing Pascal I. in the atrium of St. Peter's, confirmed and restored all the donations of his predecessors (1122), yielding victory to the great cause contended for by Gregory VII., in renouncing for ever the Imperial institution of bishops by crozier and ring. Otho III. pledged himself solemnly to Innocent III. (1201) to preserve and defend the

« *regalia* of the Blessed Peter » (the territorial donations), also to assist in retaining and defending, for the Roman Church, the kingdom of Sicily—*adiutor etiam ero ad retinendum et defendendum ecclesie Romane Regnum Sicilie*. But still more remarkable is this same engagement in the act of Frederick II., King of the Romans, and by special title King of the Two Sicilies, confirming to Honorius III. (1219) like extent of dominions, with promise to « defend and retain » for the Church the kingdom of Sicily and all its appurtenances on both sides the Faro; that haughty sovereign, so often at war with, and defying the excommunications of, Rome, addressing Pope Honorius as « Most dear Lord and Rev. Father, our protector and benefactor. »

Theiner distinguishes the period from 756 to 1050 as the *second epoch* of Papal sovereignty, during which its temporal power was yet undefined, and continually contested by the turbulent barons at Rome. For its final recognition, in distinct limitations, we must descend the stream of ages to the year 1279, when the question was decided by the Emperor Rodolph, with confirmation of his act by all the German princes; and the extent of Papal dominions then defined is almost identical with those governed by Pius IX. till their late dismemberment: the Exarchate, Bologna, Ferrara, Faenza, Imola, Rimini, Urbino, the Anconitan Marches, the Duchy of Spoleto, the whole territory from Radicofani to Ceprano, still the two frontiers where these States, even in their present reduced proportions, join the Tuscan and Neapolitan.

Another publication by Theiner supplies, in modest form of a pamphlet, very effective light to the same subject—*I due Concilii Generali*—(« The two General Councils, of Lyons in 1245, and of Constance in 1414, in their reference to the temporal domination of the Holy See. ») Preceded by an intelligent sketch of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, are here, for the first time, edited four letters addressed by the second of those Councils to the citizens of Corneto, and three to those of Viterbo (already printed, but incorrectly, in a history of that city.), which epistles distinctly imply the assumed right of governing, and

convey certain regulations for the interests of those towns, from the Council, during the *vacancy* of the Holy See, before the election of Martin V. To the Corneto citizens is pointed out the individual they are advised to appoint Podesta; and for their expenses, to meet local requirements, are assigned 500 gold florins annually, during three years—acts that certainly assume a recognised right. The Corneto letters, hitherto preserved in the local archives, where Theiner had studied their contents, were presented by that city's *Gonfaloniere*, with a loyal address, to Pius IX., when his Holiness was at Civita Vecchia, in October, '61; and have since remained in the Vatican archives. Justly does Theiner argue that the Council, by taking upon itself, during the *sede vacante*, the administration of government in the States of the Church, expressed the recognition of their inviolability by that august assemblage in its aggregate,—in fact by the representation, not only of the Church, but the Catholic world; for at the Sessions of Constance were gathered together, in presence of a Pope and Emperor, the Sacred College (then 33 Cardinals), 346 Archbishops and Bishops, 2,148 abbots, theologians, ecclesiastics, and secular professors, 554 of the regular clergy, 1,600 princes and nobles, 1,000 persons in the train of the emperor Sigismund, 500 brought by the Duke of Austria, and 1,600 other attendants on the person of John XXIII. That Pope was solemnly deposed by the Council, on the 17th July, 1415; and on the 9th November, 1417, the vacancy of the Holy See was finally brought to a term by the election of Cardinal Colonna, Martin V. At the Council of Lyons assembled, obedient to the summons from Innocent IV., all the Cardinals, three patriarchs, about 140 Bishops, and a multitude of other dignitaries, mitred abbots, regulars, theologians, the ambassadors of France, England, of the Emperor and other Princes, all of whom witnessed the act by which Pope Innocent, with the co-operation of the fathers, and that awful formula, accompanied by the extinction of lighted torches held in each right hand, excommunicated Frederick II., after first declaring his forfeiture of crown and dominions (17th July, 1245); and the Bull of excom-

munication (no longer extant), signed by 150 prelates, qualified his usurpation of the Papal States as lese-Majesty—« *transgressor non sine proditiōis nota et læsæ criminis Majestatis* ».

The Benedictine Father, Dr. Bernard Smith, well observes, in a note to the Oratorian writer, here printed, that in this publication he comes forward « powerfully to confirm, by authority of general Councils, » the judgment in favour of the temporal dominion, now so great a question, supplying, « the sentence of the Church dispersed, and of the Church united ».

THE CHRISTIAN MUSEUM OF THE LATERAN

THE evidence to the doctrine and practice of primitive Christianity that has hitherto lain (though not indeed concealed) within the gloomy retreats of Roman Catacombs, is, perhaps, more telling, from its naïve simplicity, than all the arguments of controversy, or all that collated authorities can convey, to impress and convince. It is, therefore, a service rendered to the science of sacred antiquity, among the *fasti* of the present Pontificate, that has been achieved by Pius IX., in providing for public use a full abstract from this range of consecrated monuments, classified in the Lateran Palace, where the unique collection was first opened, about five years ago, to be continually receiving additions, and become celebrated as the CHRISTIAN MUSEUM. Without the necessity of spending hours in dark and awful subterraneans, mostly entered at considerable distances, we shall soon be enabled to examine these records of the primitive Church with advantages of intelligent interpretation,—thanks to the descriptive catalogue forthcoming from the pen of the Chev. de Rossi, than whom no more efficient guide could be desired for this sphere of archæologic study.

The Christian Museum is entered on the ground-floor from the quadrangular court with porticoes; and we first find ourselves in a long narrow vestibule, where a work of modern art arrests attention—the seated Statue of the Saviour, in attitude of blessing, distinguished by some dignity, and simplicity of treatment,

though, altogether, a certain heaviness in style and form may be objected to. More interesting is the collection of casts from reliefs on various sarcophagi, originals which it has not been desired to disturb within consecrated walls, the most valuable presenting a series of Christian sculptures, more complete I believe than any other preserved from its period, or any earlier than the fourth century, being adornments to the Sepulchre (date 339) of Junius Bassus, Prefect, and five times Consul of Rome, buried at St. Peter's, where his splendid mausoleum, now in one of the corridors of the crypt, near the confessional (or Apostle's tomb), had remained for centuries concealed and forgotten, till restored to light, 1595, during the works for the new Basilica. Without the least chronologic order, numerous scriptural subjects are here presented, on two levels, in high relief with a degree of freedom and finish rarely equalled in this primitive phase of Christian art, the historic themes ranging from the sacrifice of Abraham to the earlier acts in the Passion—the apprehension at Gethsemane, and the scene before Pilate's judgment-seat—but no attempt to represent the dread consummation, neither the Cross nor Crucifixion appearing. Most curiously is displayed the devotional idea of the age in the central figure of Christ as a beautiful youth, seated between the standing apostles, SS. Peter and Paul, and resting his feet on the Heavens, personified in the half-figure of an old man emerging from the ground, with robe floating in semicircular folds over his head. This blending of the mythologic and scriptural, in various examples supplied by catacomb-paintings, as well as later sculptures, shows how remote from sterile puritanism, or iconoclastic rigour, was the feeling of the early Church, which, at once actuated by attraction and repulsion, abhorrent of idolatry, yet craving symbolism, seemed ever ready to appropriate the morally beautiful and artistically expressive in Paganism. This manifests itself in the Orpheus playing on his lyre of five chords, to charm the wild beasts into tameness (a picture in the catacombs of SS. Nereo and Achilleo), adopted as the favourite Gnostic symbol, but also admitted by the Church to personify the virtues and powers

emanating from the Redeemer's doctrine or influences; likewise in the frequent representation of the Four Seasons (Autumn usually with her cornucopia), and the naked Genii floating in air on butterfly-wings, rising out of the chalices of flowers, or terminating, by metamorphosis of lower limbs, in garlands or foliate arabesque. In *treatment*, this classical influence is still more obvious; so that the Jonas under the Juniper tree might often be taken for Endymion about to be visited by Diana; the Apostle in flowing toga, for a Greek philosopher; the Madonna, for a Juno or Cybele, whilst the beauty given to the youthful Saviour not a little reminds us of the Apollo or Bacchus in antique reliefs. From another sarcophagus, among casts in this vestibule, is the group of the Saviour consigning a *single* key to St. Peter, whilst the woman kneels to touch the hem of his garment, for its healing virtues, on the other side; and here, in the hand of Our Lord, is that sacred monogram of His holy name, which, though first publicly displayed in the Labarum of Constantine, was adopted by the faithful in earlier ages, and found by Bosio and Aringhi on the tombs of martyrs who suffered under Adrian, Alexander, and Antoninus. Buonarrotti supposes it to have been used by the Oriental Church before Christianity had yet penetrated into Western Europe; an hypothesis its invariable formation in Greek, never in Latin, letters seems to support.

Leaving the outer room, we enter the principal hall, or gallery, divided by steps into three different levels, under a vaulted ceiling painted in the gay eighteenth-century style, conspicuous in the ornamentation of Roman palaces—an apartment seeming little appropriate to the grave character of its contents, and about as unlike the locality for a Christian Museum as the great painted chamber of the Vatican Library is unlike a sanctuary for studious pursuits. Here attention is first attracted to the largest and most variously sculptured sarcophagus, placed at one end, removed hither from the crypt of St. Paul's, where it was necessary to disturb it for laying foundations to the great alabaster columns that now support the Baldacchino

over the high altar. There it had probably stood ever since the erection of the original church over the Apostle's tomb, in the fifth century, by Theodosius, but from the first in an unfinished state, the heads in the central compartment (no doubt portraits of the married pair for whose remains it was destined) merely blocked out in the marble. For the rest, its reliefs, though inferior to those of the Vatican sarcophagus, present the most complete series of the sacred subjects admitted within this range of primitive art; so that, indeed, this one monument might be regarded as an epitome of all the rest. First appears, in the groups on its front, one of those examples rarely ventured, and soon condemned by the Church, of the personification of the Triune Deity in *three* human figures, of like aspect and about equal years, each with severe strongly-marked features and short bushy beard:—the Father seated in the midst; the Holy Spirit standing behind His throne; the Son in front, engaged in act of giving life to Eve, whose figure emerges from the side of the sleeping Adam—both these last of miniature size compared with the Divine Persons. Again appears the Son; but now of different aspect—youthful and beautiful, as manifest in the flesh, interposing after the Fall, to give to each culprit an emblem of punishment and labour—to Adam, a wheat-sheaf; to Eve, a lamb, whose wool was to be wrought in the share of toil assigned to female hands. Next follow the other subjects from the Old and New Testaments, almost invariably included where a numerous series is introduced on any of these sarcophagi: Daniel in the Lion's Den, with the personified Holy Spirit, again represented of venerable aspect, as if to sustain by his presence the inspired martyr; Habacuc carried by the hair of his head by the Angel, with the bread to be his preternatural sustenance in the wilderness; the Adoration of the Magi, with the Holy Spirit again in human form, standing above the chair on which the Mother is seated; the changing of water into wine, the multiplication of loaves and fishes; the raising of Lazarus; the restoring of sight to the blind. The repetition of these subjects is indeed so familiar that we need only recapitulate the few

others, also common, and evidently prized for their profound meanings by the early Church, to complete the catalogue of sacred themes admitted—Moses striking water from the rock, and receiving the law from Mount Sinai; the sacrifice of Abraham; the story of Jonas; the three Israelites in the fiery furnace, affectingly appropriate (like the oft-repeated story of Daniel) to the *then* circumstances of the Church, or rather to those from which she had recently been emancipated; the Nativity; Christ entering Jerusalem, seated on an ass; the apprehension of St. Peter; the betrayal by Judas; Christ before Pilate; and (in fewer instances) the Passage of the Red Sea; also, where no historic grouping is attempted, the Saviour between two or more Apostles; the Good Shepherd, generally dressed in a short tunic and buskins, with a lamb across his shoulders. This selection of subjects evinces the preference for that class of facts and divine promises adapted to convey consoling truth or assurance—redemption, immortality, support under trial, etc.; or to illustrate in every respect the Person and Office of Our Lord, who, it may be said, immediately or typically, is the central figure throughout the entire series, every other being only admitted as subordinate, or for the sake of reference to Him.

We observe, also, a peculiar and oft-repeated lesson conveyed in the juxtaposition of Moses and St. Peter, the one striking the rock, the other usually standing between two Jews, a cock placed near to indicate the moment of his « denial; » the aspect given to both Lawgiver and Apostle being actually identical, thus strikingly to imply the relationship of rank and office in the headship over two systems, the Old and New Covenant. Nor could St. Peter's supremacy be otherwise more clearly expressed than by the wand, symbol of authority, placed in his hand, as well as in that of Moses, and frequently also in that of Christ, as implement in various acts of miracle-working, as the conversion of water into wine, the raising of Lazarus, etc. Near the extremity of this hall stands a sarcophagus, bearing evidence of origin later than the conversion of Constantine, in the Labarum, with its holy monogram, guarded by two soldiers, representing that

company formed by the first Christian Emperor, expressly to escort and defend the sacred standard; and here is also a progressive treatment of the story of the Passion; not, indeed, attempting its last dread scenes, but showing us the Redeemer crowned with thorns by Roman soldiers, and the Cyrenean bearing the cross to Calvary.

At the end of this hall, on a raised level, is the seated statue of St. Hippolytus, Bishop of Porto, whose name and writings have been rendered familiar to English readers in a very suggestive work by Bunsen—a noble figure, considered by Winckelmann the finest specimen of Christian sculpture, and probably in date not much later than that Saint's lifetime. Hippolytus, appointed to the Bishopric of Porto, near Ostia, by Pope Calixtus, an Oriental by birth, suffered martyrdom, A.D. 230, and was well known for his writings, but especially for the Paschal Cycle drawn up by him, and still used by the Church for determining the recurrence of Easter—a computation chiselled on one side of the chair this statue is seated on. Discovered near S. Lorenzo beyond the walls, a church communicating with extensive catacombs now closed, this sculpture is supposed to have originally stood in those subterraneans (where the Saint was interred) or in some oratory connected with them; and had long remained in the Vatican Library, till moved to a more appropriate place: the head finely characterised by power and thought, with brow lofty and bald, and curling beard; the age represented apparently about fifty; the dress, an ample toga disposed with dignified simplicity.

Two small rooms are appropriated to paintings copied from originals in the catacombs—some historic, some monumental (portraits of the deceased), others purely emblematic. We see here four groups of the Virgin and Child worshipped by the Magi, severally represented as four, three, and only two persons—invariably attired in tunic, wide trousers, and Phrygian cap, their countenances youthful, while the aspect of the Mother is characterised by a matronly and rather severe dignity. The story of Susanna is represented simply by an allegory—a lamb

between two wolves, or foxes—but no room left for doubt as to subject, thanks to the inscription above—*Susanna-Seniores*. The St. Cecilia, in a rich jewelled dress (we may suppose that of a Roman lady of rank in the third century—more gorgeous than graceful), and Pope St. Urban, near her, are from the chapel of her entombment, in the catacombs of St. Calixtus, re-opened, after discovery of their site by De Rossi, about seven years ago. And from the same subterranean is the large head of Christ—a stern and darkly-complexioned countenance, with the hands (very ill drawn), holding a bound and jewelled book,—supposed, from its barbaric style and ascetic expression, to belong to that epoch when the Byzantine school was beginning to preponderate. Among the emblematic paintings are none so remarkable as those illustrating the Eucharistic doctrine: the Agape, with the usual viands, the fish sailing in water with a large basket of bread on its back; and, more significant still, a male and female, the latter with arms outspread in attitude of prayer—perhaps a personification of the Church, or the devotional principle—beside a tripod-table, on which is laid the fish, with loaves marked by a cross—most significantly asserting the mystery in this doctrine by adding to the proper substance of the Sacrament *another* emblem, the *ixth*, universally understood to imply the Person and Office of Christ. Of the sixth or seventh century may be considered also the Virgin and Child, the former richly dressed and crowned, from one of the archaic frescoes in the recently-opened subterranean church under that of St. Clement, in regard to the precise dates of whose paintings only analogy can be taken to guide us. From these rooms is entered another containing several frescoes from the corridor descending into the basilica of St. Agnese on the Nomentan Way, so injured that many would be unintelligible but for the familiarity of their subjects, from leading scenes in the legends of two virgin martyrs, and farther particularized, also, by inscriptions in Gothic letters below; works displaying the less felicitous characteristics of the fifteenth century, to which one is in fact referred by its date, 1455. Entering the corridor, on the first floor of porticoes carried

round the quadrangle, we here find another vast collection of Christian monuments, epigraphs and sculptured emblems from catacombs and cemeteries, mostly added during the last two years. Classified as they appropriately are, each set has its general purport specified in an inscription above, though, indeed, much more is wanted towards that elucidation we may hope for in the promised synopsis. First, we notice, from the catacombs of St. Priscilla, epigraphs simply painted in *large black letters on brick*, obviously the most primitive. Another set, supplying dates with computation by consulates, ides and calends, range over periods from A.D. 71 to 556, each having inscribed also its date by the modern mode of reckoning. Another is arranged with a view to the illustrating of dogmas—not, indeed, that all in this series are really of significance in such bearing, many being without doctrinal allusion, direct or indirect; but one bears the distinctest assertion of the Godhead of Christ I have seen in such records: *Autriculus* (with affecting reference to the dead, *Deo Christo Marturibus*. Another compartment is unique in wealth of types and emblems, displaying the delicacy and tenderness of feeling characteristic of the religious mind at this period of primitive faith, more justly directed, indeed more poetically pure, and less open to superstitious application, than the symbolism of the Middle Ages. Here we see the whole range of Christian emblems, referring to the Church, to the Grave, and to Immortality: the ship sailing towards a lighthouse, on which is a flaming beacon, for that mystical bark guided by heavenly truth through the world's tempests; the lamb and peacock, to typify redemption and immortality; the dove, emblem of sanctified souls; and the same, or other birds, standing on the brim of vases, for the soul and fidelity; the bird perched on a vine-branch; pecking at a radiated disk, to represent the soul supported by the Sun, or the life-giving powers of Truth; figures rising from tombs, stretching out hands to receive the palm or crown from doves, indicating the martyr's reward in another world—others in attitude of prayer between candelabra, the faithful enlightened by teaching from on high.

Another section is entirely filled with epitaphs to Popes and Priests, the former with the simple affix EP. (*episcopus*), that satisfied the dignity of Rome's ancient bishops— a calmly severe satire, as we might interpret, on the pompous style of their successors' mausolea in the modern St. Peter's. Several poetic inscriptions by Pope St. Damasus, either chiselled copies, or restored originals, in another compartment, are admirable for the pathetic and grave tenderness with which they refer to the dead—the sorrow lit by faith and hope, that finds its expression in these first-fruits of Christian poetry (1).

(4) Originally published in the St. James's Magazine.

SUPPRESSION OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS

ITALY without monasteries can scarce be imagined. So long as human nature remains what it is, will exist a class of minds alien to life's common paths, and destined, by heaven-born influences, or by the teaching of deep sorrow, for more pure and tranquil regions, not perhaps, in the mere pursuit of peace, but in that craving which shrinks from the irreconcilable opposition between the work-day frivolities and the immortal destinies of humanity. Such was the remark made to me by the Superior of a Tuscan Monastery, in the truth of which he seemed to feel (as I agreed with him) the guarantee of more enduring existence for these Institutions than recent laws have been framed to admit. In this land, indeed, from the Benedictines in the sixth century, to the Fathers of Charity, founded by the illustrious Rosmini but a few years ago; from the Franciscans in the thirteenth, to the Passionists in the last century—almost all Associations of Regulars have had their birth, or most distinguished centres; and shall this favoured home of Catholicism become a land of proscription—the eldest child degenerate into the sworn foe of the Church, as represented by these revered foundations? If, in the name of Liberalism or Constitutionalism, this injustice is to be carried to its last results, then indeed will the story of monachism in Italy remain a standing proof of the gross inconsistencies by which men discredit the worthiest causes, gainsay the fairest professions.

In almost all the more celebrated Italian Cloisters, strangers, whether introduced or not, are hospitably entertained during three days, the poor provided for gratuitously, at every season; and though persons of means invariably offer compensation on leaving, I have known instances of its refusal, after days spent where treatment was the best possible, my obolus being declined at leave-taking. At the principal convents in cities, and many in the country, food is distributed daily, or three days in the week, to the poor; and the Jesuits at Rome, most charitable in this respect, supply meals to several indigent families above the mediant class, every day. Observantine Franciscans, Capuchins, Passionists, dependent on alms, in great part return what they receive through this ever-flowing stream of bounties; and in their rural convents the simpler surgical operations, bleeding, ec., are usually performed by some lay-brother, who has certainly no chance of a fee from the class of patients accustomed to apply for his services. At others, medicines, liqueurs, essences, are prepared and sold cheap in the cloistral *Farmacia*, for miles around which exists perhaps no public shop of this description; and the monastic pharmacist is ready to attend pauper patients at their homes, with his drugs and his advice gratuitous. So wild are the regions in which many convents stand, adjacent to wretched villages, among Apennine or Sabine mountains, (I might cite Monticelli and San Michele as in similar solitude, though on heights visible from Rome), that the friar is indeed the only neighbour through whom their neglected inmates possess a link in any way uniting them with higher social spheres—a few parish priests excepted.

The Government attack against Religious Orders in this country commenced with the law passed in the Piedmontese Chambers, 28th. May 1835, but not until a long contested battle between two parties had led to some modification of the original project for suppressing all corporations of secular and regular clergy, and confiscating their property to the State, including female communities, but generally excepting those Orders dedicated to special works of charity—education, or the care of

the sick—the rest to be at once reduced to dependence on allowances from an ecclesiastical fund, left undisturbed indeed in their cloisters, but forbidden to receive novices, and thus condemned to lingering death. All the Subalpine Bishops protested, but ineffectually, against this law; and alike in vain was the most authoritative voice raised to condemn it, in the Allocation pronounced by Pius IX. the 26th July following.

One of the first measures of Garibaldi, a few days after his victorious entrance into Palermo, (27th May '60) was the suppression and expulsion of the Jesuits and Redemptorists, soon after which an edict in the new *Palermo Gazette* ordered that 18,000 ducats per annum, raised on their confiscated property, should be assigned to the department of public instruction. The 11th September following appeared a similar edict at Naples from the same « Dictator, » for suppressing the Jesuits, and all their ramifications and dependencies throughout the Kingdom, requiring their administrators to make report, within ten days, of the property entrusted to them, and at the same time appointing a committee for the future administering of that wealth in the name of Government. Who could have prophesied, a few months previously, that one of Revolution's strangest vagaries was to be carried out in the splendid Gesù Church, so zealously served by the Neapolitan Jesuits, through appointment of the ex-Barnabite Gavazzi (1) as preacher, rector, factotum at that stately temple, « to be restored by him to Catholic worship in its original purity » as officially expressed according to decree of October 23rd; but only five days afterwards the Commander of the National Guard (herein proving a better judge of ecclesiastical affairs than the Dictator) forcibly excluded Gavazzi from the Gesù, shutting its doors against the new Apostle and his flock—if (which may be doubted) he had any. A government acting in the name of Victor Emmanuel having succeeded to that exceptional and anomalous one at Naples, some violent measures were rescinded; but no more mercy was shown towards the Religious Orders now indeed placed under more sweeping condemnation; and on the 9th of August '61, appeared

an edict abolishing all convents and monasteries in the continental Neapolitan States, excepting those of the Orders dedicated to education, as Barnabites and Scolopians (whose schools, however, were now placed under supervision, with obligation to use books officially recommended); also, the Hospitalers of St. John of God, and the Theatines of St. Paul, besides some other local exceptions in favour of celebrated foundations—the Paolotti (Minims of St. Francis of Paola), in the provinces of Salerno and Cosenza, the Oratorians of Naples, and the three most renowned Benedictine sanctuaries, Monte Cassino, La Trinità, and Monte Virgine. Members of the condemned Orders were indeed left at liberty to remain in their cloisters or return into the world, on the allowance guaranteed of nine ducats per month to each; the Mendicant Friars still tolerated, as formerly, to depend on charity for support, but under prohibition of adding to their numbers; and communities reduced to only six, in whatever convent, to be transferred to some other, at pleasure of authorities; even those Orders and monasteries spared for the present, being *alike* forbidden to receive any more into their novitiates, so that in fact only a respite is allowed even in the favoured cases.

The fate of the cloistered and regular Clergy in Umbria and the Marches has been still severer, a simple act of delegated authority having annihilated their civil rights and laid their institutions under ban, without reference to Crown or Parliament! and this unconstitutional stretch of power by the two Royal Lieutenants was, in not a few instances, enforced in a manner more summary, not to say merciless, than yet exemplified (that I am aware) in any other Italian provinces. After the taking of Perugia, the Dominicans and Augustinians were speedily expelled from their large convents (that of the former a fine and ancient building) in that city, only two friars being left in each, dependent upon allowances, for the service of their parochial churches. The Camaldolese of Monte Corona were alike arbitrarily dispersed from their Abbey and Hermitage, at both which they exercised hospitality and dispensed alms,

after being allowed for a time to suppose that the confiscation of their property was the accepted price for the privilege of remaining quiet in their cloisters. Another Camaldolese sanctuary, Avellana, among the Apennines of Umbria, has owed its exemption not to any religious regard or sense of justice, but to the mere literary title of its having been visited and mentioned with honour by Dante! The Jeronymites of Urbino were dispersed because their convent (a large building) appeared suitable for other purposes, and it was in vain petitioned that one might remain to take care of another inmate who *could* not be removed, being then on his death-bed; no other assistance than that of a hired servant could be secured for this dying man; and their Superior himself told me that two young students, recently professed in this community, were left dependent upon his slender means for support, that since they were driven from their chosen home, an interval of eight to nine months, just 50 lire had been advanced out of the promised stipend guaranteeing 500 lire per annum to each father; 300 to each lay-brother. On the 11th December, 1860, appeared the Marquis Pepoli's decree against the Umbrian monasteries, providing that their confiscated wealth should thenceforth be administered by the *cassa ecclesiastica*, their localities in part appropriated for schools and hospitals, but with exemption for three of the most renowned establishments, the Franciscan Basilica (*Sacro Convento*) at Assisi, the beautiful Benedictine Abbey, St. Pietro, at Perugia; and one convent of Nuns at Città di Castello.

A royal decree of the 13th October '61 confirms the edict of the Lieutenant-General of Naples, for suppressing all religious communities in southern Italy, « except those dedicated to tuition, the care of the infirm, or other tasks of utility, » now defining that exception in favour of the Scolopians, (or fathers of the *Scuole pie*, founded by St. Joseph Calasanzio, 1592), the regular clerics of St. Paul, or Barnabites, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, who are all laics, and the Hospitalers founded by St John of God, the Nuns of the Visitation (Salesian), and Sisters of Charity: also in favour of certain

establishments of other orders: the Theatine and Oratorian in the City of Naples; in Calabria the Minims of St. Francis de Paola, at the town so called; one monastery of Carthusians in the Principato Citeriore province; and two Benedictine Sanctuaries, Monte Cassino and La Cava, the mendicant friars being still left the liberty of making quest for alms; though in theirs, as well as other convents, is forbidden the reception of novices, those religious not exempted being required to signify, through the judges of their districts, to the administrators of the church-fund, the desire to remain in their cloisters for life, in order to enjoying that privilege. The intention is announced to *concentrate*—precisely as has been done in Piedmont proper—communities hitherto in the less numerous inhabited cloisters, for the sake of gaining so many spare buildings, but with promise that those of different rule, whether male or female, shall not be mixed together. At Monte Cassino alone the liberty of receiving novices is still left, among all cloisters of the Orders not *in toto* exempt. In the exceptions we find no mention of the magnificent Certosa on the height of St. Elmo, over-looking Naples, nor of the celebrated Camaldolese *Eremiti*, visited by all tourists for the sake of their romantic situations and scenery, one at the foot of Vesuvius, the other on the mountain over-looking the entire extent of the Neapolitan and Pozzuoli coasts; nor of the fine old Dominican convent (where dwelt St. Thomas Aquinas) at Naples; nor of the other Carthusian monastery, founded by St. Bruno, in Calabria, where that saint expired (A. D. 1100), and the territory around which was conferred on him by Roger, King of Sicily.

The development of the monastic Institute in the Neapolitan Kingdom has been conspicuous; but before the close of the last century it suffered much depression under the ministry of Tanucci. Thirty-seven abbots once held episcopal jurisdiction in those states; the Jesuits had six establishments in the metropolis alone; and the Neapolitan Franciscans at one period numbered 13,520. During the minority of Ferdinand I. the religious of both sexes were reduced from the proportion of ten

to that to five in 1000 out of the entire population. In Sicily, alone were suppressed, within that period, eighty-eight monasteries and convents; and after Tanucci had effected the violent expulsion of the Jesuits (1767), it became necessary to supply their place for gratuitous education, in which object a tax was imposed on all towns towards the support of schools for rudimental teaching by paid masters (see Colletta's History). Turning to present facts, we find Sicily hitherto, under the new government, more fortunate than the continental states; no religious orders there—except Jesuits and Redemptorists—having suffered, but all still enjoying their property and allowed to recruit their ranks as formerly. I have heard an anecdote that evinces how lenient this disposition towards cloistered families in that Island: a runaway friar (it seems disreputable enough), from a convent at Taormina, appealed against his own Order, reminding those in office that it was classed with religious institutions legally suppressed, for which he was properly admonished, that such was no concern, nor becoming interference, for him.

In its general tenor the decree of October '61 corresponds with the law first proposed in 1854, and passed the following year, the exemptions then admitted being in favour of « those communities especially destined either for public instruction and education, or for preaching and attendance on the infirm ». But in the States of Piedmont and the Genovesato the application has been scarcely in harmony with the original terms of this law: for instance, the suppression of the Dominicans is assuredly in contradiction to the promise respecting those dedicated to preaching, which the « Order of Preachers; » par excellence, by their very title, might have urged on their own behalf. Nor have the Oratorians, so much respected for cultivation and usefulness throughout Italy, been generally spared, though one community be left at Naples in its *statu quo*. The provision for the members of suppressed communities was determined on a scale varying from 240 to 800 francs per annum, the lowest amount to those under thirty, the highest to those past eighty years of age; for nuns, from 500 to 300 francs, all

under fifty to receive the former, those past seventy the latter pension; for lay brothers and sisters, if professed under vows, 240 to 300 francs, according as their ages be below or above forty years. But has this proviso been strictly fulfilled? I have heard of communities, even those of helpless women, in Umbria and the Marches, left many months without any instalment, utterly neglected by the State, and abandoned to poverty in which their sole relief has been through the assistance of relatives or private bounty. At the once celebrated Benedictine Monastery of Novalesa, near Susa, I was told by one of the Fathers (in the Autumn of 1855), that they had not yet received funds sufficient to provide wood for fuel in the coming Winter, assuredly among life's first necessities at those cloisters in an Alpine valley exposed to the rigours of a truly northern clime. I hear that the Dominicans at Genoa are reduced to only six, now located at St. Maria di Castello (the ancient Cathedral), the rule being to allow but four in each convent, though in this instance remitted through the exertions of the distinguished Father Marchese, author of the « Lives of Dominican Artists » and other valuable works—now an inmate in this desolate cloister—and I am assured that 400 or 500 francs is the maximum of pension bestowed on the religious in Genoa, according to the principle actually adopted (of which the law says nothing), to maintain those proscribed communities at higher or lower rates, proportionate to the former means of their convents ere yet deprived of independent property. At the period that law was enacted, there were in the Sardinian States 71 Orders of both sexes, altogether 604 communities, containing 8,563 individuals; and 505 of these cloisters, on *terra firma*, enjoyed revenues amounting to 1,866,826 f., their lands being valued at 12,928,826 francs; while in the Island of Sardinia 99 convents were supported on 416,025 f. per annum, the entire revenues of the Church in that island (with eleven bishoprics, three abbacies and priories) being 1,744,046 f. A fund confiscated in this amount was surely sufficient to guarantee ample and regularly remitted indemnities to the dispossessed. In the discussion upon that projected

law, ten deputies (including the Marquises Palavicini and Gustavo Cavour) spoke against it, at length and with well-pointed arguments; and their speeches, with remarks aimed at refuting twelve others, from deputies on the Ministerial side, by Count Costa della Torres,] were published in a volume at Turin.

In numerous cases the injustice in the mode of proceeding, to say nothing of the principle, has been such as to remind us of the Eighth Henry, or of Protestant aggression in the XVI century. Some communities of Nuns have been reduced to appealing, through the Roman journals, to public charity; and from one of these Sisterhoods we hear that their miserable stipend barely provided for each at the rate of 20 centimes a-day; from another, that 6 centimes per diem was the amount for each, doled out by official bounty. In a convent of Romagna, the Nuns had to retire to their cells in darkness every night, in order to save oil for the lamp of the Holy Sacrament!

The Nuns of the Sacred Heart might claim exemption according to the terms of the law in the strictest sense, their Institute and entire lives being directed to the cares of education, which, for their day scholars, is gratuitous. But they have suffered without mercy: the pretext is urged against them that they are « female Jesuits », which is to far true inasmuch as these sisterhoods when enabled, secure the services of Jesuit Fathers for confessors; yet they do not place there pupils under the same direction; and is this assumed « Jesuitic » character any justification for dispersing and despoiling communities of respectable women, who have spent years in retirement dedicated to the tuition of their own sex from almost all classes? One of their convents, indeed, at Perugia, was long spared because its superior chanced to be a sister of Count Cavour; but after that statesman's death, it fell before the tempest like the rest; and admitting the law to be just, was not there an abuse even in this indulgence for a time extended?

The journals of Naples have lately announced that at least seventy Communities are to be driven out of their cloisters in those provinces thus to share the fate of many others already

so treated in the southern districts. (*V. Giornale di Roma*, 26th. June 1862).

From the commencement of the war in 1859 to the Autumn of '60, the number of Jesuits turned out of their homes without means was about 1,500; many were led by armed force from province to province, some thrown into the common prisons, others even prevented from seeking the asylums offered among pious families ready to receive them; and within that period the Colleges and Convents confiscated from this Order were: in the Papal States (after the dimemberment) 11, in Lombardy 3, in the Duchy of Modena 6, in the Kingdom of Naples 10, in Sicily 15—see the protest addressed by their General to the King, 24th. October '60, in respectful but earnest terms reclaiming against the wrong suffered by these clerics since the first agitations of Italy in 1847.

This appeal distinctly declares that the suppression of the Order, with confiscation of their property, throughout the Sardinian States, in '47, was without the knowledge, even contrary to the intention, of the late King (1).

A similar protest appeared in the Roman gazette, 27th March '62, from the Camaldolese of Umbria, relating the story of their expulsion from Monte Corona, whence 40 religious, some of whom had passed forty years in those cloisters, were cruelly turned adrift without regard for the aged and infirm, after the answer, from high places, to their remonstrance, that « it was necessary to advance with the age ». Yet the first great Revolution and Napoleonic government in Italy had respected those charitable fathers in their sacred retirement! and they protested not till provoked by the sale of their Hospice at Ancona, accompanied by the threat to dispose alike of their Eremitage and Ab-

(1) The number of Jesuits in the whole world has been lately reckoned as 7,231, of whom 4635 are Italian, 4203 French, 349 Austrians, 542 Belgians, 265 English, 426 Irish; and in the past years, 289 were at Rome, 462 in the whole Roman province; in the Neapolitan, before their late expulsion, 463; and in the Sicilian province, 277.

hey among the Umbrian mountains (1). That such sweeping changes as have lately passed over Italy, such tempests strong to destroy or uproot, should affect Institutions so wide-spread and pertaining to the past in character, is not surprising; and it may be owned that their growth has, in some parts of this country, been excessive to a degree perhaps incompatible with other interests. Thus, particularly in the Neapolitan States, was their immense development open to objections inevitably urged at an epoch of innovating activity. Up to February '61 there existed in those provinces 1020 monasteries and convents for males, whose aggregate number in the cloister was 13,611; 3008 monks living on a revenue of 3,323,785 francs per annum; 1657 friars not mendicant enjoying 1,132,182 francs per annum; and 8899 friars mendicant without means from any source save alms. The Neapolitan Convents of Nuns, up to that date, were 276, occupied by 8001 females, of whom 2898 were novices; in all supported on 4,772,694 francs per annum. In the city of Gubbio, to a population of scarcely 6000, were 17 convents, and on the suppression many (it was said, 200) families were added to the list of paupers, already in the amount of 2700 out of that small population, depending on alms, of course mainly supplied by the convents. In Tuscany monastic property has hitherto been untouched, and no Order has suffered by the application of the laws passed at Turin, except indeed in the general embargo against receiving novices into any institution of male or female religious. A degree of state-interference with such liberty is, indeed, nothing new to the Tuscan church-system, since the reforms of Leopold the admission into novitiate and profession by vows having been always subject to the condition of civil sanction. In 1789 certain communities of Nuns at Florence could only save themselves from the sentence pronounced against other Sisterhoods by contributing 2000 francs, thence-

(1) The property of Monte Corona, thus confiscated, was upwards of 1,200,000 francs, and the indemnity allowed to these fathers was at the rate of 5 sous per-diem to each :

forth annual, to the ecclesiastical fund. The amount redeemed from mortmain in that country by alienation of monastic property under Leopold I, is estimated at about three million ducats.

The exemption in Sicily has been more than justified by claims that might be urged for many Communities, both of the ancient and more modern Orders. To refer only to one, the **Philippines** or **Oratorians**, at **Palermo**: every third year those fathers open two competitions, for students in general, one in Greek and Latin letters, Sicilian and Biblical History, the successful candidate receiving from them an annuity of 1000 francs for eight years; the other, called (from its founder) *Concorso Olivello*, for essays in dogmatic Theology, the best to be rewarded by an annuity of 100 francs either for life or until the author be provided for by means securing 300 francs per annum. By the same fathers are given 500 francs every year in a prize to agriculturists, obtained by drawing lots, and under obligation of spending that sum in purchase of land for cultivation; and 20 dowries are annually bestowed by them on girls of the class entitled to such aid. Though (like the **Benedictines**) an aristocratic Order in Sicily, and limited to 30 at their **Palermitan** Convent, six free posts are always reserved in their community, to be obtained by postulants without any requirements of birth, or expense even for the two years of novitiate.

A bill, passed in December '61, empowers the government to use, during three years, for military or civil purposes, all convents that may be required, but leaving authorities responsible, in such cases, for expenses of worship, for repairs where necessary, and indemnifying the Religious for any loss or prejudice that may ensue from the occupation.

The regular Clergy have not been universally opposed to the national movement in Italy; and in Sicily the **Franciscan** and **Capuchin** Friars fought valiantly under **Garibaldi**, among the first who enrolled themselves with enthusiasm in the ranks that joined the liberator after his first marvellous successes. A late illustrious and saintly priest of the **Rosminian** Order expressed, within my hearing (in the year '59), his conviction that

the movement then at a climax was not irreligious, but just and rational in origin: to regard it as essentially opposed to the Church, he believed, was to deceive ourselves uselessly and most unwisely. We may remember how many have suffered in the cloister from the reprisals of opposition to the liberal cause, as well as from revolutionary excesses: the atrocious scenes enacted at Messina and Catania; the Nuns, among other females, who were victims to the brutality of King Ferdinand's soldiers; and, not the least of the outrages never to be forgotten or forgiven at Perugia, the wanton pillage and bloodshed by Pontific troops in the Benedictine Monastery of Saint Peter's.

A friar was expelled, his character and prospects therefore blighted, by the superior of a Neapolitan convent, for having voted in the Plebiscit. For the same act, the voting for annexation, the General of the Dominicans threatened only to deprive those subject to him of the active and passive voice in the comitia of that Order, while he denounced suspension, and deprivation of every office or rank in the cloister, against those who had joined the troops called « sacred legions », who in any manner had borne arms, or accepted office out of the Order; expulsion for those who, after his warning, should fail to prove repentant, (see the Circular of Père Jandel, 1st. January '61.).

A recent event, memorable in the present phase of Italian monastic life, was the emphatic adherence to the government of Victor Emmanuel by the Abbot of Monte Cassino, Padre Pappalettere, once Abbot of St. Paul's at Rome, who addressed a letter to the King, then resident at Naples, professing loyal dispositions and inviting his Majesty to visit that Benedictine Sanctuary; nor is this an isolated instance of sympathies manifested by that ancient Order for the national and constitutional cause. From the same cloisters P. Tosti has put forth several works expressing a fervid patriotic feeling—as speaks in his *Lega Lombarda* published 1847, his *Contessa Matilde* in '59.

To this adherence of a high dignitary has been opposed the act, not less significant, of the Abbot and fourteen

professed fathers at the Benedictine Monastery of St. Paul near Rome, who, on the 24th June '62, signed an address to the Pope deploring and reprobating the « ill-omened step taken by one of their brethren »; declaring they consider the temporal power necessary to the independence of the spiritual, and in these times indispensable as the sole plank of safety amidst the shipwreck threatened to society. Like protest from others of their brethren now constrained to silence, these fathers announce themselves authorized to convey.

The suppression of Religious Orders by highest ecclesiastical authority, (rarely indeed induced to this step), has been exemplified by one late exercise of power, though with effect only prospective and the mildest possible in application. Pius IX has thus abolished the Order of Sylvestrines, by prohibiting future admission into their novitiate at Rome: for, this branch of the Benedictine Institute, founded 1231, having never extended itself beyond the Papal and Tuscan States, and long ceased to answer to any special vocation or claims of service in the Church, his Holiness determined that their single establishment in that City should be closed after the present community have become extinct (1).

Late events lead one to ask, are there no dangers to be apprehended from the irritation of popular feeling by acts of violence against Institutions or societies the object of so much traditional respect? We read that at Naples; in March '61, the agents of government were prevented from entering the convent of the *Divino Amore* by a tumult among the artisans of the neighbourhood, who, rising in a body, obliged authorities to desist from their aggressive purpose. At Salerno a convent of Nuns (S. Giorgio) was alike protected, and the intended notification to quit, averted from its inmates, by a popular movement of indignation, or rather generosity, on their behalf. In the cities

In the earlier years of last century the Sylvestrines had 25 Monasteries, governed by mitred Abbots, with 300 inmates, after once possessing 56 houses for males, and several for nuns of their rule.

it may be true that public feeling is to some degree alienated from the Religious Orders, and a contemptuous or suspicious tone prevalent towards them, as apparent even in Rome, and now boldly, sarcastically declaring itself in Florence. The idea that professed mendicancy in the cloister no longer meets any requirement or serves any real interest of the Church, has obtained among various classes; but that the Regular Clergy are respected and beloved, their charities gratefully felt, their spiritual service preferred, perhaps not less than at any past epoch, in many provinces and districts, cannot be doubted by those acquainted with the present life of Italy in country as well as in towns.

The circumstances even of the wealthiest and largest Italian monasteries are far from being what they were before the revolutionary dominion of French conquerors. Monte Cassino, the most majestic and conspicuous, with its commodious buildings extending the length of 500 feet, and its modern Basilica (finished in 1727 by the architect Fonseca); one of the richest in costly material among Italian churches, lost all its patrimonies and feudal possessions under the French government in 1805, after suffering still ruder treatment in 1798 from General Championet; who exacted from the monks 100,000 ducats within three hours, took away all the sacred vessels, the crucifixes and statues of silver; and under the rule of Murat the Order was deprived of legal existence, the Abbot ceased to be a feudal lord, and in these cloisters (now styled « *établissement* ») only 50 monks were allowed to reside, but no longer even permitted to wear the monastic habit, for the custody of the library and archives. After the Pope and the Bourbons had returned to their thrones, this and the two other great Benedictine foundations in the same Kingdom were restored; but instead of restitution of lost property and territorial dominion, the Cassinese community was provided for by a revenue of 14,000 ducats per annum from the State; and in recent years, their printing press, established 1842, which had issued many valuable works, was put down by the jealous despotism of Naples.

Vallombrosa, after the French invasion of 1808, was suppressed, like all principal sanctuaries in Tuscany; its sacred vessels, admired paintings, and even vestments were carried away from the church; its celebrated library, rich in MS. codes and early editions, almost entirely dispersed. In 1819 ensued the restoration, but not the recovery, of lost treasures for those cloisters. Visiting them, I enjoyed the hospitality extended to every stranger for three days, being with a party, who were obligingly received, though arriving at the gates long after dark and beyond the hour fixed as the latest for admission within the cloisters or in the Foresteria. That ancient branch of the Benedictine Order, called after this their first establishment, has only five monasteries left to its occupancy in Italy, one being in Rome and one in Florence. Their castellated abbey of Passignano, in the diocese of Fiesole, still possesses lands to a radius of about two miles around its olden buildings; and comprising 41 farms with extensive oak-forests. The sanctuary of the Madonna of Monte Nero, finely situated on the height visible from Livorno, is in the custody of Vallombrosan monks; on a spot commanding the finest view of the Mediterranean coast, and still a centre of fervent devotions expressed in numerous, and some very curious offerings at the shrine of the Madonna, whose antique picture is said to have been miraculously transported hither from Greece. The Carthusians, who once owned 171 monasteries, 75 being in France alone, are reduced to about the lowest number both as to residences and members, among all religious Orders existing; and the mournfully beautiful cloisters in the ruins of the Thermæ of Diocletian at Rome, are now in great part occupied, as are those adjacent of the Cistercians, by French soldiers, who are masters more or less of almost every monastery and convent in that City.

In Piedmont still exist some celebrated sanctuaries; but the most renowned in those parts, that of Bobbio, founded by St. Columban in 612, the « citadel of orthodoxy against the Arians » (as Montalembert calls it)—has become a parish church, its monastery extinct, after dispersion of its library, famous

even in the X. century; of which, after the first spoliation in 1795, remained still 800 volumes, 75 chests filled with diplomas and deeds, besides 100 other MSS., all since transferred to the university-library of Turin. The Sanctuary of Vico (near Mondovì), which arose around a humble chapel containing a much-revered image of the Virgin, and gradually, from the year 1595, became one of the most gorgeous modern churches, with a large monastery annexed, is still, as from the first, in the keeping of Cistercians. Novalesa, in the wild solitude of its Alpine valley, the first Benedictine monastery in that kingdom, founded in 726 by a French patrician, and which, within two centuries from its birth, harboured more than 500 monks, is now left to the care of a poor and scanty community, without a remnant of its library, famous for the chronicles in which branch of mediæval literature it set a distinguished example, and bequeathed treasures in documents used by many modern historians. Oropa, near Biella, arose resuscitated from ruin in 1596, after the pillage by the armies of Francis I., and consequent abandonment of the original cloisters founded by Benedictines in the XI. century, its modern church, comprising the antique oratory, erected with great splendour, and the monastery amplified into one of the largest in Italy, at cost of the episcopal chapter and commune of Biella.

The Novitiate and Convent built during the life-time of Rosmini for his Order at Stresa, on the Lago Maggiore, in one of the grandest situations imaginable, may rank among the best-appointed and finest of such Institutions, and is one of five establishments of those « Fathers of Charity » in Piedmont, who have well deserved their exemption from ostracism. Into their possession has passed the venerable Abbey of S. Michele, on its eyrie-height above the pass of Susa, but a remnant, though a most romantic and picturesque one, of the Gothic church and cloisters, founded, about 999, by Hugo di Montbuisier, a wealthy French seigneur, in obedience to Pope Sylvester II, as means of atoning for the sins to be absolved from which he had made pilgrimage to Rome. Once a Benedictine sanctuary, this fine old edifice, visible on its rock-summit from Turin, is inhab-

ited by a few priests of the modern Order, whose courtesy and hospitality I have experienced, though presenting myself without introduction. Elsewhere in Italy these fathers have not settled, except at Rome, where they form a small community in a private house, and have a residence for their General with a few colleagues.

Even in the territory still under Pontific rule the cloister has not been, in every instance, an inviolable asylum during late years of strange vicissitude. The noble monastery, founded in the VII century among the mountains of Veroli, Casamari, inhabited by Benedictines from the beginning of the XI. century, in 1227 conceded by Honorius III. to Cistercians, and in later times the home of fathers observing the most rigid reformed discipline in that same Order, was attacked, the 22nd of January 1861, by a free corps from beyond the Neapolitan frontier, under pretext of searching for arms and putting down a centre of reaction; its church was pillaged, part of its premises set on fire, the pharmacy, from which the good monks dispensed medicines gratuitously to the poor, and a library, thus destroyed. Its Abbot repaired to Rome, and narrated the tale of outrage to Pius IX., who supplied all the requisite sacred vessels in lieu of those sacrilegiously taken away. The monks, who had fled, have returned to their cells, and a portion of their buildings has been since occupied by protecting troops.

The principle carried out in Italian cloisters conforms with that of truly Christian generosity, embodied in the decrees of the Tridentine Council. For the admission of a nun is usually required a dowry, the average being 1000 or 1500 ducats, sometimes indeed reduced in consideration for family circumstances (1).

(1) No property could be more distinctly personal, yet in late proceedings government has not scrupled to deprive helpless Nuns of all they possessed, thus thrown into la common fund; and I have heard of a young lady who had brought 4500 scudi to the institution where she took the veil, in one of the Romagna provinces, just before the persecuting measures were enforced, — to confiscate all that had been accumulating for a community's maintenance out of private fortunes.

But in male communities the postulant is admitted with no other charge than what suffices for his maintenance during novitiate ; and if he leave before that period has expired , a relative amount out of this small sum is returned. For 20 scudi , or less , the peasant may become a Franciscan friar , and if he has higher capacities , eventually enter the career of the priest. I have known the case of a foreigner received into the great Augustinian Convent at Tolentino on payment of only ten pounds, part of which , as he did not remain for the whole period of trial , was returned to him on leaving. Thus it may be said that, true to the high spirit of olden Catholicism , the asylum of the cloister is , in fact, gratuitously opened to all from the moment of profession (1).

(4) At Laverna the system is to require, at the end of the novitiate, 25 scudi from those who profess as fathers, 23 from lay brothers , a *titolo di vestiario*, or for expense of clothing.

CATHOLICISM IN SICILY.

Among the services rendered by the Norman conquerors to the Holy See, few were perhaps more acceptable than the restoration of the Roman ritual in Sicily, after the Greek had prevailed here from about the year 737 to the XI. century. Four colonies, descended from Greek emigrants who took refuge in times of oppression on this coast, retaining the Albanian dialect, as well as national manners and costume to this day, have however remained constant to the eastern rite and discipline. The power of the Catholic Church reached its fullest extent in Sicily. The Inquisition, suppressed A. D. 1782, by Prince Caracciolo, the beneficent and intelligent viceroy, who gave the first great blow to the feudal system in this Island, was regularly established at Palermo in 1514; though since 1480 its Tribunal had existed here in another form, administered by inquisitors sent from Spain, but only acting on occasions, as urgency required. According to Rocco Pirro, the institution was hailed with joy and approval by both Senate and people; but such testimony may be questioned when we find that, one year after its introduction, the Parliament protested against its proceedings and complained that, among its victims, good Catholics had been put to death on the sole evidence of confessions wrung out by torture; also that the public safety had been prejudiced by the

practice of giving licences to carry weapons, the consequence of which had been notorious, in crimes and outrages perpetrated by vagrants at night (1). In its second phase, while so much odium attached to this Tribunal, it was called the « Spanish Inquisition », and appears to have acted with severity little less unchecked than under Philip II, and Torquemada in Spain (2). In the revolt against the Spanish Government at Palermo, after the death of Ferdinand the Catholic, the Inquisitor was driven from that city, and obliged (alike with the hated viceroy Moncada) to fly in menial disguise. However deserving of abhorrence the memory of this Tribunal, we may regret the loss of its historic records in Sicily, the documents compiled during eighty years having perished in the explosion of a powder-magazine at the fortress of Castellamare. Caracciolo, when determined on the suppression, entered the judgement-hall in state, ordered the prisoners to be set at liberty, and the archives existing at that time to be burned; their ashes were scattered to the winds, but out of an immense mass of papers and parchments a single volume escaped, which, still unedited, in a private library at Palermo, contains the original records of the process against the Molinists (or Quietists) between 1681 and 1700.

(1) Inveges (*Historiæ. Palerm.*) and some other writers state that the tribunal was first established in Sicily 1213, by Frederick II., in fulfillment of promise made to Innocent III. But no contemporary historian (see Giannone) has confirmed this. One thing, however, is certain, that not the ecclesiastical but the regal power first enacted the punishment of death against Heresy. Cruelties though indeed sanctioned were rarely, if ever, originated, by the Church; and in reprobating the Inquisition, we may remember that it was Frederick II., a Prince almost perpetually at variance with the Popes, who promulgated at Padua, 1224, the edict which first assigned to the flames all irreclaimable heretics, and awarded perpetual imprisonment even to the penitent, attributing the cognisance of such cases to ecclesiastical, the condemnation to secular judges. Then were the Inquisitors, who had yet no regular Tribunal, first taken under royal protection (Giannone, v. III l. XV).

(2) Three Autos da Fé took place at Palermo, the last 1724.

The sum of 8,000 ounces is annually appropriated for the benefit of churches, convents, and religious celebrations in Palermo, not less than one half being absorbed by St. Rosalia's festival. To circumstances in history and nationality may be due that almost unequalled splendour in the celebrations of the Sicilian Church; the last named especially, by its gay magnificence, continued during five days, annually attracts multitudes to Palermo, from various parts of Europe, notwithstanding the intense heats amid which its fêtes occur. So with the two festivals of St. Agatha at Catania—one in the winter, the other in the summer,—of St. Lucia at Syracuse, of the Assumption at Messina; and the actual salvation of the city below Etna has been ascribed by historic authorities to its dedication to the Virgin Martyr who suffered within its walls.

Noli offendere patriam Agathae quia ultrix injuriarum est — are the words in the office for this Saint which so struck the Emperor Frederick II. when, opening the breviary, his eye chanced to alight on them the very day of an intended massacre to punish a revolt of the Catanese, that he revoked those sanguinary orders. St. Agatha's chief festival is preceded by a sort of carnival during which ladies walk abroad muffled in black silk mantles that leave nothing of the face visible except eyes; and if the *incognita* offer her arm to any gentleman, he is bound to escort her so long as she pleases, to treat her at the café or confectionary, some duenna being all the time in attendance at a distance; and this strange usage (reminding of Lope di Vega's comedies) never, I am assured, leads to any improprieties.

It was amid the extraordinary devotions appointed on the visitation of plague at Palermo, in 1624, whilst the relics of St. Christina were being carried in procession, that a multitude of voices in the stree suddenly raised the cry « Sancta Rosalia, ora pro nobis ! » without suggestion (as is stated), nor any antecedent practice of invoking this name in the Sicilian Church. That very day the Cardinal Archbishop received intelligence that the saint's body had been found near the summit of Monte Pelicrino by some workmen digging to till the soil, who, coming

upon a mass of rock, had cleft it with much labour, and beneath discovered the female skeleton as to whose identity there could be no doubt. (1) Immediately transferred with pomp to the Cathedral, these relics were soon carried, with an immense procession, in a shrine for which the senate spent upwards of 12,000 gold ounces, and finally (1623) deposited in the superb chapel built expressly and dedicated to the Virgin Saint in that church. A singular circumstance is, that the devotion to the newly-constituted Patroness had not yet received any such sanction as Rome accords for the honours of the altar. Nor was it till 1630 that Rosalia was canonized by Urban VIII., after all possible investigation had been made into the scanty records of her life. That Pope, writing on the subject to this Archbishop, alludes to the circumstance positively stated by Rocco Pirro, that after this new direction of popular piety the plague speedily ceased, not only in the metropolis but throughout the Island—(*quæ a patrio coelo pestilentiam nuper depulisse pie creditur*)—nor could such a remarkable fact fail to be interpreted as heavenly sanction. Seventeen years afterwards the Palermitan Senate bound itself by vow to solemnise two festivals annually in honour of St. Rosalia: such the origin of this most magnificent and picturesque celebration, rather Spanish than Italian in character, and with more of the *renaissance* than the mystic symbolism of the mediæval Church. Extending over five days, its special pageant is the daily procession of the colossal silver statue, in a gorgeous car about 80 feet high, which, covered with garlands and rich draperies, carries also a numerous orchestra. For this pageant a different design is every year chosen from models offered in competition:

(4) This Saint, said to have been descended from Charlemagne, was a lady of distinction, brought up at the court of William I. and in attendance on his queen, till, about the year 1160, she bid adieu to all pleasures and splendours, retiring to a grotto near the summit of Monte Pellegrino—

And there a saintly Anchoress she dwelt

Till she exchanged for Heaven that blessed ground—
the date of her death being uncertain.

drawn by 40 mules or oxen richly caparisoned, with 20 riders in a quaint uniform of scarlet, and white-plumed hats. it is attended by ecclesiastics, civil and military functionaries in vast numbers, thus passing through the streets under triumphal arches, between pyramids of verdure and flowers. Every night the city is illuminated, and with fairy fantasies such as southern skill can ever display in similar spectacles.

The strangely varied vicissitudes of the past have naturally left traces in the picturesquely-contrasted features distinguishing Palermo, a City so long the stage for a drama of conquests, triumphs, struggles, the overthrow and setting up of dynasties, the Imperial Greek, Gothic, Saracenic, Norman, the Soabian Emperors, the Anjou and Arragonese Kings, the sceptre of Spain, Austria, Sardinia, and lastly the Bourbons; who here represented the cause of ancient legitimacy against all the tide of revolution and tempests of political transition in modern Europe. Under the ancient Greco-siculan Republics, which (as Pagano observes), rivalled the Athenian, Palermo never held more than a subordinate place; but from the Christian era her position and destinies soon became conspicuous. In the year 440 Genseric besieged her, but was repulsed after a gallant defence: the Greek Emperors had soon, however, to forfeit this precious possession, when Theodoric became master of the Island about the close of the V. century; again in 534 the Goths retired before the victorious armies of Belisarius, and Sicily again became subject to the Byzantine Caesars. Only fifteen years after that conquest, Totila swept over her cities and valleys, leaving desolation behind; and though for many years after this disaster exempt from war and invasion, the conditions of the Island under the corrupt government of the Eastern Empire were anything but happy; tyranny and extortion did their dire work, particularly under the worthless Constant during the six years of his residence, till cut off by assassination, in 669, at Syracuse; under the Iconoclast Leo in the VIII, and under Nicéphoras in the IX. century. When the Crescent was rising to its victorious zenith, Messina having been already taken by the

Saracens, in the same year, 831, the beleaguered Palermo offered dauntless resistance, prolonged till 835, when she at last capitulated to the African invader, but with honourable terms, stipulating respect for life and property, and toleration for Christian worship. Under the Greek Empire the plan, extent, and commerce of this City were far different and inferior to what they soon attained; and no doubt the Saracens contributed to bestow celebrity and wealth on this their chosen centre. During the two centuries that followed their conquest, she increased in prosperity as in scale, spreading over an additional region on the Eastern side so far that this quarter received the title, « New City », whilst the older town, fronting the sea, was sheltered within the port that opened between two castles on sites still similarly fortified.

The conditions of the conquered under the Saracen form the darkest side of the picture of Moslem rule in Sicily. True, the state of slavery to which Christians were mostly reduced was not one exposing to cruelties, even less so than did the subjection of the Italians in the north to Longobards or Franks; nor similar in severity to the serfdom of Russia, the slavery of the United States. The Korân induced respect for the abnegations of the cloister, and enjoined that the lives of priests, unless taken fighting with weapons, should be spared; yet, after the surrender of Palermo, many ecclesiastics became voluntary martyrs, choosing death rather than life offered on condition of apostacy. After the conquests of the ferocious Ibrahim, Sultan of Cairvan, who took Taormina, A. D. 902, and massacred all its unarmed citizens, priests, women, children, the Sicilian clergy for the most part dispersed; and by the end of that century the sole prelate left to represent its hierarchic body was the one who sought and found at Palermo that protection, under the throne of the Emir, elsewhere denied. Christian worship was just tolerated within the limits of sacred walls, though it seems that the education of youth might still be entrusted to its ministers, as recorded in one instance at Castrogiovanni. About half a dozen monasteries, it is supposed, had still communities, living on their own means, at the middle of the eleventh century. To the

monks, now mostly scattered, succeeded in popular esteem to the roving friars and hermits, a class left unmolested, in some instances daring and active missionaries—as the Fra Elias (known as a saint), who perpetually travelled, to exhort or warn, in the patriotic as well as religious spirit, and one St. Simeon (of Syracuse), who became a preacher of the Crusade in Germany; besides others whose adventures were so extraordinary, or asceticism so preternatural, that several of the most wild and wondrous legends of the tenth century, related by the Bollandists, pertain to Sicilian hagiography. That many Christians apostatised from interested motives, is not too evidently, and alone can account for the fact that towards the year 1060 (near the last term of the Saracenic occupation) Christian slaves had almost disappeared in this island; many perhaps unconditionally emancipated (for this act the Moslem considered meritorious), but in great part, no doubt, restored to freedom through the usual condition of professing Islam faith. In the western provinces, it may be concluded, where the Italic and Punic races predominated, apostasy, motivated by worldly interest, was more widely extended; in the eastern, the original seat of the Greek colonies, together with the primitive language, elsewhere absorbed by the Arabic, the ancient faith was more generally retained by the Greek Sicilians (1).

The first appearance of the Normans before Palermo, commanded by Duke Robert at the head of only 800 men, was in 1072. This city finally surrendered, after being attacked by Count Rugiero on the southern, by Duke Robert on the eastern side, and after the New City had been entered by escalade during the night, whilst the Saracens were engaged in repulsing an assault from the walls at the opposite side. The vanquished stipulated on behalf of their religion, personal safety and property, before taking oath on the Koran to remain faithful to the new government, which promised them protection (Palmeri cap. XV442.) For a long time did the Saracenic element continue

(1) V. Amari, *Storia dei Musulmani in Sicilia*.

blent with the Christian, and adding another feature to the complicated picture, no doubt most striking in its marked contrasts of usages, costume, worship: the gorgeous Asiatic and severe Scandinavian manners amalgamated, or at least co-existed in harmony; the Mussulman Santon stood beside the Catholic friar and Basilian monk; the chivalrous tourney provided pastime together with the races of the *djerrid* (or Arab javelin); the Mosque opened for worship on Fridays, and the Muezzin called to daily prayer from its minarets, mingling that Oriental voice with the bell that summoned to the rites of Christian altars at the superb Cathedral and numerous monastic churches, founded by the Norman Princes. The follower of Mohammed publicly prayed, during the feast of Beyram, for the Abasside Caliph, and when in litigation stood before the tribunal of his own Cadi, a privilege similar to which was enjoyed by the Jews, who, protected and tolerated, had their public Synagogues, and formed a community so far noticeable that when their co-religionist, Benjamin Tadelas visited Palermo in 1172, he found them 1500 in number. Jews and Saracens, thus alike enjoyed civil rights; and if many of the latter were reduced to serfdom, it was only those taken captive in battle who thus became *vilains*, attached as property to the soil of estates. The Christians, on the female side at least, imitated the refinement and luxuries of their Moslem neighbours; and Palermitan ladies, of both religions, went abroad on festivals in yellow silk robes, wrapt in rich mantles and tinted veils, with gilded boots, a profusion of necklaces, and painted cheeks (v. the Arabic fragment published by Amari). Laws and edicts were published, as this social state required, in Latin, Greek, Arabic and Norman French; the Code of Justinian, the Longobardic laws, the *Comte-mier* of the Normans, the Mosaic books, and the Koran formed alike the sources whence judicial tribunals derived their norms of procedure, conformable to the wise and philosophic principles on which Ruggiero and his immediate successors governed,

(1) Vee Canth, *Storia degli Italiani*, cap. LXXXIII.

tolerant of all creeds, respecting all worship, indifferent towards outward peculiarities — most opposite, in such enlightened liberalism, to the stern sway of their kindred countryman, the Conqueror in England (†). Such even-handed justice and elastic principle were indeed necessary for the welfare and tranquillity of the newly-constituted kingdom, so heterogeneously composed as to population, for, during the Norman period, the Greeks continued almost exclusively to people the Val Demone, the Lombards to possess six cities, besides several smaller places in the interior, and the coast on the side of Africa remained still almost entirely inhabited by Saracens, who, it is shown by Palmeri, never, even when their Emir ruled over the whole Island, formed more than one-sixth in the population of Sicily. The same historian concludes that under the Saracen dominion the principal towns were not less populous than at the beginning of this century; and the Palermo of the ancient Greeks was able to send to Syracuse, when besieged by Marcellus, an auxiliary force of 3000. Under her Moslem rulers many new buildings, fortifications &c. were added to this City; and the suburban palace of Zisa, with a portion of the Emirs' castle, now included within the Norman buildings of the royal Palace, still attest the splendour and solidity of their constructions. The Alcassar, as that residence was called, gave its name to the region around, retained in the Italianized form, *Castaro*; but the stately edifice of the Norman kings, with its magnificent chapel, forms a monument probably far more imposing than that of the Emirs, above whose remains it stands. Mosques were, under those kings, consecrated into churches, and the most interesting of the ancient Christian temples still preserved rose by their means and endowment. The magnificence of their court may be inferred

(†) So soon afterwards as the year 1146, the whole of Apulia and the African coast from Tripoli to Tunis, from the desert to Cairvan, had become subject to the Sicilian Crown, whose wearer was justified in assuming the proud motto: *Appulus et Calaber, Siculus mihi seruit et Afer*. (Palmeri, cap. XXI.)

from the account of the coronation of Rugiero, first to assume that title of Sicily's King, celebrated on Christmasday 1130, with pomp that, an old chronicler declares, might have led to suppose all the riches and splendours of earth were concentrated at Palermo: we read of halls hung and carpeted with choicest tapestries and coloured draperies; a procession formed by grandees and officials in the royal train; the bridles and caparisons of whose horses were all of gold; four Archbishops united in the consecration; and the Prince of Capua bore the crown; at the banquet all the vessels were of solid gold or silver; all the pages, stewards, even lackeys were clad in tunics of silk, an article then so precious that even at the ostentatious court of Constantinople, it was worn only by the Emperor and the « Augusti »,—silk manufacture, though not first introduced, having been encouraged and improved by Count Rugiero, who brought weavers from the Morea to practise it with superior skill in Sicily, as the same beneficent Conqueror also imported from Greece and Africa the culture of the bread-fruit tree, the pistacchio, the sugar-cane and papyrus. Under Frederick II., Palermo was embellished, fortified, and enlarged. Its most considerable fortress, *Castel a mare*, on the sea-side, above whose ancient towers the Saracens had raised a Mosque, acquired its modern importance by the improvements of Charles V., under which Emperor this City continued to augment in scale and wealth; and at this period all Sicily contained 478 cities and towns, of which nine were episcopal sees. « Island of the Sun » was one of the names poetically given to Sicily by the ancients; but the strangely complex succession of transfers to dynasty after dynasty, nation after nation; led in modern times to the confusion, quite unwarranted, of a kingdom originally distinct and independant with the continental Neapolitan States, a systematic misnomer for which the first responsibility rests with Pope Clement IV, who, in the contract for subjecting these States, continental and insular, to Charles of Anjou, first called them in their aggregate « Sicily, an example followed in the bulls and briefs of his successors; and Gregory XI, drawing up the

terms of peace between Joanna of Naples and Frederick III. of Sicily, introduced the strange confusion of styling the states of the Queen, Sicily—those of the King, Trinacria! Martin, who reigned 1402—9, introduced the parlance still in vogue of « Sicily beyond the Faro » for the Island, « Sicily on this side the Faro » for the continental Kingdom; and Alfonso of Aragon, after his conquest of Naples, first styled himself, as all his successors have continued doing, « King of the *Two Sicilies* ». Whatever the sufferings and misrule of this Island, under the government of the Bourbons, it cannot be denied that, in the present century, benefits have been obtained and progress realised by Sicily, the more intelligible when we remember that, for some years, whilst a French dynasty reigned at Naples, she enjoyed the autonomy and independance of a constitutional monarchy. Among the principal causes of improvement have been the abolition of feudal rights and dismemberment of large estates through measures passed between 1812 and 1816, and laws in the same spirit as those that sanctioned the disposal of crown-lands on life-long leases, that secured the tenant from liability to ejection on the death of his landlord, that rendered Magistrates irremovable in their office, and regulated the tribunals of Justice by fixed codes—benefits, however, which, though secured in principle, may, and no doubt have been often rendered nugatory in practice, and utterly frustrated by corrupt administration. Brigandage is said to have been totally extirpated by agency of the *Campagne d'Arme*, created in 1812, and, after the revolution of '48, reorganised by the Viceroy Filangieri, which, though only a force of 700 mounted men, had been considered sufficient for the protection of the whole Island—but we read in La Masa's *Documenti illustrati* a very different story, of desperate, systematic, ineradicable Brigandage, mainly caused by the persecutions of Police, the maladministration of laws; and certain it is, that six famous leaders of those outlaws were the terror of this country when the revolution broke out in '48, three of whom, after the first victory of the popular cause at Palermo, abandoned their evil courses to join the patriot combatants, re-

gaining character and becoming reconciled to society. In commerce and agriculture Sicily has, within this period, made noticeable progress; she now exchanges her produce for manufactures to the annual amount of half a million sterling with Naples, or that of one million sterling with distant foreign countries. The Vine, formerly cultivated only at Marsala and Syracuse, now grows almost in every province; the Citron, once only found in the environs of Palermo and Messina, flourishes now in the central as well as northern districts; the olive, instead of being limited to the northern coasts, to Cefalu and Milazzo, now grows round the temples of Girgenti, and abounds in the Island's more southern regions; the Shamash, formerly confined to sheltered nooks in the North, has alike gained extensiveness; the Mulberry, once peculiar to Messina and Patti, now flourishes at the mouth of the Faro and on the slopes of Etna; the Almond, once the boast of Mascali alone, now yields abundant fruit at Girgenti and on the heights near Palermo. Extraction of sulphur, spinning and weaving of silk and hemp, preparation of wines for export, are also industries risen, within recent times, from comparative insignificance to importance; yet still that Sicily is far from being that garden of Europe and centre of all the opulence derivable from Nature's bounties, which Providence has endowed her with means for becoming, is, but too painfully evident, not only in her desert, trackless provinces, her wild squalid villages, but even in her beautiful Metropolis.

Under the pious King William II, the Archbishop Guadagno erected the Cathedral of Palermo, in its original form probably more magnificent than the present, before additions and tasteless alterations impaired the pure Norman style. The Palermitan Bishopric is said by legends to have been founded by St. Peter, but did not for many centuries hold the Primacy, ranking after Teormina, Syracuse, and Catania, among Sicilian Sees; and its present revenues are 15000 ducats, taxed 1200 florins by the Camera. Soon after the Norman conquest, Duke Robert and Count Rugiero restored and richly endowed this cathedral, which had been converted into a Mosque by the Saracens, as

der whose away the Bishop and clergy were obliged to officiate, and the faithful to assemble, in another much more obscure church. Adrian IV first raised Palermo to the Primacy in 1145; and the See thus honoured by an English Pope was in several instances filled by English Prelates, as the Archbishops Walter and Bartholomew, in the XII century, the last of whom, Chancellor of the Kingdom, ended his life in honourable exile, a fugitive at Girgenti, for maintaining the rights of the crozier against the sceptre. The Archbishop Offamil had the ancient church demolished; all except the chapel now attached to a contiguous monastery (*Badia Nuova*) called *s. Maria Incoronata*, where the Sicilian Kings used to be crowned; and by the same prelate, also an Anglo-norman, was raised the present temple, which in 1185 was dedicated by him to the blessed Virgin *Assunta*; in 1426 was added by the Archbishop Ubertino the Gothic porch decorated with sculptures and precious marbles; in 1625 was constructed the splendid chapel for the recently discovered relics of *S. Rosalia*. Between 1781 and 1801 were made alterations most injurious to the olden beauty, and, among other modern features, arose a cupola in a style quite out of keeping with the rest. One of those old Greek pictures of the Virgin which tradition persists in ascribing to St. Luke, brought to Palermo in 1220 by a Carmelite named Angelo, who had received it, together with various relics, from the Patriarch at Alexandria, was transferred hither, after first being deposited at Rome, by permission of Pope Honorius, together with a Crucifix said to be carved by Nicodemus, and thus rivalling the claims of that preserved for many centuries at Lucca. The last ecclesiastical event of importance connected with this church was the Synod held, in 1850, by the Cardinal Archbishop Pignatelli, assisted by the two other Metropolitans and six Bishops of Sicily; but in late political tumults scenes of horror have taken place within these walls: I have heard of outrages in this Cathedral by Neapolitan soldiers too atrocious to be described; and after the first victories of Garibaldi, the attempt to break into its sacred treasury was made by those royal troops, only thwarted by the strength

of bolts and bars, as narrated by the Archbishop himself to Garibaldi within hearing of the *Times* correspondent.

In a lateral chapel are four stately monuments with porphyry sarcophagi, containing the bodies of the Emperors Henry VI. and Frederick II. of Constance, the wife, and Constance the mother of the former, and Frederick the Aragonese, King of Sicily: that of the second Frederick, the Swabian, most noticeable for the reliefs on the sarcophagus of the Virgin and Child, and the symbols of the Evangelists; those of the Empress and the Aragonese King for their beautiful canopies, with white marble columns, and cornices elaborately moulded and gilded. One is surprised to read of the disturbance of these imperial remains, as, in the first instance, by the Spanish Viceroy Arce, 1491, when the bodies of Henry and Constance were displayed to view, both crowned, the latter with an inscription on a brass plate beside her; and again in 1801, when their tombs were a new opened, and it was seen that the two Emperors still wore the ecclesiastical vestments conceded by the Pope to the Sicilian sovereignty in virtue of its office of perpetual Legate in its Kingdom—a strange attire for the bodies of these Princess, considering that one died excommunicate; the other, after years under like sentence, only just absolved,—the atrocious cruelties of Henry, the perpetual struggles with Popes, and their repeated anathemas against Frederick I. (Recco Pirro, *Sicilia Sacra* v. 1, l. 1 — Morso, *Palermo Antico*). A third disinterment, according to Münter, (*A Journey in Sicily*), was effected in 1784, when, he tells us, were again displayed the bodies of the two Emperors, of Frederic of Aragon, and the two Empresses, the mother and one of the six wives of Frederic II. The body of Henry VI. that traveller tells us, was almost intact, clad in his full imperial ornaments, his vestment embroidered in gold with Arabic inscriptions, like the imperial mantle at Nuremberg; the face so little disfigured that it was possible to form an exact portrait from it, and the whole, before the tombs again closed, was drawn by an artist. The story of Germanic rule in Sicily is brought before us here, by Death's elegant pre-

sense, more vividly than in any other monumental walls on this Island. Through a fatal marriage (1), mainly brought about by an English Archbishop of this See, was prepared the way for that subjection which soon contrasted the darkest with the brightest in the historic picture — Henry the Suabian with William and Tancred the Normans. — When that Emperor appeared with an army before Palermo, 1194, and summoned the city by his herald to surrender, he was admitted without resistance, immediately declared Sovereign, and crowned by Offamil, though the legitimate, because nationally recognised King of Sicily at that time was the infant son of Tancred (2). Over the tomb of Frederick very different reflections are suggested from those naturally occupying the mind before the remains of the merciless tyrant, his father. Though excommunicated by three Popes, once at a General Council, his crown declared to be

(1) That of Constance, posthumous daughter of King Rugiero, with the son of Frederick Barbarossa; but the story of her having been a Basilian Nun, under vows, and removed from her convent by the Archbishop, with dispensation from the Pope, to become the bride of Henry, is refuted by later historians.

(2) That unfortunate child, blinded and barbarously mutilated, died a victim to the barbarity of the Emperor, in a German fortress; the Barons, roused to revolt by his hateful rule, were some blinded, others burnt alive; others impaled, one flayed; and the survivor of the Norman line they had endeavoured to raise on the throne, suffered by having an iron crown, studded inwardly with spikes, or (according to one account) red-hot, forced upon his head. But in the full career of guilty triumphs, at the age of only 32, was the author of these atrocities — to use the words of Gibbon — overtaken by the Angel of Death. Contemporaries describe the beauty of the person of Henry, who was preparing (strange antithesis!) to embark on a Crusade when attacked by his last illness, and died excommunicated by Celestinus III, not for his darker crimes, but for the treacherous imprisonment of Richard Cœur de Lion on his way through Germany from Palestine. Under this sentence his body could not receive Christian interment till the Empress had obtained permission from the Pope, and restored the ransom paid to Henry by the English for their unjustly treated King

forfeited, his subjects absolved from their oaths of allegiance, and a Crusade published against him; though stained by his cruel in vengeance, despotic in ideas and actions, this Emperor King has still left a memory to be honoured, as the author of just and enlightened laws, the extirpator of superstitions, the restorer of Letters, the recoverer of Palestine and the Holy Sepulchre, the heroic soldier and wise political reformer. In spite of anathemas, his deathbed afforded proofs of piety and faith. The Jesuit Historian, Maimbourg, infers that « God gave him grace to obliterate his sins by the great sorrow conceived for them, accompanied by effects and fruits of truly Christian penitence; » and he expired absolved from the censures of the Church by the Archbishop of Palermo, bequeathing 100,000 gold ounces for the Crusade in the Holy Land, and 500 to the Cathedral, where he desired to be interred, and whither his body was removed from Fiorentino, in Apulia (2). The imputations urged against him by Popes Gregory IX. and Innocent III. fell to the ground before proofs that satisfied the saintly King Louis, no less than other European Princes; nor could it be shown that he entertained the principles, any more than that he had penned a line of the book « *De tribus Impostoribus*, » which modern criticism has agreed to class among the celebrated works never written.

(1) A special code of laws was framed by Frederick for the protection of agriculturists, navigators, students, and *literati*; and of this Emperor, so calumniated in his life-time, an ecclesiastic of great learning says: *Ipsa enim doctissimus, multarum disciplinarum ornamento conspicuus, doctrina et prudentia omnes sui sæculi homines superavit. Doctos viros impense dilexit, literas mirifice fovit* (Mongitore, *Bibliotheca Sicula*.) See also his will, full of sentiments of piety, in Giannone I. XVII, c. 6.

(2) He is said to have been deterred from entering Florence, where in that neighbourhood, by the prophecy of the Wizard, Michael Scott, that in *Florentia* he should die — fulfilled, with the usual « paltering in a double sense, » by his death at that obscure fortified place in 1250.

in the story of her past, Messina seems veritably marked though not for misfortune, signalised by the awful distinctions of woe—no instance so terribly visiting her as through the reprisals of that quenched revolution under Ferdinand II. How conspicuous of superior position under ancient Rome, is shown by the oration of Patericeno against the rapacious Prætor, who, favoured her more political than any Sicilian town, finding it convenient to form here the central depot of his incalculable spoiliations. Under the Norman and Hohenstanfen princes, Messina and Palermo alone, among all cities of their kingdom, retained the ancient office of *stratigo* (or *stratigos*), a species of royal lieutenancy, which Frederick II., who abolished it everywhere else, here established with a high degree of delegated authority, similar to that of the counts of Sicily, under the Gothic kingdom, who exchanged their title for that of prætor, after the conquest by Belisarius had resubjected this island to Justinian. The wealth and splendour of Messina under the Aragonese dynasty, may be inferred from the contemporary account of the triumphal entry of Frederick III. (1290), soon after the national recognition of that young prince as king, in place of his brother Peter. There rode forth to meet the handsome, gallant, and amiable Frederick (pride and benefactor of his country), a goodly company of nobles, all in silken attire, on horses caparisoned with cloth of gold, followed by a bevy of ladies, all in variegated silk and gold tissues, sparkling with jewels, fragrant with all the aromas of Araby and the Indies, so that (the chronicler assures us), neither the Hebrew Esther, nor Helen of Troy, nor Bido of Carthage, could have surpassed those fair ones in magnificence! Thus accompanied, the royal guest rode to his palace, along streets strawn with flowers, between houses hung with gold-embroidered draperies, from whose balconied roofs bands of musicians sent forth joyous saufarenaes the while,—such a scene, perhaps, as one of Sicily's old poets (Mazzeo Ricci, coeval with Dante) had in his mind's eye, when he addressed his lady-love, protesting—

Chè se tutta Messina fosse mia,

Senza voi, donna, niente mi saria.

this epistolary relic. To establish the claims of both legend and letter, a learned Jesuit, Melchior Inchofer, produced a ponderous Latin tome: « *Epistolæ B. Virginis Mariæ ad Messinenses veritas vindicata* » (1629), which, to judge from citations, one might class among the most curious offsprings of out-of-the-way erudition ever given to light. It is honourable to the courage and candour of another ecclesiastical antiquary, boldly to have declared the deficiency of proof in this case, the arguments of Inchofer having been severally refuted by Rocco Pirro (« *Sicilia Sacra*, l. 1, notitiæ 11 »); who exposes their weak side, showing that no sufficient evidence has ever been adduced in support of the legend so fervently cherished; that the Epistle was, in fact, never seen in any language till produced in the Latin, professedly translated from the Greek, about 1490, by Constantine Lascaris, the celebrated scholar, who that year visited Messina, since which period, as even the Jesuit Father allows, no trace of a Hebrew or Greek original has been discovered. Lascaris seems to have been inspired by Savonarola's appeal at Florence, in reference to the assumed genuine character and edifying contents of another letter from the Blessed Virgin, addressed to that city, and no doubt accepted by the enthusiastic Dominican orator, the prophet and victim of a corrupt age, in perfect good faith (1). Scriptural chronology, as admitted by the first authorities, places the arrival of St. Paul in Italy A.D. 60; nor could he have been in Sicily, where his visit to Syracuse (but no other part of the island) is mentioned in the Book of Acts, at earlier date; and the computation by indictions, periods of fifteen years, was first introduced by Constantine. It must be added also, that the Index Congregation of Rome has condemned works in which this Relic's claims are too confidently advanced; but little does the popular feeling of the Messinese heed any argument unfavourable to their dearly-prized « *Lettera* ».

High historic actions have passed within Messina's cathedral, none fraught with greater import to national destinies than the

(1) T. CASSIN, *Storia degli Italiani*, note 4, c. 1.

assemblage shortly after the massacre of the « Vespers », when civic authorities gave official reception to the Cardinal Gherardo, as commissioner from Rome for the adjustment of peace between the Anjou king and his subjects. The keys of the city and the *bâton* of command being placed in his hand, the request was formally preferred that, in the name of the holy Roman Church, he (the Cardinal) should assume the government over Sicily ; but the means by which the islanders had liberated themselves from their foreign rulers were of a nature to be reprobated by the Holy See, which could not but condemn a massacre that had spared neither age nor sex, and confounded the religious in cloisters with the soldiery in fortresses; whilst other motives contributed to secure the favour of the Papacy for the power invited and consecrated by itself to ascend the Siculo-Neapolitan throne. Under these considerations was dictated the answer of the Cardinal, requiring unconditional submission to the Anjou Charles, whose murder of Conradin never had been, nor could be forgotten ; on which Alaimo of Lentini (a conspicuous personage), snatching the *bâton* from his hand, interrupted the inadmissible proposals: « No, father, this is raving ! Never, never more will we admit the French, so long as we have blood and swords of our own. »

About fifty churches, eighteen monasteries and convents for males, and seventeen for females, attest the public piety of Messina. Among the first and wealthiest of these institutions, was the Priorate of the knights of St. John, or Order of Jerusalem, whose once vast property finally passed to the crown. But the most illustrious was that originally on a site now associated with the reverse of all that is sanctified or beneficent, being occupied by the fortress built in 1538 by Charles V., called St. Salvatore from the great Monastery of Basilians founded by Count Robert Guiscard, soon after the Norman Conquest, which, at an early period invested with authority over thirty-one other houses of the same Order, was raised by King Rugiero to the rank of Archimandrite. Forty-four Basilian cloisters, in Sicily and Calabria, were eventually subject to this establish-

ment, once owning immense possession, held by feudal tenure, the same pious King having raised and endowed its cloisters with the munificence common to his dynasty.

One of its abbots was the celebrated Bessarion, the Greek Cardinal, who recovered many privileges and properties, already passed away, in the XV. century, from the hands of this cloistral aristocracy; but the inexorable law of vicissitude that struck, sooner or later, all the monastic grandeurs of the Middle Ages, descended at last so heavily on this wealthy centre of the Basilians, that all its feudal rights and possessions disappeared, and the archimandrite dignity passed in *commendam*, to be bestowed, as continually since 1504, on ecclesiastics not bound to residence, nor necessarily of a regular order.

When the Emperor swept away those stately buildings on the sea, for the sake of erecting here the most formidable fortress in Sicily, the monks received in compensation a church within the walls, *Santissimo Salvatore*, enlarged through their means, and attached to the commodious monastery they had still sufficient wealth to erect in 1597, when was opened a novitiate in their new edifice. In modern times their Archimandrite has been nominated by the crown, receiving investiture from the Pope.

Several other Greek communites in this city have gradually adhered to the forms and profession of the Latin Church; but one principal temple of united Greeks is still served by its collegiate clergy, presided over by a dignitary of their own election, styled *Protopapa*; and formerly all other churches of the same rite in Sicily received their norma of discipline from « *La Cattolica*, » as this is called.

To attest more emphatically the accordance on a dogma, disputes concerning which have caused alienation and divided Christendom for ages—the procession of the Holy Spirit—the Pentecost festival is kept with peculiar observances by the associated Greek and Latin clergy of Messina. The canons repair to « *La Cattolica*, » and escort the *Protopapa*, with his priests, to their cathedral, where are chanted solemn vespers by the

Greeks; and at the close Greek and Latin priests together return to the church of the former, rendering the same honours again to the Protopapa.

The important services rendered to the late revolution in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies by Greeks of the schismatic communion, received curious attestation in one among sundry interferences of civil with ecclesiastical authority—Garibaldi's decree for the revocation of the royal exequatur on a bull of Benedict XVI. which limited the religious liberties of the Greco-Albanians in this kingdom, in order to place their worship on a footing of equality with the Catholic.

Among libraries of note at Messina that of the Basilians is the only one which escaped without injury from the earthquake in 1783; and is still rich in Greek codes, though woefully despoiled by the unscrupulous proceeding of an archimandrite, in the seventeenth century, who sold the most precious among these MSS. to the Vatican, in the hope (it is said), of thus recommending himself to the cardinalate—a rank never conferred upon him. Rocco Pirro gives the testament, date 1114, of a wealthy Messinese, who himself became a monk here, bequeathing to this monastery 300 Greek codices, and certain « most beautiful images covered with gold, » probably collected by him in the course of his travels in Greece. Another Greek library at Messina, formed by Lascaris, was shamelessly pillaged by the Spanish Viceroy Uzeda, after which its residue was gradually dispersed, how and whither is unknown. The Benedictines have also a valuable collection, though impaired in consequence of the injury caused to the building containing it, by earth quake; but among their remaining stores are many Latin MSS., the most curious a donation made to St. Benedict by a Roman senator, named Tertullus, of all his vast possessions in Sicily, allowed by Mabillon a place among authenticated diplomas, though Münter argues that, albeit the character corresponds to its date (sixth century), style, contents and Latinity betray later origin. Amari questions the authenticity of many Benedictine diplomas, relied upon for retrospective claims to the ancient wealth of that Order

in Sicily. Numerous documents had their origin (that historian concludes), in cloisters, not earlier than the twelfth century. Through the diligence of the Jesuits, many such were rescued from dust and oblivion at Messina, as well as many anciently revered and lost relics.

By bull of Sixtus V., 1588, St. Placidus, the disciple of St. Benedict, who, with thirteen companions, suffered martyrdom here in the sixth century, was raised to become the object of honours as guardian saint of Messina; and a fragment of his relics, in a golden urn held by a silver statue of the personified city (120 lbs. weight), was presented by the municipality, in 1604, to the King of Spain.

In the bombardment of this city, September 1848, several of her finest churches, *S. Domenico*, *S. Nicolò*, *S. Spirito*, and others, were set fire to; three churches were pillaged of the sacred vessels, and in one the soldiery threw the consecrated Eucharist on the pavement: in two churches several women, who had fled thither for refuge, were first violated and then killed by those Neapolitan troops, who slew priests at the altar, murdered the aged and infirm in their beds, cut to pieces little children, and threw other helpless creatures out of the windows of their houses—facts stated by Lord Lansdowne to the upper House on the 2nd February '49, and by Lord Palmerston to that of Commons the next day. Admiral Parker, writing to Lord Temple, estimated the losses to Messina, through that siege and massacre, at five million dollars, which La Farina considers much below the actual amount (*Storia d. Rivoluzione Siciliana*, c. XVIII.) Can we wonder, after such antecedents, at the facile triumphs in Sicily of that Leader who seems the most extraordinary modern example of Heaven's electing to punish great iniquities?

Rarely has so striking an illustration of the text, *Sic transit gloria mundi*, been supplied as in the remains of Syracuse, called « the London of antiquity, » whose population of two millions, ascribed to her by historians, has dwindled like as her greatness has fallen. Strabo tells us her walls were twenty-three miles in cir-

cumference; Cicero describes in glowing terms the splendour of her public edifices and artistic beauties; Marcellus wept when he looked down upon the queenly city, and thought of the destruction Rome's armies were about to bring upon her! The modern Syracuse is entirely confined to the Island of Ortygia (formerly a peninsula), about three miles in circuit; and within the last few years, 16,803 has been the reported population. Her renowned harbour is still, as nature constructed it, capable of containing the fleets of mightiest nations, having almost the geographic outlines of a vast lake, an island and a promontory, called (from the Greek fortress anciently occupying it) Plemmyrium, forming the two horns that almost meet, divided only by a narrow channel from the Ionian Sea. All that remains of the antique metropolis on the mainland is a mournful and unpeopled waste, where the rock-foundations are strewn for miles and miles with fragments of masonry—the deep ruts of chariot-wheels marking the direction of streets, here and there the ground plan of a house traceable—some better preserved walls of massive construction and subterranean passages bearing witness to the strength of fortresses—a Greek theatre and a Roman amphitheatre, principally excavated in the living rock; vague traces of temples, thermæ, a most impressive street of tombs, but no dwelling-places entire save those of the dead—the rock-hewn sepulchres, among which one is arbitrarily called that of Archimedes, countless in number, various in form and size; and we may indeed say that in this region of dimly-distinguished memorials—

Man's departed steps are traced
But by his dust amid the solitude.

The Commission of Antiquities at Palermo, some years since, ordered excavations which brought to light the substructures of the temple of Jupiter Liberator, 700 palms in length, in the quarter of the ancient city styled Neapolis; and presently a colossal bust of the Thunderer, mutilated, but still noble in expression,

(now in the museum formed here in the last century) was dug up near those buried ruins.

The island of Ortygia contained the palaces of Dionysius, and of Hiero, a mint, a prison, a magazine with arms for 70,000 men, the temples of Minerva and Diana, and superb porticoes. Its modern fortifications, dating from Charles V., and maintained in the best repair, form the feature now most remarkable in its external aspect; and three frowning portals are passed under before crossing the drawbridge, which connects Ortygia with the mainland.

There seems no end of bastions, scarps and counterscarps, sentries and gateways, as we drive under these fortifications to find ourselves at last amid narrow streets, picturesque only from their irregularity, where nothing seems to indicate more than a town of third-rate importance. The modern Syracuse has (like other small towns in Sicily) that aspect of desolate inanimation which excites the inquiry how any pulse of social vitality, any lever to raise humanity above the level of materialized existence can be contained here? Yet indications of aristocratic life may be perceived, on closer observation,—besides a theatre and numerous *cafés*, one of the establishments never missing in Sicilian cities, the *bottega di conversazione* (conversation-shop), where gentlemen spend their evenings in chit-chat or reading official journals (the only such allowed under the old régime) in lighted and richly-furnished rooms, opening upon the street; the terms of subscription to these anti-domestical reunions sufficiently securing their aristocratic character.

Oh, the desecrated Fountain of Arethusa! changed in all save the crystal clearness of its waters, since they were sung by Theocritus and Virgil. Till lately this fountain, round which Poetry and Fable wove such a web of beautiful fantasies, was used as the public wash-pond of the city; but from that profanation it has been in part rescued by an enclosure of masonry forming an ellipse of considerable diameter, on one side divided by a bastion from the sea, and within whose circuit is a *jet-d'eau*. One descends by a staircase,

and at one end of the ellipse may see the spring gushing through the rock from its subterranean birthplace, still retaining its most remarkable peculiarity, inasmuch as a body of water expands broad and deep like a river, immediately where its source meets the light. The quality ascribed to it by Cicero, « *fons aquæ dulcis*, » is lost; for, tasting its waves, we find them unpleasant and slightly saline,—owing to its communication with the sea, through subterranean channels opened by an earthquake (as Sicilian historians tell us), in the year 1167.

The temple of Minerva, the only considerable monument of antiquity upon the island, owes its partial preservation to Catholicism, having been converted into a cathedral by the Bishop St. Zosimus. Of its forty Doric column, twenty-three still remain, the nave of the church being formed out of the cella, and the aisles out of the north and south porticoes of the peristyle, with intercolumniations walled up, but the ponderous architrave preserved almost complete, one of its enormous slabs serving as the *mensa* of the high altar.

Under the Saracenic dominion this edifice was, probably, again in ruin, but was restored by the first bishop of the see under the Normans; and for its repair, after subsequent decay, were granted Indulgences by Calixtus III. and Leo X, Cicero describes the 28 pictures of the Graeco-Siculan Kings, and portals of curiously wrought ivory with bosses of gold that adorned Minerva's Temple,—all carried away by the rapacious Verres! Above its portico rose a lofty tower to which hung a glittering metallic shield, and so soon as mariners, on leaving the harbour lost sight of this, they threw offerings into the sea to propitiate both Minerva and Neptune.

I witnessed, during my stay, one manifestation of a principle which at least supplies stimulant, if not motive for exertion, to the local life—the devotional. From the vigil of All-Saint's Day to the afternoon of the following these streets were crowded at all hours, and adorned by strange displays of sugar-work on large tables before shops, each being at night gaily illuminated; not only fruits, flowers, and bread ingeniously imitated in the same

saccharine material, but a *corps dramatique*, enlisted from all nations and ranks (even saints and bishops), in various groups really well designed and with proprieties of costume, representing facts in the history of Syracuse—the attack of the Romans with a charge of cavalry; Archimedes destroying the fleet of Marcellus by the burning glass; Cicero discovering the forgotten sepulchre of the great mathematician; the bishop, his deacon and monks, brought in chains before the Emir after the taking of this city by the Saracens etc.

Nowhere have I seen the solemnities of this anniversary better attended. From the hour of vespers on the 1st November the funeral bell tolls at all churches, and the *Quarantore* commences in that dedicated to the *Anima del Purgatorio*, which is crowded during the solemn exposition. I entered another where the mournful catafalque, with « yellow tapers burning faintly, » was surrounded by lay confraternities in white costume, chanting office, after which an ecclesiastic, in alb and cope, delivered an impressive discourse. Requiem High Mass is sung at all these churches; and the upper classes now appear mostly in deep mourning—the long black silk mantle and hood being here, as elsewhere in Sicily, usually worn by females at public worship.

The observances of the 10th May used to be peculiar, and with singular pageantry here. A large tree was carried to the principal piazza, accompanied by a procession of citizens waving palms and singing. And though this has long fallen into desuetude; the usage, I understand, still continues of liberating on that day all prisoners for debt, on condition that, if at the end of a month they be still insolvent, they should voluntarily return to captivity. The olden practice was referred, perhaps arbitrarily, to the rejoicings held in ancient Syracuse on the same day in memory of the victory obtained by her citizens, in conjunction with their allies the Spartans, over the Athenians led by Nicias, after which returning from the battle-field (as we are told by Plutarch) the conquering troops, crowned with flowers, carried the Athenian trophies on branches of trees into the city. But the great festival proper to Syracuse is in honour of

St. Lucia, a native of this place, martyred A. D. 303; its observances distinguished, as those of St. Agatha at Catania, and St. Rosalia at Palermo, by extraordinary magnificence; and throngs repair from the city on these occasions to the chapel above the sepulchre, which stands in the solitary region of ruins and tombs on the opposite shore. Here, contiguous to a Franciscan convent, is an octagonal temple of modern architecture, above the principal altar, within which lies the recumbent statue of the Saint, her head crowned with flowers, a crucifix in one hand, a rosary and palm in the other—the expression that of ecstatic repose—the countenance most lovely, and kindled as it were with a light of more than earthly beauty. Her sepulchre, from which the relics have been removed, is seen through a grating above the altar, being a deep recess excavated in the rock, surmounted by a richly-sculptured frieze, with figures of a bird, a hare, and a dog, intertwined by foliage; the deposit belonging evidently to the sepulchral series, probably numerous, of an extensive catacomb underneath this church, which can no longer be explored.

The church itself stands much lower than the surrounding soil. Its convent, originally a Benedictine monastery, restored after the expulsion of the Saracen, was assigned in 1617 to Observantine Franciscans. Monastic Orders, first introduced here in the V. century, were largely developed in Syracuse, which contains at present 18 convents; and, till the recent suppression, the Jesuits had seven convents and colleges in this diocese. Besides its cathedral, this city has 14 churches; and its Archiepiscopal See (restored to that rank, long lost, in 1844) enjoys a revenue of 4000 ducats, taxed 600 florins by the Camera. Fine details of Gothic and Norman architecture are preserved in some of these churches; and in an obscure private house is built-up all that remains of the celebrated Temple of Diana—two Doric capitals with their abacuses and a small portion of the shafts, the most gigantic of all yet found among the Græco-siculan ruins.

The Christian antiquities of Syracuse have received little share of the attention bestowed by archæologists on those that

are Pagan. The church of S. Marciano, on the mainland, is said to be the oldest of Christian oratories, its foundation being ascribed to that Saint, consecrated Bishop of Syracuse by St. Peter. It is now partly subterranean, a Norman church (S. Giovanni), also of interesting features, having been raised over it. We descend by a staircase, under a Gothic arcade, evidently of more recent origin, into an oratory of considerable size, in the form of the Greek cross, with rounded arches; at the angles of the four pilastres supporting the central vault, are longitudinal blocks of sculptured stone, one side of each presenting the symbol of an Evangelist; the other, figures of birds pecking at corn and grapes, which hang in double festoons; and at the centre of divergence are pine-cones, the symbol of Immortality. Several rude frescoes are preserved on these walls, one of St. John the Baptist, in Byzantine style, with embroidered vestments, evidently of early art. Here stands the sarcophagus of St. Marcian, of plain uncarved stone, from which the relics of that saint were carried away by the Saracens; also his episcopal throne formed of an antique Ionic capital. Close to S. Giovanni is the descent through a narrow portal into catacombs of vast and yet only partially explored extent, generally loftier and wider than those of Rome; the principal corridor intersected by several others; at the point of junction are four circular cells with vaulted ceilings, and three others, polygonal, of smaller dimensions; the walls both of chambers and corridors pierced by sepulchral niches, some only sufficient for a single body; others much deeper, with several open sarcophagi placed laterally to each other, all cut out of the same rock. No traces of altars are here distinguished, as in the Roman catacombs; but over the entrance to some deposits is the monogram of the holy name chiselled, and, in other instances, a cross painted upon the stone. At no time in total darkness, these corridors, vast as is their extent, are lighted by various apertures, communicating with the open air. The architect traveller, Cockerell, observed in them much resemblance to the famed labyrinth of Crete and the most plausible opinion seems that which ascribes them to the

Græco-Sicilians, assuming they passed to the purposes of Christian sepulture, if not of sacramental celebration, within the interval between the recolonisation of Syracuse by Augustus and the dismemberment of the Empire. There are seven Catacombs in this vicinity, all formed in the solid calcareous rock, but none (I understand) yet fully explored. Among the few paintings yet found in them, are two of the Virgin and Child, the former in attitude of prayer with extended arms, and the holy monogram near; also the Good Shepherd, the dove and other symbols. It is inferred these hypogæes were quarries for stone employed in building of the primitive city, and never used for sepulture till Christian times. The numerous rock-hewn sepulchres of the ancient city, so striking a feature among its ruins, have no resemblance to them, but are, in fact, grottoes of architectonic form.

The *Latomie* of Syracuse have been described by writers, ancient and modern, in terms that have not exaggerated their picturesque grandeur. Originally also quarries, out of which building-material came, they were converted into places of confinement for prisoners of war constrained to toil at the formation of immense caves in their perpendicular sides. Here the Athenian prisoners, after the defeat of Nicias, had been doomed to spend the remainder of their days, when that exception was made, one of Poesy's greatest triumphs, in favour of those who could recite the verses of Euripides. There are several of these *Latomie*, of great depth, irregular and meandering in directions, and some more than a mile in circumference; one occupied by a delicious garden pertaining to the villa of a nobleman; another by the orchard of a Capuchin convent, where, sheltered from all winds the olive, the fig and pomegranate arrive at highest fecundity: the acanthus and a profusion of wild flowers carpet the ground, and the stupendous piles of rock, some approaching to the obelisk, others to the castellated in form, others lying (like gigantic ruins) on the level, as there hurled by shocks of earthquake, amidst the luxuriant foliage of those southern trees, present a variety of studies for the landscape-painter. Off one angle of the most extensive *Latomia* opens the enormous cavern called « Ear of Dio-

nysius », the most wonderful of these excavations, (about 180 feet in length, and 80 in height) for the perfect smoothness and architectural appearance of its formation, the solemn obscurity, and extraordinary echo. The custode here fired for my benefit a small mortar, whose report was like thunder, long-resounding and rolling, as it were, through the very heart of the rocks with awe-striking effect. Seen above, at a great height above the mouth of this cavern, is a small cell cut in the rock, from which tradition says that Dionysius the Elder used to listen to the conversation of the prisoners below (hence the name given to the cavern itself, though the resemblance of its peculiar curvature to the outline of an ear, the tympanum of which is represented by a chamber hollowed near the centre, might have suggested this); but history informs us that these quarries were only used for the commonest class of prisoners, and those taken in war, never for political offenders. The access to this cell, moreover, is so difficult, even dangerous, that the tyrant would hardly have chosen it for a place of habitual resort; and Denon set the question to rest at once, by having himself let down into it from the summit of the precipice, thus being enabled to attest that the voices of two persons talking together in the cavern only reach this spot in sounds completely confused; that of one raised in a whisper, only in an inarticulate *frémissement*. Not many years ago was discovered and opened a winding passage, connecting the so-called « Ear » with the stage of the Greek Theatre—hence the theory that the production of acoustic effects on the stage may have been the only purpose of this vast excavation; and certainly the thunder announcing the apparition or the wrath of deities could not have been simulated with more thrilling awfulness than by such means.

Leaving the modern city, we arrive, after some hours of toilsome walking over rocks and loose stones, under the fortress of Labdalos, in the quarter called Tyche, the only remains of which consist of enormous artificially-formed rock masses, which at a distance look like towers and bastions rising out of a deep foss. About a mile farther, we reach the highest point

of the city in the quarter called Epipolis, whose extreme angle was occupied by the fortress of Hexapylos. Here a mass of stupendous masonry stands above a spacious oblong court, whose ground-plan is clearly distinguished, though the edifices around are but stupendous skeletons.

Ascending this quadrate and solid pile of stone—work, we may believe ourselves on the very spot from which Marcellus looked down upon the panorama presented by a city then the most populous and beautiful of the world, and wept at the thought of its impending fate! Now we contemplate hence an uninhabited waste, strewn with formless ruins scarcely to be distinguished as construction due to man, and gradually sloping towards a solitary coast, the view presenting many fine features—the bay and fortified city of Augusta (on the site of the ancient Megara Hyblea); a long range of low but gracefully undulating mountains, still called Hyblean (and still renowned, as of old, for the delicious honey of the bees who pasture here upon wild thyme); above every other object the soaring Ætna, in majestic isolation; and the Ionian Sea, the blue of whose waters, on the day I made this expedition, was brought into resplendent relief by the prevailing grey and arid colours of the whole landscape. Below this tower the gateway which Marcellus forced, after his troops had scaled and occupied the walls on every side, is still in preservation, together with a line of bastions surrounded by a moat, the piers of a lofty bridge, and the remains of an outer tower which communicated with the principal castle. We still can enter and penetrate to a considerable distance the subterranean passages under the Hexapylos, once so lofty that mounted troops could pass through them, to make sallies against the besiegers, but now much lowered by accumulations of soil and ruin.

No excavations have been effected in the Greek theatre or the Roman amphitheatre here for many years. The proscenium and stage of the former are buried under mounds of earth; and all the architectonic fragments extricated from the superincumbent soil were used for the fortifications of Charles V. Those

ruins in a great degree owe their present preservation to the circumstance of their being formed almost as much by nature as by art, the Cavea, Cunei, and Praeaeinctiones being in the greater part cut out of the solid rock, where naturally sloping towards a level easily adapted to the purposes of stage and orchestra.

The most complete work on the antiquities of Syracuse is that by the Chevalier Landolina (who founded the museum) published about the end of the last century.

The ecclesiastical aspects of Sicily are peculiar in many besides the details above alluded to. Among a population, which, on the increase since 1818, is now somewhat above two millions, the secular and regular Clergy number 15000; the cloistered females 12000. One sixth of the entire nation, it is said, depend for subsistence on the property of the Church. The most singular feature of her system in this Kingdom is the « Tribunal of the Monarchy, » or Apostolic Legation, a supreme ecclesiastical Court of Appeal resting its authority on an alleged bull of Urban II, which, in 1097, conferred on Count Roger and his successors for ever a degree of spiritual jurisdiction so great that opponents have reprobated it as nothing less than a pretended headship over the national Church, a sort of rival Popedom! That Bull not only promises that no Legate shall ever be appointed to Sicily without her King's consent, but confers the Legatine office directly on the Crown. Conformably therewith, Roger I. appointed bishops, defined the limitation of dioceses, and declared *excommunicate* all who should contravene such ordinances; Sicilian Kings have, in virtue of this claim, been addressed « Your Beatitude, » and even by the title « Most Holy Father! » Baronius absolutely rejects this famous Bull, and other writers endeavour to prove it a forgery of the Sicilian government (1). Pius V. questioned its genuineness and denied its legality, in writing to Philip II; but

(1) It is given by Fazello in his « Decades »; and the history of this long-drawn controversy is supplied, from the adverse point of view, by Moroni, « Dizionario, » article *Sicilia*.

that Pope did not succeed in his efforts to suppress the Tribunal. Clement XI (acting, it is said, contrary to the advice of all his Cardinals), declared it abolished by decree of 1713; but the government of Victor Amadeus, then Sicily's King, resisted with a high hand, and appointed a Junta to prevent the execution of Papal decrees contrary to the royal prerogative. During 44 years the Tribunal ceased, *de jure* and as regarded by Rome, to exist, but without being *de facto* even suspended. Finally was arranged the Concordat between Benedict XIII. and Charles III. (the Bourbons having in the interval ascended this throne), which recognises the Tribunal of Legation as resting on prerogatives coeval with the Monarchy, and in 35 articles defines its jurisdiction. The « Judge of the Monarchy » who ranks as a prelate, exercises his high authority in two Courts of Appeal, each with its judge and three assessors, at Palermo: he decides in all causes which from other Catholic countries must be referred to Rome, except those *major* ones pertaining exclusively to the Papal Tribunal; in cases of undue imprisonment he can issue inhibition; and the poor have the benefit of litigating in his courts gratuitously. The four Archbishops have thirteen suffragans, four of whose sees were erected by the late Pope; and these prelates derive most of their income from landed estates; one third of the episcopal revenues being for their support, another for pensioners named by the King, and the remainder for church-repairs or charities. The parish priests are mostly maintained by their Communes, in a few instances on glebes attached to livings in the gift of patrons. The monastic Orders early obtaining prominence and wealth, having, been less disturbed by political shocks in Sicily than any where else. But the Bourbonic government sometimes visited their cloisters with unscrupulous severities. Thus Ferdinand I. had hardly begun to reign, when he suppressed 28 Sicilian together with 7 Neapolitan convents on the alleged ground that they had become harbours for brigands! After that King's restoration to the Neapolitan throne in 1799, the property of the Sicilian monasteries was confiscated on the pretext that their communities had been

partisans of republicanism (and in 1811, when the Court was again resident at Palermo, the same possessions were put up to sale by auction in the effort, (which totally failed) of raising supplies without the consent of Parliament. One good feature of the convent-system here is the rule which prohibits the reception of a Nun before she has completed her twenty-first year. The dowry she brings with her is equivalent to about 150 pounds; but in convents where more aristocratic style is kept up, from 200 to 400 pounds. The milder discipline of the Sicilian Sisterhoods allows those in ill-health to return to their families, and remain with them till recovered. Their superiors are elected by the communities for three years, and are assisted by three Nuns as counsellors. At their convents are educated most girls of the higher classes. Those of the poorer class are taught reading writing, and needlework at the *Collegi di Maria* in all principal towns. Generally speaking, education in Sicily was in the hands of the Clergy, (1) and in the primary schools, where only reading and Catechism (*dottrina Cristiana*) are taught, gratuitous. Of three Universities, that at Catania, founded 1434, and endowed with 1500 gold ducats per annum, by King Alphonso, still retains pre-eminence, especially in the studies of Medicine and Law, having also chairs for Theology, Canon Law, Ecclesiastical History. Till 1788 its professors were appointed by the Bishop; but in that year the whole system was reformed, *savans* of all countries were invited to compete for the cathedrae which, from that date but not previously, were conferred for life. The remuneration of these professors is so slight that 60 pounds may be given as the maximum, 30 pounds a year the minimum! I witnessed the ceremonial for the opening of this University for the Winter-term: in a great hall, at one end of which hung the portraits of Ferdinand and his Queen under a scarlet canopy with large tapers burning before them! The professor of Pathology, in a Spanish costume (like the other Dons present) of black and

(1) I refer throughout these pages to Sicily under the Bourbonic government.

white silk, with ample gold-brocaded sleeves, read from a pulpit a long discourse passing in review the general history of learning. Next morning, among various announcements of lectures posted near the chief entrance, appeared notification to the effect that no person *with a beard* would be admitted into the University-buildings!

The Norman churches in Sicily from an epoch in the history of ecclesiastical architecture, whose connection with preceding and subsequent phases may be interestingly traced. Itself a link between the Byzantine and Roman, with decided features of the Saracenic, this beautiful and noble style fills imposingly the interval between those Basilica-types and the highest development of Christian expression in Architecture,—the Mediæval Germanic or Gothic. In western Europe, with the sole exception of Venice, the Constantinian Basilica had been exclusively followed for eight centuries before Sicily, under her Norman rulers, first displayed the striking and harmonious union of the acute arch and ornamentation borrowed from the Mosque, with features of both the Byzantine and Roman temple, the nave and aisles conforming to the latter, the more sacred part, comprising transept, tribune, apses, to the former type, as, not unnaturally, the Greek still predominated in this Island over the Roman influence. Here may that disputed question, the origin of the Pointed Arch, be best elucidated, as, from A.D. 831 to the beginning of the eleventh century, the Arabs left a succession of monuments presenting that form afterwards adopted by the Normans, and dominant till the middle of the fourteenth century, when this characteristic feature was abandoned in Sicily two centuries and a half earlier than in the rest of Europe! Agincourt even doubts whether the pointed arch really was introduced into Sicily by the Arabs, or by the Normans; and this learned critic goes so far as to suggest that, in the Saracenic palace, La Zisa, may possibly have been added by later occupants, after the Conquest, this feature so conspicuous both in the interior and exterior of the beautiful building happily preserved, with all its Oriental richness of mouldings and fretwork, near Palermo.

Turning to the Norman temples, we find in their primitive forms a simplicity now to a degree impaired, though, generally speaking, ecclesiastical antiquities in Sicily have suffered far less from modernization than in Italy. Only one altar originally stood in these Siculo-Norman sanctuaries, occupying the central of three apses invariably opening from the transept; and thus was preserved a singleness and concentration in the sacred action, very different from the confused arrangements, the countless altars, redundant and often tasteless decoration in modern Italian churches. The celebration of the Eucharistic Sacrifice being thus confined to one spot, the idea of localized sanctity was more impressively conveyed; its single sacred table being in the central apse, another on the right served for the *diaconicum* or table of sacramental vessels; that on the left for the *protasis*, where the offerings of bread and wine were deposited (1) according to the primitive observance. Not only the acute arch (yet unknown in European countries, save where introduced by Moslem conquerors) but the rich Arabesque work, in mosaic or moulding, was a Saracenic feature conspicuous in the Siculo-Norman structures for the most part raised by native artists, who, Serradifalco supposes, were exclusively employed by the new masters of this island. Politically assimilated to the rest of the Greek empire from the time of Belisarius's triumph over the Ostrogoths, Sicily became in like manner united ecclesiastically with Constantinople; so that, after the final separation of the Byzantine and Roman church-systems, she, too, stood severed from Rome, the Greek rite alone performed at her altars, and all connection with Latin Christianity suspended.

At the transition point that brought back Sicily, through means of the Norman, out of the Oriental into the western family of Christian Europe, two styles, by natural historic result, became blended in her sacred architecture. Of this the earliest example is in the church beyond the walls of Palermo, S. Giovanni de' Leprosi, the first raised by the Normans, 1081, where

(1) Serradifalco, Monreale, etc.

we see the principal body, or nave, at a lower level, the choir and transept raised by steps, with three apses and cupolas, precisely as the same features are found in all conspicuous Sicilian churches that rose subsequently; St. Michele, built by Robert Guiscard, 1077, between Palermo and Termini (now a ruin); the abbey of Monreale; and (earliest under the kings) the Palatine chapel at Palermo, begun about 1129, complete in 1132. In the last is singularly apparent the blending of two principles, nave and aisles conforming to the Roman type, with Latin epigraphs to the mosaic figures along their walls, while the elevated and more sacred part retains Greek characteristics, with Greek inscriptions to all its mosaics.

A. CANONIZATION

A LONG and elaborate process precedes the act by which addition is made to the ranks of recognised Saints. Beatification, first introduced as a distinct and preparatory step, before that of deeper signifi-
cance, in 1662 (in reference to St. Francis de Sales, beatified before being canonized by Alexander VII.) is merely the publishing of a Papal Indult allowing some « Servant of God » to be venerated within certain limits, or in the churches of a certain Religious Order; but Canonization declares due and commands the reverence of the whole Church for one whose virtues and miracles have been approved; and before the individual already invoked as « Beatus » can be generally addressed in orisons as « Sanctus, » two *additional* miracles, ascribable to his intercession, must be established on the evidence requisite. The procedure, often continued through many years, sometimes more than a century, before any final result be obtained, did not assume its present form till Sixtus V. had created, in 1587, the Congregation of Rites, specially charged with the investigations preparatory in this object. After the Cardinal appointed by the Pope as *Ponente* (proposer) of the cause, has made full report upon it to that Congregation, the votes of the Cardinals and Theologians belonging to its body are given, and reported to the Pontiff, who then issues a d e-

cree publicly to recognise the miracles or heroic virtues, or both, of the individual in question. For proof of miracles persons of every class, and especially medical professors in reference to preternatural cures, are examined in evidence; the functionary called the « Devil's advocate » is allowed to urge every objection, to become, in short, the *accuser* quite in the Greek sense of the word *διαβολος*. A second general assembly of the Congregation is next held in presence of the Pope, before whom all again give their votes; and to this ensues the convoking of the Consistory, first private, then public, and lastly semi-public. At the first the Cardinal Perfect of Rites makes a full report, and the Pontiff hears the votes of all the Cardinals in the formula *placet*, or *non placet*. At the second a Consistorial Advocate *perorates* on the cause, and may continue to so do in many successive Consistories before final steps are desired to be taken. His Holiness, when those steps are resolved on, answers through the « Secretary of Briefs to Princes, » who in his name desires the prayers of the faithful for guidance in the act contemplated. Conformably to this, the Cardinal Vicar orders solemn devotions, with Exposition of the Host, in the three principal Basilicas for three days at each, and announces in the *invito sacro* the Plenary Indulgence to be gained by attending at these devotions, and by observance of a three days fast, before attendance at the final celebration,—the usual higher conditions of course included. The last preparatory, the semi-public, Consistory is attended not only by the Cardinals, but by all the Bishops invited to Rome (usually in very large number) for the occasion, all of whom (having been beforehand, as are the Cardinals, supplied with a memoir of the subject in question, from the authentic acts which remain in the secretariate of the Congregation), read their votes from a written schedule; and the Pope, after expressing satisfaction at their accordance, determines the day for the great solemnity.

No Pontiff ever canonized so many saints as did Pius IX on the Pentecost Sunday of 1862: twenty-three Franciscans, six being professed priests, of Spanish birth, the others Tertiaries or

Catechists in that Order and natives of Japan ; three Spanish Jesuits, all missionaries and all Martyrs in that country, who together suffered death on the cross at Nangazaqui, the 5th February 1897; also a Spaniard of the Trinitarian Order, Miguel de Sanctis, who died at Valladolid, 1623.

The first canonization attended with complex ritual pomp was that of St. Francis, at Assisi, 1228; that of St. Leopold, 1485 (by Innocent VIII), involved the outlay of 25,000 gold ducats; for that of St. Francis de Sales the costs were 31,903 scudi; and Lambertini (Benedict XIV.) states that, in his time, the entire procedure was at a cost of 14000 scudi for each person canonized. In 1741 the Congregation issued an ordinance prescribing a more moderate average for the fees of officials, decorations ec., towards which same fees each postulate of a cause has to deposit beforehand in a Roman bank 649 scudi, whilst 1800 scudi must be assigned to the sacristy of St. Peter's. The entire expense, in this last instance, was reported as 600,000 francs, and contributed by the Religious Orders immediately interested; by the Franciscans (whose poverty never lacks means), 70,000 scudi, collected at their churches during many years; by the Jesuits and Trinitarian monks, 30,000 scudi.

The magnificently picturesque procession resembles that of *Corpus Domini*; all carrying lighted tapers, the Cardinals and Prelates in crimson vestments and white mitres, the Pontiff borne on his throne with the canopy and *flabella*; accompanied by the chant of the « Ave Maris Stella » from the Sistine choir as they pass, from the Vatican, round the piazza of St. Peter's, and thence into the church. At intervals are carried immense banners with the painted figures and miracles of the new-Saints, for the introduction of which a legendary origin, highly romantic, is adduced. At the canonization of St. Stanislaus of Cracow by Innocent IV. (1253), there suddenly appeared in air, supported by Angels, a crimson banner displaying a figure in pontifical vestments, which the astonished spectators were assured could be no other than the holy Bishop now receiving highest honours from the Church! In respect to those 26 Martyrs, the

regular process was set on foot shortly after their death, in Japan, Manilla, Mexico, and at Macao. (1) The Congregation passed a rescript in 1627 to sanction their being canonized; and that same year Urban VIII. gave faculties to the Franciscans and Jesuits to celebrate their anniversary by Mass and office in all churches of the orders to which they severally belonged. From three continents, from almost all countries of Christendom (with two exceptions indeed singular—the entire new Italian Kingdom, and Portugal), came Prelates, Priests, and Pilgrims of other classes, to witness this solemn act so strikingly setting forth what is spiritual and enduring in the Papacy, apart from what is earthly, and now (to all appearance) sinking to ruin around its throne. (2)

Criticism might have objected against the adornment of St. Peter's for the 8th June; but under that blaze of splendour lay a depth of moral meanings leaving far behind all claims of artistic excellence. In the contrast between those lavish pomps and the mortified lives, the lowly virtues, and martyr-deaths of the glorified victims in whose honour all had been prepared, was a sublimity only to be appreciated by the higher feeling, by the inward, not outward eye.

The annals of Canonization serve to illustrate the history of the Papacy itself by many marked and significant facts; though indeed the circumstances under which this last assertion of its divine mission by the Holy See has been accomplished, amidst storms and perils, contradiction and persecution, have reflected

(1) One was only eleven, and two others of age scarce beyond boyhood. Two voluntarily offered themselves to die with their comrades while on their weary journey of 600 miles to Nangazaqui, where they soon met death, transpierced by spears on the crosses to which they were bound. The story is powerfully narrated by Lady Georgiana Fullerton in «*Laurentia, a tale of Japan*».

(2) Expressive of Rome's ecclesiastical judgment on the present agitations and tempers of Italy, was the epigraph under one of the great pictures in the atrium of St. Peter's: *Adeste Cives Advenaeque dum nos vis impia territat, urget scelus, dolisque pulsa veritas recedit.*

perhaps more intrinsic lustre on the act than in any preceding instance.

Before Boniface IV. had dedicated the Pantheon to St. Maria ad Martyres, A. D. 608, only those pertaining to the « noble army » by sacrifice of life for faith were registered in the catalogue of the generally-venerated Christian Saints. Subsequently the sentences of Bishops for approving the virtues or miracles of persons deceased, with repute of sanctity, in their dioceses, sufficed for presenting such to the reverential regards of the faithful, at least within the same limitations; but the sentence of the Roman Pontiffs soon became paramount, even before being acknowledged absolutely and solely requisite. Earliest known instances of formal Canonization by the Popes were those of Swidbert, declared a Saint by Stephen II., on the prayer of Pepin, the French king, A. D. 752, and St. Alban, the Protomartyr of England, alike honoured at the request of Offa, king of the Mercians, by Adrian I., in 794. But the first Pope to celebrate this act with public solemnity was Leo III., who more distinctly decreed those honours to the same Swidbert, in presence of Charlemagne, 804; though the first canonization with ritual developed into forms since retained, and designated by the modern term, is placed by historians so late as the year 993, on the occasion when John XV. (sometimes called XVI.) solemnly promoted to the honours of the altar a Bishop and a priest, Alberic and Arduin of Rimini. Commencing from the act of this Pope John, the total number canonized by the Holy See, according to historic proofs, was 210, up to the year 1839, when five were added by Gregory XVI; and of these solemnities seventy-one had taken place, prior to the last, at the Vatican in which Basilica Benedict XIV. prescribed that all canonizations should be celebrated, after Alexander VII. had determined the same for the rites of Beatification. Till the XI century, however, occurred cases of Prelates conferring the character of Sainthood by their own authority in Synods they presided over, as we learn in the writings of St. Peter Damian; but sometimes this step was taken with direct sanction from the Roman

Pontiff, as when Urban II., in 1088, granted faculties by bull to the Archbishop of Trani for inscribing in the sacred ranks a holy man surnamed Pellegrino, to whom the Trani Cathedral is dedicated at St. Nicholas. The canonising of St. Gaultier de Pontoise by the Archbishop of Rouen, 1153, was the last example of such act accomplished by any other authority than that of the Holy See; and not many years subsequently a bull of Innocent III. for the canonising of the Empress Cunegunda, as already determined by Alexander III., defined that to the legitimate successor of St. Peter alone pertained the decisive arbitration in such questions—a decision especially called for at that period, seeing that, in the recent Pontificate of Alexander, an Anti-Pope, called Pascal III., had taken on himself 1165 to canonize Charlemagne, whose claims to such exaltation the Church never admitted, though she has tolerated the honours locally paid to him as « Beatus » in certain dioceses of Germany, France, and Flanders (v. Lambertini *De Serv. Dei Beatif.*). The first regular process, since developed into the present minute and searching procedure, to investigate and weigh merits in each individual case, before the Pontiff determines either to beatify or canonize, was that entrusted to a Bishop in reference to St. Raymond de Pennafort, deceased 1275.

Plenary indulgence is granted to all present at the ceremony in St. Peter's, with the usual requirement of spiritual conditions, extending also to the inmates of cloisters, and even prisons, provided an act of devotion be made at the sound of the bells rung at all Rome's churches, so soon as the Pontiff has intoned the *Te Deum*, after reading the act of canonization from his throne, whilst the Cardinals, Prelates, and stately group of officials stand around him. All Bishops whose sees are within a circle of 100 miles round the City are obliged, *ex-officio*, to attend; and many others are usually invited by circular addressed from the Congregation of Council. The fact that, in this last instance, *not one* of the Prelates whose sees are within the newly-constituted Italian Kingdom could assist, except, indeed, those already in Rome as exiles,—the Cardinal Archbishop

of Naples and several others—is unprecedented and portentous, when we consider the import, the avowed warfare against the Church, in such systematic inroad against her liberties. Mgr. Balma, a bishop *in partibus*, who had been occasionally officiating at Turin, was the only prelate from those States who could obtain his passport for Rome; and he presented himself with a considerable sum of money, the offering from that very city to the Peter Pence! Notwithstanding, the assemblage of the Catholic Hierarchy from almost all lands, now surrounding the throne of the Supreme Pastor, exceeded every precedent. That expressive symbolism, a peculiar and unique feature in these rites, which assumes the form of oblations at the offertory—large decorated wax tapers, loaves of bread, wine and water, turtle doves and other little birds in gilt cages, the loaves being gilt and silvered, the wine and water in gilt and silvered barrels—derives from the usage practised while the Apostles were on earth, as recorded in the New Testament, which passed later into that of making oblations at Mass for the maintenance of the Clergy; and at Rome, still longer retained, the offering of bread, wine, oil, wax, and sometimes money etc., to the Pontiff at the high altar of St. Peter's on solemn festivals. This introduction, in prescribed forms, at the canonization-rites, had origin (or at least was first brought to its present method) in 1390, at the time the rank of sainthood was bestowed on St. Bridget of Sweden, by Boniface IX.; but in mediæval observance it was a more substantial donation of viands, in various kinds, as when Eugenius IV. canonised St. Nicholas of Tolentino, 1446, and received at the altar offerings of Falernian wine, several pheasants, fowl, geese, turtle doves, and a heifer. From the beginning of the sixteenth century no other objects have been admitted than those presented, in the last instance, to Pius IX. by three Cardinals, after being brought to the throne by deputations of the religious orders to which the twenty-seven Saints had belonged—wax tapers (some weighing 60lbs.), bread, wine, water, turtle-doves, pigeons, and other caged birds, each with symbolic meaning beautifully appropriate

in reference to the virtues, sufferings, and present exaltation of the sanctified. The *release* of the birds, when produced in the tribune at this passage], used to ensue (as in the cathedral at Naples, where birds fly from cages during the procession with St. Januarius's Relics), but was eventually abolished, on account of the confusion caused by the eagerness among crowds to catch these little fugitives on the wing. It was gratifying to observe, on this last occasion, the hushed interest of thousands who waited in the vast nave hours before any services had commenced; still more, the devotion in the aisles at the several Low Masses before and during these grand ceremonies. If any decline in popular religiousness has been verified here within the last eventful years, this day, certainly, Rome's citizens did not manifest it.

The day after these rites was held a Consistory at which all the Prelates assisted; and an allocution was pronounced by Pius IX. declaring the inalterable principles of the Holy See, and condemning as anti-catholic many tendencies and theories now prevalent. Afterwards the Dean of the Sacred College read a long Latin address of high historic value, drawn up at the residence of Cardinal Wiseman in Rome, conveying in earnestly emphatic language the protest of the aggregate Hierarchy, signed by 237 Archbishops and Bishops, together with all the Cardinals holding episcopal sees (therefore not more than 21) in favour of the temporal sovereignty, while generally declaring the devoted attachment of the Episcopacy to the Holy See and their conviction that political independence, the secured possession of its States, is necessary to its freedom of action. To this ensued a banquet at which the Pontiff personally entertained all the Cardinals and Prelates, in the great hall of the Vatican Library; and it was said that Pius IX that day seemed to have acquired a second youth; in feeling, in vigour and vivacity.

As for those Prelates who could not visit Rome, one third among whom are now exiles from their Dioceses, several having suffered fines and imprisonment for a species of resistance

to the civil power unquestionably conscientious on their part, almost all (with exceptions scarce noticeable) presently united in forwarding addresses to his Holiness with protest against the restraint upon their liberty, and unconditional adherence to every act, every resolution of their colleagues at his Metropolis. (1)

(1) In the procession on the 8th. June, 243 Bishops and 44 Cardinals preceded the pontifical throne; but the entire number of foreign Prelates assisting at the rites, was 279, greater than had ever before equaled assembled at St. Peter's. The decoration of the interior was by the well-known architect Poletti; the colossal paintings in body-colours by different artists, who each received 50 scudi. Much sarcasm was directed by Roman critics against the theatrical and flimsy character of the whole display; and Pasquino observed that the Pope was certainly about to leave Rome, seeing that even St. Peter's had been packed up—*incartata*! yet the *ensemble* had a fairy-like magnificence that astonished, and the illumination was marvellous in mystic lustre. As to the above-named offerings: the Wax signifies the Humanity of Christ; and that true Light shining from Him; the Wine that fruit of holiness borne by the branches of the true Vine, the Redeemer; the Bread, the sacramental and divine food, of which those in bliss have partaken, and by which they are still nourished for immortal life; the Water the troubles of this world by which His servants are proved; the Doves, faith and hope; the other Birds, celestial affection, that naturally soars heavenwards as those creatures mount in air.

APPENDIX

Basilica of St. Clement, Rome.

The frescoes discovered in the subterranean church are of high value both historic and artistic. The group in which St. Peter appears vesting St. Clement with the pallium, whilst the latter stands before a throne, as his immediate successor, Linus and Cletus being placed near, but in different relation to the Apostle, may henceforth be cited as evidence for the chronology of Papal annals. St. Clement is seen in the group below, celebrating at a small altar, in vestments similar to those worn by a bishop at the present day, only that the chasuble flows amply from the shoulders, so as to envelope the whole person, and the maniple is held between the first finger and thumb of the left hand; on the low quadrangular altar being no other objects than the chalice, paten, and open missal, with the words, *Dominus vobiscum—Et Domini sit semper vobiscum*, here appropriate, since it was by St. Clement they were first inscribed in the sacred Canon; and the Saint's attitude, with uplifted arms, is that of the celebrant in pronouncing the same formula. At his left stand two bishops with croziers, a deacon and sub-deacon with incense, and (on smaller scale), the married pair, *Benô* and *Maria*, named in the inscription below, by whom this picture was commissioned, and who hold offerings of tapers peculiarly twisted, in the form called *kerostaton*. On the other side is a more numerous group, foremost among whom are *Sisinnius* and *Theodora*, with the names below, the latter in the costume of a noble Roman matron, though, for the rest, the style of dress is less classic than mediæval, neither toga nor pallium, but the tunic, short mantle, and by some figures the trouser being worn. In another scene are three men engaged in erecting a column, who wear the dress of slaves, but *Sisinnius*, evidently commanding them, has the cuirass and paludamentum of

a Roman General ; and between these figures are inscriptions, whose idiom, transitionary between Latin and Italian, may assist in determining the date of these paintings, variously conjectured by archaeologists and artists, who have placed them, on one hand, so high as the seventh, on the other so low as the eleventh century : — *Falite derelo cola palo* (*Carvoncelle*) — (*Albertel*) *traì—durittam cordis vestris (sic)—Co. smarìs Sisinnium*) — *Fili dele pule traite* — the first phrase becoming easily Italian as *falevi a dietro* (get behind), the names quoted between brackets evidently those of persons here figuring. In the complete analysis of the formation of the Italian language by Cesare Cantù (*Storia Universale, Schiarimenti del libro XI*) we read phrases of the eighth and ninth centuries almost as like the modern vernacular as the above: prepositions and articles become strictly those of modern Italian, as *da ipsa casa—ire ad marito*; baptismal, family, and local names already with their present form in this language; the Italian accusative being frequently dropped, and the use of the verb often so like the modern that a donation of Charlemagne contains « *a scrivere tolli*, » needing little change to become « *tolsi a scrivere*: » a catalogue of local properties containing such familiar quasi Italian terms as « *crotta, granario, fenile, corte, orto, orticello*, » etc. Considering such examples, may we not assume the eighth century as not, perhaps, too high an antiquity to assign to these frescoes?

It should be added that the resuming of the excavations, in October '64, was at the risk and under the directions of the Father Prior, to whose enterprise we owe the original disinterment of these interesting remains left by the *primitive* long buried under the mediæval building — the Commission of Antiquities, which for a time indeed carried on these works, having long ceased to make itself responsible.

In the sequel, other frescoes have been brought to light, divided also into compartments: the figure of a priest named Antoninus, who suffered martyrdom under Domitian, and Daniel amidst the lions, who has the nimbus round his head and the sacerdotal ephod, besides the tunic and mantle, his usual costume in art. The excavations at this church still continue.

The Peter Pence.

Erroneous statements have been put forth on this subject. Between the 12th. November '59 and the 9th January '62, the amount, as reported by the *Giornale di Roma*, was 3,809,747 scudi, besides wrought objects

of value and works of art in considerable number. The Confraternity at Rome collected, between September '60 and the end of July '62, 174,678 scudi. The editorship of the *Armonia* forwarded a million and a half of francs between January and the end of June in the present year; and the Committee for the lottery of miscellaneous objects at Rome presented to His Holiness, on the 25th June last, 21,000 scudi from the sale of tickets: total up to November '62, Sc. 5,150,000.

Inscriptiones Christianæ Urbis Romæ.

The first folio volume of this most valuable work by De Rossi, which appeared whilst the foregoing pages were in the press, comprises 1374 epigraphs in facsimile engraving, ranging from the date of the earliest known to A. D. 375, with a copious text in Latin, the limit proposed being the VI. century, when the Roman Imperial period reached its final term. It is gratifying to know that this distinguished antiquarian has undertaken to carry out the project of the late Padre Mazzoni by completing his *Roma sotterranea* (with Italian text), which, but for the author's death, would have already appeared in parts, beginning from last May, and which will comprise all chief monuments of the Catacombs in each branch of art, with lithochrome engravings executed at the establishment transferred from Venice to Rome under Mazzoni's direction.

Monastic Orders.

At Florence and Bologna the Capuchins, out of regard for their services in hospitals, have recently been permitted to receive novices; at Lucca the same exemption has been allowed them ever since the change of Government. The Philipppines, not considered a regular Order because under no vows, have also their novitiates open to postulants in Tuscany; though in Umbria they are included under the general proscription, and at Città di Castello were deprived even of their church. The present year's census for Rome reports the regular Clergy as 2,509; the Nuns 2,031, the secular priests 1529, not including 25 Bishops, in that City.

Or' San Michele, Florence.

The project of desecrating this fine old church, and removing Orgagna's tabernacle (see p. 322), has been abandoned, and public worship now proceeds as formerly within its walls.

Giacomo Ventura.

The illustrious of Italy have been disappearing within recent years in rapid succession; but few have left a purer fame, or during life exerted abilities for worthier objects, than he who expired at Versailles in June '64, Giacomo Ventura di Raulica, ex-General of the Theatine Order. Born at Palermo in 1792, he completed his first studies under the Jesuits, and at an early age entered the Novitiate of that Order, soon to distinguish himself by talents which recommended his appointment to the chair of Rhetoric in their college at that city; but soon withdrawing from that career, he dedicated himself to another Order of Regular Clerics, the Theatine, among whom he was elected Father General in 1824. His first work, published after taking the step decisive of his position in the Church, was « The Cause of the Regular Clergy before the Tribunal of Good Sense; » and from this period began his efforts to introduce into Italy the Catholic Philosophy revived in France by De Maistre, Bonald, La Mennais.

While engaged on the editorship of an Ecclesiastical Journal, conspicuous place in modern Italian Philosophy was obtained by his treatise « De Metodo Philosophandi, » a vigorous effort at the revival of Scholasticism, which drew down hostility from French competitors, and determined for the author that position assigned to him by Cesare Cantù as restorer of the school of St. Thomas. After the period of his Generalate had closed, he retired from all connection with public life and from his former relations with the Court of Rome, to dedicate himself to studies and preaching, during ten years that ensued giving his time to the Scriptures, the Greek and Latin Fathers, the works of St. Thomas, and exerting those abilities, in the pulpit of S. Andrea della Valle, that raised his reputation above every living preacher in the Italian Church. Four times in the course of seven years, was he invited by the Vatican Chapter (an honour, in this degree, perhaps unprecedented) to preach the Lenten Lectures at St. Peter's; and out of 140 homilies, delivered without MS., in that Basilica, seventy-five have

been preserved, filling several volumes, entitled « School of Miracles »—a luminous and eloquent comment on the life and actions of the Redeemer, setting forth from every point of view the purposes and meanings, natural and mystical, direct and ulterior, of His miracles, His example, and sufferings. In a preface the author explains his views and his desire, in pulpit oratory, to reform the school then prevailing in Italy, by giving more prominence to the exposition of lessons and mysteries in the doctrine and history of Christ; the ethics of Christianity had been allowed to fill such place as almost to eliminate its doctrines; and he proposed to associate every moral question with an evangelic example—the deeds and words of our Lord with the exposition of principles flowing therefrom.

Another admirable and now classic work, the « Beauties of Faith, » was the further fruit of the ten years' retirement so worthily employed by Ventura. Nor should we forget his services in the activity of another sphere—the Concordat with Modena negotiated by him, under Gregory XVI.; and the recognition of the Orleans dynasty, mainly brought about through his influences in the Papal Government. A new Pontificate having opened in the midst of hopes and excitements, Ventura now distinguished himself among the Moderate Liberals, and was one of those who recommended constitutional forms of government to Pius IX. To this epoch belongs his magnificent panegyric on O'Connell, pronounced at the solemn funeral rites for the deceased « Liberator », at S. Andrea. Soon after the incipient successes of the Sicilian Revolution, he was created peer of that kingdom, and Senator in the Parliament of Palermo; shortly afterwards, Sicilian Plenipotentiary to the Holy See. The idea of an alliance between Catholicism and Democracy seems, at this phase in his career, (to approximate his views with those of La Mennais; and for a time the project of an Italian Confederation, under the presidency of the Pope, recommended itself to this great intellect, in the same manner as to that of Rosmini. What ensued need not be dwelt on here. Suffice it to state, for the honour of Ventura, that if he did not follow the Pontiff into exile, it was in the intent of serving his cause as mediator with his subjects, and endeavouring to check excesses apprehended with too much reason. It was a rare tribute of respect for an ecclesiastic that General Oudinot paid to Ventura in consulting him whether or not should be immediately opened the operations of a siege against Republican Rome, to which the Sicilian Minister responded in the negative. Soon did the atmosphere of that city cease to be suitable for him, who, still respected by its revolution-

ary authorities, could no longer embrace their purposes or principles. He left, after refusing a seat in its constituent assembly; and thence begun that period of voluntary exile, in which the great Italian became a great French preacher, and another language the chosen vehicle of those efforts of mind put forth in his noblest work, concentrating all that characterised the conviction and thought, the reasoning and creative powers of this large intellect. For such place must be allowed to the « Raison Philosophique, ec ». (Philosophic Reason and Catholic Reason) originally given to the public in a series of discourses in the Church of the Assumption at Paris; besides which, his other works in French, on the « Origin of Ideas, » « La Femme Catholique », « Le Pouvoir Chrétien », contribute to mark this as the highest phase in Ventura's mental activity. For about two years he had been preaching at Montpellier before even visiting Paris, and his first journey to that capital was not with any idea of accepting duties in its pulpits. One product from his pen, a sermon on the victims of the siege of Vienna, was condemned by the Index, to whose sentence he submitted with full retraction. Peace and honours surrounded the last scene of his life. The General of the Theatines, so soon as apprised of his fatal illness, set out from Rome to attend his deathbed; and the Apostolic Benediction, sent by telegraph, evinced the interest felt for this distinguished man by Pius IX.

FINIX.

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